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July 15, 1950

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The Cover

It's 9:32—time for bedlam—in Cabin 4 at Camp Ohoha, and the little insomniacs are about to make Counselor Bill (whose love letters are being well cased) wish he had taken that road-construction job for the summer instead. At any rate, we agree with a Portland, Oregon, reader who says Artists Stanley and Janice Berenstain can capture a juvenile situation and make it breathe and shout right out of the page. You can hear this one without half listening; so, wherever you are, be thankful you're not in Cabin 4.

Week's Mail

Wanted: Competence & Efficiency

EDITOR: Salvage: New Hope for the Insane (May 20th) in my opinion is the most enlightening magazine article ever published in layman's language on the treatment of mental disease.

To what extent the histamine and hormone treatments will be used is impossible to determine; however, there should be no excuse for hormone therapy not being employed in every state hospital throughout the nation, especially in view of its low price. A good many state hospitals have not used one of the most effective weapons of psychiatry, that of psychoanalysis, because of the expense involved in the procedure. There are countless mental patients who should be leading a happy, normal existence but for the incompetence and inefficiency of state hospital staffs, which, in turn, is a product of insufficient funds for modern hospital operation. It is the duty of every citizen and legislative body to correct this deplorable situation. Until this condition is vastly improved, the taxpayers' dollars will continue to support, unnecessarily, individuals who could be making their own way.

D. F. BETZ, Lincoln, Nebr.

A Kind Word from the Law

EDITOR: May I extend the sincere thanks of our entire organization for the very favorable article on the Boston Police Department by Howard Whitman (May 20th). Naturally, every member of the department is gratified that a magazine with the world-wide circulation of Collier's should carry such a fine story on Boston. The article particularly pleased me because of the credit given to the men of our force by Mr. Whitman, who observed them at their work and had firsthand knowledge of the manner in which they performed their duty.

T. F. SULLIVAN, Police Commissioner, Boston, Mass.

Suggested Remedies

EDITOR: Your editorial Cozy (May 27th) certainly gives us much food for thought. Logrolling in Congress is a great problem, but I see no way to stop it until the method of making appropriations is changed.

For some years I have thought that the power to originate appropriations should be taken away from Congress and placed in the hands of a nonpolitical budget director. Let the authority of Congress be limited to giving approval of the budget as submitted, or to make such reductions as might be in the national interest.

Safeguards should be placed around the budget director so that no undue pressure might be put on him. I am sure that many congressmen would welcome such a change as it would lift the pressure that will always be made by the folks back home, to get a new post-office building or some other project.

CHARLES A. NESOM, Dayton, Ohio

... Your editorial leads me to suggest that you start a campaign to abolish omnibus

(Continued on page 51)

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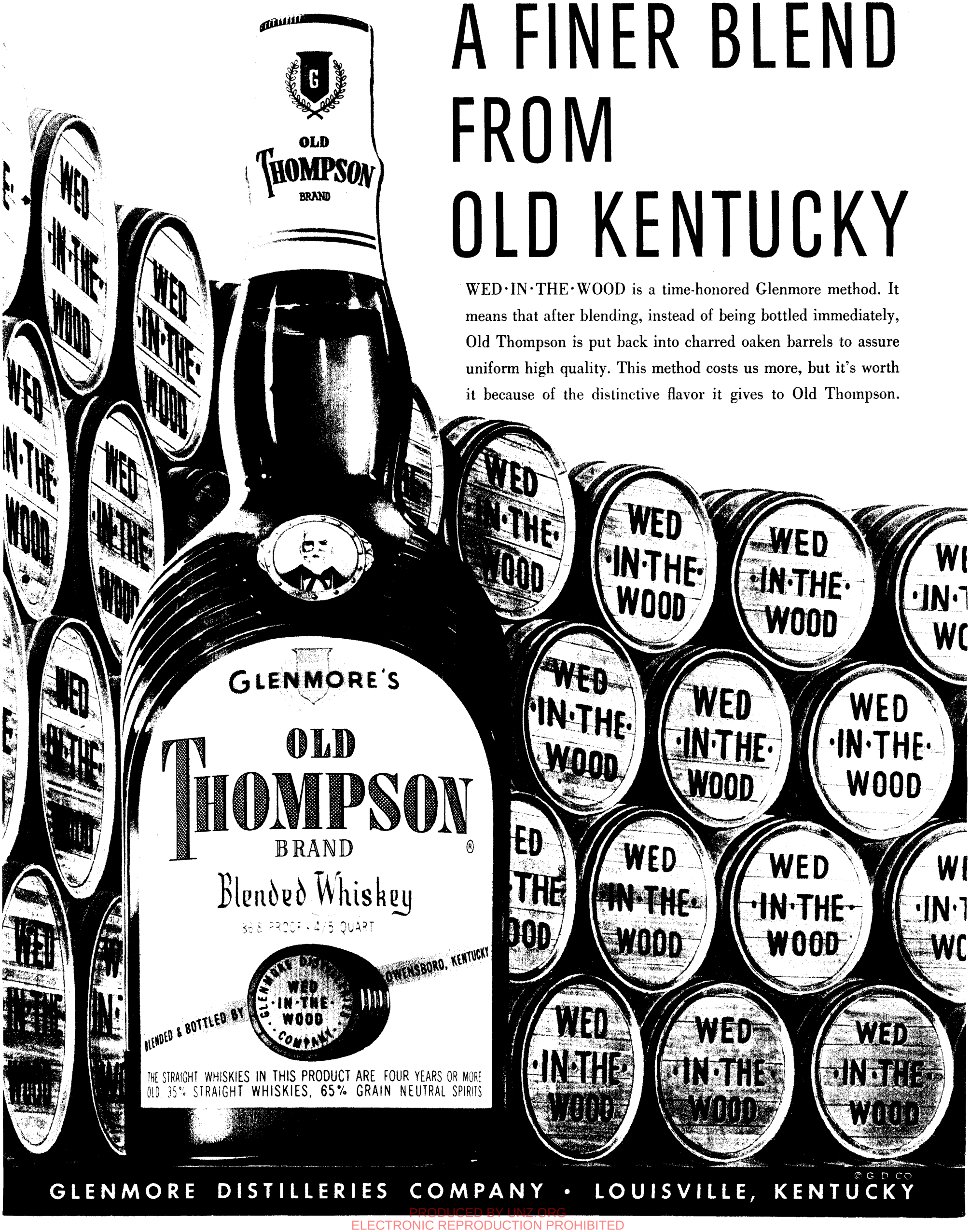

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Keep Up with the World

PHOTO BY WALTER E. FLOWERS FROM SCIENCE PICTURE PARADE

Made up of 20,000 facets, a water beetle's pin-size eye can reflect such objects as this picture of Washington

Not long ago, a scientist made a remarkable photograph of a water beetle's eye, which is smaller than the head of a pin, to prove that each of its 20,000 facets is a perfect lens capable of reflecting objects. Thus, it could be a mosaic of hundreds of highly magnified facets bearing identical images of a person or object. In order to show this cornea in this way, the professor removed it from a beetle, spread it flat on a piece of glass, placed over it a picture of George Washington in proper focus and then photographed it through a microscope.

* * * * * * * * *

As late as 1900, a number of the small circuses that traveled about this country still made each ticket seller pay up to $35 a week to hold his job because it was so easy and profitable to shortchange the excited patrons. The privilege of picking their pockets when they were leaving was also sold each season to gangs of crooks. To help them, the circus owner would have his master of ceremonies, near the end of each show, warn the spectators to beware of pickpockets. Consequently, every man in the audience would quickly feel his wallet and unwittingly reveal, to the watching thieves, the pocket in which he carried it.

* * * * * * * * *

How steadily hand-played musical instruments have declined in popularity may be judged by the number of pages that has been devoted to them in the catalogues of a large U.S. mail-order house. This book carried 60 pages in 1905, 27 in 1915, 12 in 1925, eight in 1935, and has only five in 1950.

* * * * * * * * *

Few innocent murder victims have been scandalized as was Dr. Silber C. Peacock, a highly respectable pediatrician of Chicago, who was killed on the night of January 2, 1936. In response to a late phone call from a stranger, he had gone to see a sick child; and his body was found the next day in his car parked near the address given him. The doctor had long ceased to make night visits, his alleged patient did not exist and he had been shot, knifed and bludgeoned, but not robbed of his valuable jewelry. Consequently, the public believed at first that he had probably had a date with a woman and had been killed by her jealous husband. Before the crime was solved, various persons claimed that Dr. Peacock had sold narcotics, kept a love nest, frequented a notorious dive and performed illegal operations. Ten weeks later, four young hoodlums were arrested and confessed, relating in detail how they had lured the physician to the house, attempted to rob him and then had killed him because he had resisted. They were convicted and given long prison sentences. On the night of the murder, the boys had decided to hold up some doctor and chanced to select Peacock's name from among the hundreds listed in the classified telephone book.

* * * * * * * * *

Early one morning in 1935 in Seattle, a restaurant keeper was opening his doors for the day when he noticed a tramp gleefully watching a nearby church that was on fire. Rushing to his telephone, he turned in an alarm, then called the police and they arrested the suspicious-looking tramp, whose name was Robert Bruce Driscoll. All Seattle was relieved to learn that he was the elusive pyromaniac who, in the previous four years, had set afire some 130 factories, warehouses and similar structures, causing a property damage of $6,500,000.

* * * * * * * * *

For more than 12 years, all yellow-fever vaccine used throughout the world has been made from a single basic culture with a singular history. It was developed from a strain obtained from a sample of blood which was taken from an infected Negro in 1927 at the Rockefeller Laboratory in Lagos, Nigeria, in West Africa.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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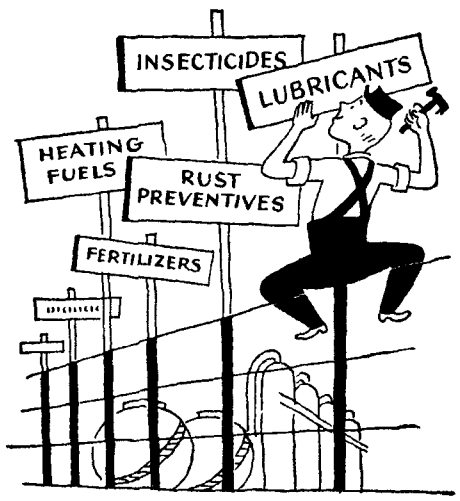

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Crippled

By LAWRENCE LADER

If a child is sick he may be beset by emotional problems that later will cause violent psychiatric disorders. It is vital that he be treated early

WHEN the doorbell rang, Fred Kroly went to answer it. From the living room we could hear the murmur of voices. Then he returned and whispered to his wife, "It's Mrs. Barnet. She wants to know how Peter is."

Mary Kroly winced. "I don't want to see her."

"Why don't you try?" he asked.

"No," she said. "No. No. Tell her I'm sick. Tell her I'm out. Tell her anything." She buried her face in her hands. When she spoke again, her voice was strained. "I've never lied before in my life," she explained, "but that's all I've been doing the last few months. How can I tell her the truth? How can I tell any of them? I keep saying Peter's away at school. But when I go to the grocery, when I walk down the street, I hear the whispering, and I know no one really believes me. It's getting so bad, Fred and I just sit here and hide."

Fred and Mary Kroly's red-brick house on that quiet Newark, New Jersey, street was as solid and well kept as their neighbors'. She belonged to the same bridge club as the other wives and he had played poker Monday nights with the same bunch for years. But now there was one big difference. The Krolys had a nine-year-old son in a mental institution.

"I never thought it could happen to us," Mary Kroly sobbed. "Maybe to slum families. Maybe to families already blighted by alcoholism and insanity. But never in a respectable neighborhood where the fathers earned comfortable incomes and the mothers were hard-working members of the parent-teacher association."

But it *had* happened on that serene, tree-lined street in Newark, and it is happening to the same kind of ordinary, decent families all over the country.

In a Boston clinic, I saw a seven-year-old girl, daughter of a prosperous attorney, who never spoke, only roared like a lion.

In a New Jersey treatment center, I saw a freckle-faced twelve-year-old boy, son of a highly respected civic-minded couple, who two months before had threatened to kill every child on his block and tried to set fire to his own house.

On a bed in an Oregon hospital a curly-haired five-year-old girl sat and talked quietly to the purple crayon in her hand. "Good crayon," she said over and over again. The girl didn't recognize her own mother. For months she had spoken only to the crayon.

The child whose body has been crippled by polio or rheumatic fever has long been the subject of national attention. But the tragedy of the child with the crippled mind is still, by and large, unpublicized—despite some alarming statistics.

In Oregon, the state's Mental Health Association reports: "Fifteen per cent of the children in the third grade, 21 per cent of the children in the fifth grade are now emotionally damaged—so much so that they need individual psychiatric treatment if they are to become adequate adults." The same high percentage of mental illness has been found among children in Ohio, Virginia, Delaware—in almost every other state surveyed. And take a look at the nation-wide picture: Of every 1,000 children in the country, 50 to 60 of them will have emotional maladjustments requiring psychiatric treatment, according to California's Inglewood Juvenile Maladjustment Survey.

Nor do statistics alone indicate the full depth of the tragedy. For a single case like Peter Kroly's usually involves half a dozen people—parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters. I found this out as soon as I entered the Kroly house. Guilt hung over every room. "We tried. We tried hard," Mary Kroly said. "How did we fail? What did we do that was wrong?" Because thousands of other parents have asked the same question, I followed this one case, which is much like any other, and tried to put the answers together. (The family name used in this report is not real, though the story is a true one. Naturally, Collier's would not embarrass the parents of the child.)

Mary Kroly, is a thin, dark-haired woman, still pretty at thirty-seven. As a child, she had fought

If your child needed psychiatric treatment in an institution, where could you send him?

The shocking fact is that in 28 out of our 48 states, absolutely no public or private institutional facilities are available for the emotionally sick child. Only 35 hospitals in the entire country, according to latest statistics, admit children with nervous and mental afflictions. Bright spots exist: New York has five inpatient institutions that admit such children, California 5, Rhode Island 2, Massachusetts 2, Ohio 2, Kansas 2. But vast areas of the country are barren of any such facilities.

We who have been so generous in providing supermodern hospitals for youngsters with palsy and polio, rheumatic hearts and tuberculosis, should find pause in this grim statistical proof of the way we have ignored and forgotten our children with crippled minds. THE EDITOR

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. . . . We Do So Little

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

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About Our Troubled Young

constantly with her father. He dominated her completely, and she hated him for it. Yet the red-brick house belonged to him, and when she married Fred Kroly, who was making only a modest salary, they agreed to live there until they could afford a house of their own.

But they stayed on. Peter was born there, born into an atmosphere of tension and squabbling. "When my father shouted at me," Mary Kroly recalled, "the whole house shook. Peter would always cry and sometimes he'd get so upset he'd go over and hit my father to make him stop."

Father's Will to Dominate Survives

Mary Kroly's father died a few years after Peter was born, but the tension was transferred to her and her son. She fussed over him endlessly, never letting him go out of the house to play with other children. "I was afraid he'd get hit by a car or something," she explained. As Peter grew older and developed a will of his own, his mother's protectiveness became a struggle to dominate him just as her father had dominated her.

Fred Kroly, who worked in a Newark insurance office, paid little attention to his son except when Peter interfered with normal routine. If Peter knocked over a chair his father snapped at him. If he asked for a piece of candy, the automatic answer was "No." Fred Kroly had no understanding of childish mischief. Once, when Peter pulled up a stake from the yard fence, his father took him into the house and, without explaining to his son what he had done wrong, beat him severely. Fred Kroly's favorite expression was: "When you're good, we love you. When you're bad, we hate you." Peter soon concluded that he was unloved most of the time.

There were ways for a child to fight back. He began to refuse to eat most of the food set before him, and mealtime became a perpetual conflict. Knowing his mother's fondness for the movies and the importance the weekly poker game held for his father, Peter was often able to punish them by refusing to go to sleep unless they stayed home. When his father spanked him, he would fly into tantrums, screaming, "You can hit me till you kill me! But I still won't obey!"

When Peter was four, his grandmother took a summer cottage on the Jersey shore. Both Fred and Mary were working, but they thought Peter would enjoy the beach. He was convinced, however, that it was a trick to get him out of the way. When his parents visited him on week ends, he grew hysterical and fought to go back to the city with them.

Six months later a sister, Terry, was born. Peter was surer than ever that he was unwanted. If he tried to get near the baby, his father would snap, "Stay away from her with your dirty hands." He was punished for the slightest noise or fuss he made, and the more he was punished, the more he misbehaved. He broke dishes, threw his food on the floor. Although he had been toilet-trained by three, he suddenly reverted to infantile habits, soiled himself continually, and insisted on wearing his oldest and dirtiest clothes. He developed a violent urge for self-destruction and delighted in frightening his parents by rushing into the street and dodging in front of trucks.

One day he even attacked his baby sister. He was locked in his room till the next morning. Later, his mother took him for a walk. They stopped to greet some neighbors. Mrs. Kroly told him to shake hands. He refused and began to curse. "You're a dirty old thing!" he shouted at his mother. She dragged him home, while he continued to curse and spit at her angrily. Peter was now almost an outcast in his own house.

At this point, why didn't Fred and Mary Kroly realize there was something seriously wrong with Peter?

"Of course, we were worried," Mary Kroly said. "But we thought it was just a temporary thing. We were sure he'd outgrow it."

How many parents have made the same mistake? How many have repeated those same dangerous words: *We thought he'd outgrow it?* "No child ever really outgrows an emotional problem," a noted New York child psychiatrist told me. "If allowed to go unchecked, it may not only grow more complex but new problems may be added."

Psychiatrists know that the most serious emotional problems take root during a child's first six years. Again and again at Boston Psychopathic Hospital, at Indianapolis' Mental Hospital, at New York's Bellevue, I saw dramatic proof of this in adolescent boys and girls, already emotionally broken, whose parents delayed treatment for them —often till much of the damage had been done.

Even at six, when Peter entered first grade, his parents still refused to take the warning signals seriously. But what about the school? Weren't his teachers aware of what was happening to Peter? Thrown suddenly into a classroom with 40 other children, Peter's emotional problems became intensified. He seemed unable to pay attention to the teacher. When she announced that she was going to read a story, he would get up and wander aimlessly around. He made no friends. Either he fought with the other boys and girls, or he sat moodily in a corner. He began to destroy school property and scrawl obscene words on the blackboard. He took special delight in ripping his own clothes to pieces.

Peter's teacher lost patience quickly and made little attempt to handle him. She began to call him "that crazy kid." The other children picked up the phrase and taunted him with it. When Peter began to run wild, the teacher simply sent him to the principal's office. Month after month his report cards grew worse. Mrs. Kroly went to see the principal. "I tried to explain the trouble we'd had with Peter," she said. "I begged him to bear with us a little longer." The principal told her he'd think it over. Then, a week later, without warning or explanation, came a letter from his office notifying her not to send Peter to school any longer.

"I hardly had the courage to tell Peter," Mrs. Kroly told me. "Think of it. They were just throwing him out on the street. They didn't even tell me where I could go for help. 'Why can't they give me another chance?' Peter kept asking me. He was like a frightened little animal, afraid to leave the house. When he saw his former classmates, they laughed at him. It got so bad that he'd walk half a mile to avoid them, and run to hide if he saw them coming."

Why couldn't the school have done something for Peter? Where were its child-guidance experts, its social workers, its psychologists?

Too Few Psychiatric Social Workers

I asked this of Dr. Bruce Robinson, who directs Newark's Child Guidance Bureau. "A case like Peter's," he said, "should have been placed right in the hands of the psychiatric social worker. But don't ask me why we didn't have one at Peter's school. Ask the taxpayers."

Dr. Robinson banged the sheaf of papers on his desk. "Look at these figures. They're the budget for my bureau. We've got 55 schools in the city. The most one psychiatric social worker can cover is two schools. We should have a minimum of 28 social workers. Instead we've got five. That means that 45 schools in this city have no psychiatric social workers. I've asked for more, actually begged for them. In last year's budget they promised me 10. At the last minute they slashed the appropriation back again to five."

What if Peter Kroly had gone to school in another city? What school systems have child-guidance programs that meet the highest standards of psychiatric practice? "Unfortunately, very few," says Dr. Abraham Barhash, director of the Division on Community Clinics of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. "Most cities just haven't awakened to the importance of taking care of the emotional health of our children during the crucial years at school."

Of course, there are exceptions. Rochester, New York, has since 1946 had an outstanding Child Guidance Clinic with full-time psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers. Minneapolis has pioneered in in-service mental health training for its teachers and handles 2,500 cases a year through its school guidance program. New York City's Child Guidance Department, with 23 complete clinical teams, is the largest in the United States. But most school systems that have guidance programs are severely limited by their inadequate staffs and low budgets.

Sitting in the stillness of the Kroly living room, I learned what this means to a father and mother and their son. "After Peter was thrown out of school," Mary Kroly said, "I was at my wits' end. I didn't know where to turn. I was afraid to leave Peter in the house with the baby. I was even more afraid to let him run wild in the streets."

Finally a relative got in touch with a local psychiatrist. The psychiatrist examined Peter and talked to Mrs. Kroly during two lengthy visits. His conclusion was that Peter showed definite neurotic manifestations and needed immediate treatment. But on Fred Kroly's $85-a-week salary, they couldn't afford a private psychiatrist.

The only solution was to seek the help of a social welfare agency with child-guidance facilities. In all Newark, there was only one—the Jewish Child Care Association.

Tracing a Neurosis to Its Source

The case was put in the hands of Louis Brandzel, director of guidance. Three times a week, Peter was brought to the agency's clinic where he was studied and observed by psychiatric social workers. Seeking to piece together the complex picture of Peter's home environment, Brandzel held regular interviews with Mrs. Kroly. "It was soon apparent," Brandzel told me, "that the parents needed as intensive treatment as the child. Neither had any real understanding of the extent of their son's neurosis and the part that they had played in it. It would take months of therapy to give them insight and guidance."

But the immediate necessity was to remove Peter from his home environment and place him in an institution where he could receive 24-hour-a-day treatment.

Fortunately for Peter, New Jersey was one of the few states where such institutions for children existed. He was sent to the Arthur Brisbane Child Treatment Center, devoted exclusively to the psychiatric care of children. Located near the coast in the former mansion of the journalist and donated to the state by his widow, the center is set deep in the woods, surrounded by lakes and playgrounds—a far cry from the barred windows and bolted doors of most state hospitals. Neither doctors nor nurses wear uniforms. Beds are painted gay colors. Each child has his own bureau and locker for his clothes and toys. There are no locks on the doors, no wall or fence around the estate.

Although the waiting list at Brisbane is long, Peter's case was considered serious enough for him to be admitted immediately. Peter had to be carried through the front door, kicking and screaming. He stayed sullenly in his room till dinnertime.

At first he was allowed to let off steam. For days he did nothing but wander around the grounds. In the dining room, he tried breaking a few dishes; no one seemed to care. No matter how badly he acted, the motherly social worker in charge of his room brought him new toys and read to him before bedtime.

"Our first job," explained Dr. George Lussier, who has been director of Brisbane since its founding, "is to make the child feel at home and get him to realize that he is loved and appreciated as an individual. When a child comes here, he is usually filled with conflicting emotions and pent-up hate. We've got to give this hate a chance to escape."

Peter was put through the standard routine of physical examinations, *(Continued on page 71)*

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The Tasmanian Devil

By HANNIBAL COONS

Now look what's happening to George, the dizziest press agent that ever lied for a living. He's playing nursemaid to a fur-bearing movie star who bites

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

June 15, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Stevens
Chicago, Illinois

Dear George:

George, you'll be delighted to know that I've been thinking about you. You've been slaving away in those stuffy hotel rooms all winter, carrying out my often whimsical orders, and what you need is some fresh air. How would you like to just drop everything, and get behind the wheel of a good car?

In other words, I've got a little trip planned for you.

You are possibly aware that we are about to start another of our splendid pictures out here, to be called, this time, Tasmanian Nights. As usual, the locale is new, but the plot is old Opus No. 1. Why they hire writers out here I will never know; all they really need is one writer, and plenty of carbon paper. This time boy and girl meet in Tasmania, or "Down Under," as we call it, and just exactly what you expect goes on. For nine reels. I've seen the script, and it's a real dog. It is going to take inspired sales effort on this one to keep the popcorn from going completely stale.

The only possible point of interest about the thing is that we're actually going to use some of those ridiculous animals they have down there in it—wombats, wallabies, duck-billed platypuses and what the hell not—and so the only thing I can see for us to do is to temporarily go into the circus dodge.

Our shipment of these storybook beasts is even now warping into New York harbor, and in sheer desperation I have figured out a small gag. The Griffith Park Zoo here has arranged to ship out this fun-loving cargo, board and room them while we're making the picture, and purchase them at a slight discount when we're through. So far so good. If we could just sell some of our other *(Continued on page 42)*

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Toward the Industrial Atomic

The former Chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission proposes specific steps for opening a great new frontier in enterprise by a change from Government Monopoly to Competitive American Industry

THE American people have been sold the biggest gold brick in our history. This brick is the notion that a few of our bright people discovered the Secret Formula of the Atom, a secret we can keep by locking it in a vault. It is this gold brick that has misled and frightened many otherwise steady people into thinking that the atom is a weapon and nothing else, when the truth is that here is a great new field of knowledge that can be converted to the peaceful service of humankind. It is, largely, this emphasis on "the Secret" that accounts for the continuation of the present airtight Government Monopoly of the industrial atom, a strange and un-American course.

Such a frame of mind as this makes it tough to get back to common sense again, but I believe it can be done. In this article I propose to suggest ways we can develop the atom as we normally would any new industrial knowledge: through private industry and competition.

Several weeks ago (Collier's for June 17th) I criticized the idea of Government Monopoly of information, experimentation and development of the industrial atom. But it would smack of the demagogue if, as the first chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, I strongly condemned a course of public policy without being prepared to say what I think should be done about it. This is more emphatically true since I was among those who, back in 1945 and 1946, were unable to see any alternative to the course of Government Monopoly. But on the basis of experience, experience we did not have in 1946, and in view of such new facts as the Russian atomic bomb, I am convinced that our Monopoly course is no longer justified and should be drastically changed.

* * *

This does not mean abandoning secrecy about the military atom; on the contrary I believe that narrowing the area we try to keep secure will make military secrecy more effective.

We can free the atom for America's industrial genius and still maintain sensible military secrecy.

I believe in secrecy about atomic weapons, and particularly the status of their development. This is a clear necessity. But this necessity does not justify the enormous and all-embracing scope of Government Monopoly of information, plants, materials and know-how now provided for.

Government Monopoly of an entire industrial potentiality is not the only way to protect and control information of military importance. Our Army, Navy and Air Forces manage to protect secrets about their weapons and equipment without going to the extreme of establishing Government Monopoly of the entire industry that produces those secret weapons.

The reasons for military secrecy as to atomic weapons are excellent ones. They are not, however, different in kind from those that apply to radar, or submarine design, or detectors of various kinds, or guided missiles, or bacteriological warfare agents.

We should, in my opinion, reshape our atomic military secrecy requirements to something more nearly resembling the limits that prevail in the Department of Defense as to all other branches of armament.

What is the best way for the people of the country to gain the full benefits of the industrial atom, and to secure those peaceful benefits as quickly as possible? This is the issue.

I believe, as do many Americans, that there are cases in which government can do a particular job more appropriately than can private enterprise. In my opinion, one illustration is the development of our vast rivers for flood control, navigation, power and irrigation. But the industrial atom is by no means such a case.

I assert that the present course of Government Monopoly is not that best way. Government Monopoly is an appropriate way to provide atomic weapons and other atomic military devices. It is not, however, the way to put the atom to work for mankind. It will not put the industrial atom into the mainstream of American industry and commerce, where it can flourish.

Only industry—as proprietor and manager and investor—can do the actual job of developing industry.

* * *

Would my proposal of private development, should it be adopted, make it impossible ever to have effective international control of atomic weapons? Does the position taken in this article mean I have abandoned my views about an international Atomic Development Authority which in 1946 my colleagues and I proposed?

International, not national or private, ownership and operation of such plants as those producing uranium 235 and plutonium were indeed an integral part of our Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy. That principle is embodied in the Baruch Plan as well as the plan later approved by virtually all nations except Soviet Russia. My present proposal about the industrial atom would not bar an agreement for international control if, at some future time, the Atomic Development Authority idea were agreed upon by the nations of the world.

What needs to be done? *How* can American industry get the first shovels into the ground?

The broad beginning is for the country to believe that something *can* be done. We must stop resigning ourselves to a living denial of the things we stand for.

The transformation from Government Monopoly to Competitive Development ought to be accomplished by a number of steps or stages. To wait until the whole change can be made in one gulp will be to wait too long.

The first definite step is to provide access to the realities of this atomic industry for a large number of Americans who are now outside the stockade.

This must be the starting point, otherwise only the Inner Circle will know enough to help design concrete and workable measures. That kind of help can come from the Inner Circle only to a limited extent. When you yourself are inside the fence, with the best of motives your zeal to admit others is not likely to be great. Moreover, it is difficult for men who are themselves well informed, at firsthand and in working detail, to understand clearly why men without that intimate knowledge are handicapped, and unable to contribute much, if anything, of their own technical resourcefulness and imagination.

The opening move, therefore, should be a complete review by the American people of our basic assumptions relating to Monopoly of Information in the hands of the government and its agents, as it applies to the industrial side of the atom. I hope this article will precipitate such a review. Chairman Brien McMahon and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and the Atomic Energy Commission would probably welcome a fundamental re-examination of the whole industrial atomic energy situation.

Secrecy as part of Government Monopoly is justified only as a means of keeping information from potential enemies. There is no sense in keeping information from our own people when it has become evident that other countries, including potential enemies, have it. We in this country are suspicious of Secrecy, with good reasons. It has been used as a screen behind which officials can pompously hide blunders and ineptitude, and protect themselves from legitimate criticism. And it has been a way to caress the ego of the holder of the Secret: "If *you* knew what *I* know!"

Equally or more serious is the fact that, in a situation such as I am discussing, Secrecy is hard on our own technical progress, our own headway; and its cost in dollars is staggering. Foy Kohler, an American who spent some years in our embassy in Moscow, reports that in Russia "it takes about two to do a single job—one to work and one to watch." Anyone who has seen the atomic enterprise from the inside will get a wry smile from this remark, though our ratio is certainly not that high. Not yet, anyway.

A mere reading of the sweeping words of the present law conveys some idea of the breadth and extent of the government's hold. But the situation in practice is even worse than the words might indicate.

Under the commission's wartime predecessor, the Manhattan District, everything about atomic energy, including the very existence of such an undertaking, was declared officially secret. It was "classified" or "restricted" information.

"Secret" was stamped on virtually everything, even on Manhattan District books and periodicals, of which identical copies were also available to the public on the shelves of almost every technical library in this country—and Russia. "Secret" stamps, creating a Government Information Monopoly, went on almost every last thing of an atomic industrial nature done during the war, even on some equipment that was well-known and commonplace. And I have seen intricate gadgets, stamped "Secret" by the Manhattan District, that could have been purchased by anyone right off the shelf in hundreds of stores in this country—some of it as Army surplus!

* * *

So the Atomic Energy Commission on January 1, 1947, inherited a huge undertaking in which, for asserted military reasons, virtually everything, even of the most common or innocent character, was hush-hush. An ordinary screw driver of the kind you can buy at a dime store, used to tighten a screw in an assembly involving atomic materials, was treated as "restricted data." Under the Atomic Energy Law it cannot be handled, *or even seen*, by any person who has not been investigated by the F.B.I. and cleared by the commission.

This is palpable and costly nonsense. But as a matter of practical operation it is not untypical. Such a state of affairs does not serve to increase the respect men feel for their work; but this condition is well-nigh inescapable as things now stand.

Take, for example, last summer's incredible Congressional hearings on charges of "incredible mis-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

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Future

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

management" of the atomic enterprise. The best managerial and technical brains of a great industry had to be away from their work day after day so they could explain to a senator (under klieg lights and before television cameras) such things as how a chip of uranium got into one of their workmen's socks. For, under the Monopoly law, that chip of uranium—out of tons and tons handled every month—is treated as "restricted data."

Is it any wonder, then, that American industry looks upon the development of the industrial atom with such coolness? I have talked this over, at length and often, with scores of our ablest industrial executives and research directors. Almost to a man they asserted that what may be one of the greatest discoveries of modern times simply will not and cannot be fully developed by American industry under the strange, artificial, emotion-charged and government-dominated conditions that now exist. I agree with their position. All of us are losing a great opportunity each day these conditions continue.

* * *

The commission is authorized to "declassify," that is, remove a piece of information or equipment or material from this hush-hush category. But this can be done legally only upon a finding, by the commission, that the data "may be published" (which means, opened to the public generally) "without adversely affecting the common defense and security."

In practical operation this is ineffective and unworkable as a means of furthering, on a broad front, the great potentialities of the industrial atom by American business. Thousands of pieces of information have in fact been "declassified" by the diligence of the commission, though largely in scientific rather than industrial or technological areas. But industrial men get little stimulus from such a patchwork, bit-by-bit approach to their possible interests, so remote from physical reality.

If the only way to crack the Monopoly of Information is this "declassification" process, it simply will not be cracked. The record to date is the best evidence of that fact.

The McMahon Act includes a provision that provides a clue to what, in my opinion, should become general policy as to dissemination of industrially useful information.

The law declares that the policy of the commission should be that "the dissemination of scientific and technical information relating to atomic energy should be permitted and encouraged so as to provide that *free interchange of ideas and criticism* which is *essential to scientific progress.*" (My italics.)

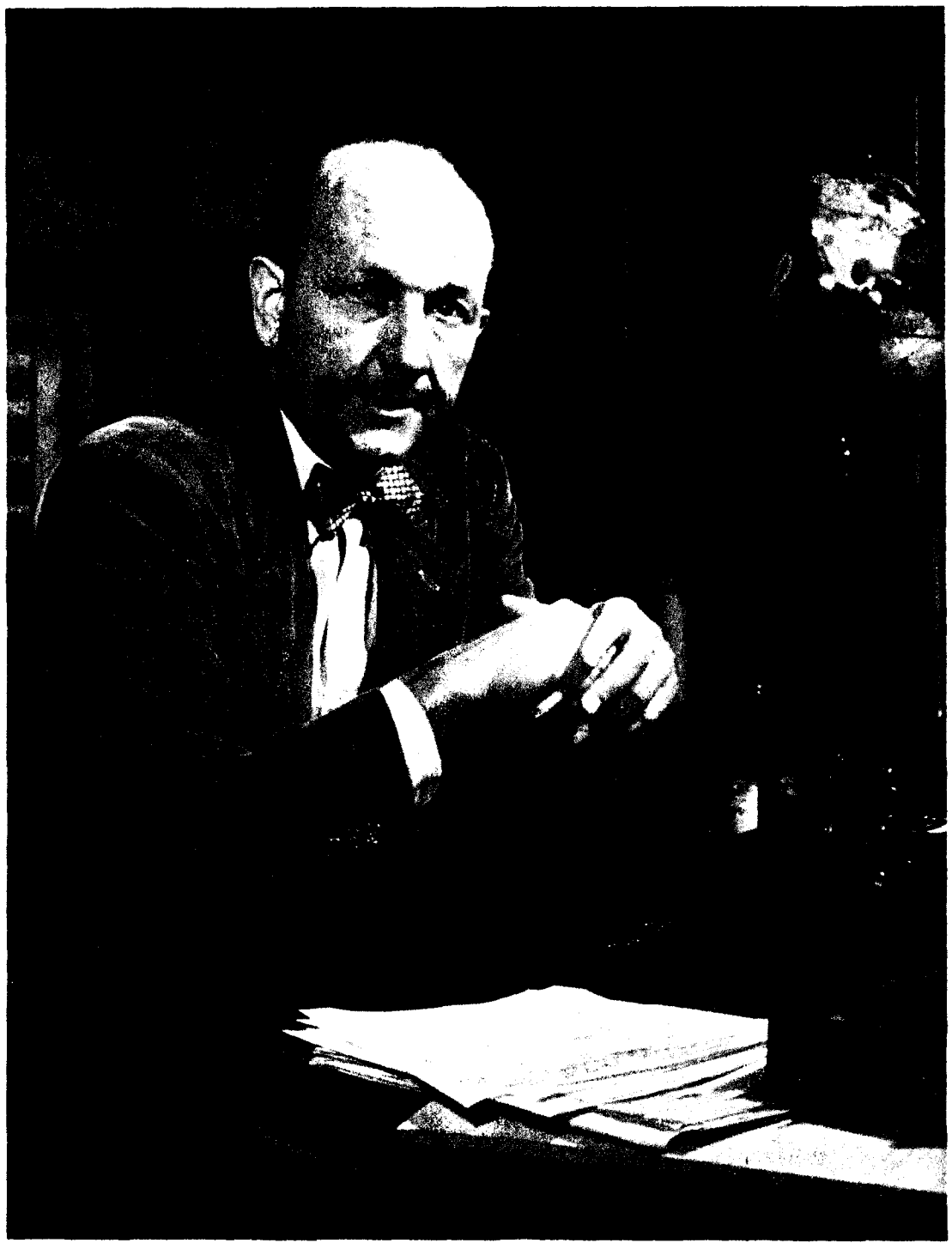
Here is a recognition by Congress of a salutary principle. It should be extended to industrial information.

Science was dealt with differently in this respect from engineering and industrial knowledge because the scientific community of the country was able to persuade members of Congress that the "*real* atomic secrets" were in the area of what was called "technical know-how," *not* in scientific knowledge.

This distinction, however, between science and technology, will not stand up. As almost every man with industrial development experience will agree, there are few tricks of "know-how" that cannot, independently, be approximated or duplicated by other competent men.

(I do not include in this present article my views as to the effect of Government Monopoly on fundamental science and of the role of universities and research institutions, the discussion here being directed to the business side of the atom.)

So I would urge, as a basis for public discussion, that the revised law say in effect: Atomic military information is *not different in kind* from the information about the secret *(Continued on page 68)*



FREE THE ATOM

In his first article for Collier's (June 17th), Mr. Lilienthal explained the strangely un-American policy that has given our government a monopolistic strangle hold on atomic development. It is a policy that guards the "secret" of the atom not from our potential enemy, who already has produced an atomic explosion, but from our own people, who today might be forging atomic energy into a great weapon of peace. Mr. Lilienthal thinks it is time that this policy was changed. And, on these pages, he suggests the legal and material steps which can be taken to free the atom and transfer its industrial development to private hands, where it can flourish in a healthy, nonpolitical atmosphere of competition and "pioneering gumption." Mr. Lilienthal, the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has been given the widest latitude in discussing his own views. Collier's believes a new horizon in private enterprise, a horizon almost beyond our richest dreams, lies just ahead in this Century of the Atom. —The Editor

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Night Life in the THREE

By TOM MEANY

It's different now in the loop that's the symbol of the bushes—rosters are loaded with kids and they play under lights. But the bus rides go on forever

After an exhausting 400-mile ride to Waterloo the Terre Haute squad found the hotel full up

IN ONE of his rare moments of facetiousness, the late John McGraw observed, "I was in baseball when the Three-Eye was only the Two-Eye." Turned out he had been, too, for the Little Napoleon played for Cedar Rapids in 1891, when it was in the Illinois-Iowa League, a decade before the formation of the Illinois-Indiana-Iowa League, famed in song and story as the Three-Eye.

That McGraw, who took his baseball seriously with the Orioles and Giants for more than 40 years, should make a jocose reference to the Three-Eye League was in keeping with the best traditions of the game, for the Three-Eye has been the symbol of the minors, the epitome of the bushes, for the last half century.

There are bushes and bushes, including those Yankee Manager Casey Stengel refers to as "the sugar plum bushes" which, presumably, are located so deep in the sticks that the clubs get from town to town by swinging through the vines. The Three-Eye is Class B, the oldest Class B circuit in the country. There are no fewer than 40 leagues of lower classification, nine others of equal rank and only nine minor leagues with a higher rating than the Three-Eye.

Yet, despite its relatively high position in the alphabetical soup which makes up baseball's minor-league network, the very title, Three-Eye, has served to make this circuit the butt of baseball jokes through the years. It has become traditional to look at a raw, inept ballplayer and brush him off with the observation that he's a cinch to wind up in the Three-Eye.

The time has come to debunk this particular legend. Ballplayers come from the Three-Eye, they don't wind up there. It is no haven for broken-down has-beens, but a cradle for embryonic major-league stars. The minors today are in a constant state of flux, with heavy annual turnovers in personnel.

The hard-bitten, weather-beaten veteran has all but disappeared from the bushes. Indeed, due to the expansion of the major-league farm systems, he is all but extinct in the lower minor leagues, and his place has been taken by bright-eyed kids with their hearts set on a big-league career.

Throughout the Three-Eye a ballplayer over twenty-three is a novelty, unless he is a playing manager, such as Danny Carnevale at Terre Haute. And Danny, at thirty-two, looks like a scoutmaster taking his patrol for an airing. In fact, a ballplayer in the Three-Eye has to have youth on his side to stand off the rigors of the bus trips and his eyes must be crystal-clear to penetrate some of its murky lighting systems.

A bush-leaguer today is a youth who has dedicated his life to baseball and possesses a burning desire to reach the big apple. This desire must be there, for the apprenticeship he serves in the minors is so severe as to eliminate all but the most hardy. He has to be playing in the minors for love, for there isn't any money there.

Baseball in the Three-Eye is stripped to its barest essentials. Each squad is limited to 17 players—a stipulation which would ruin Casey Stengel's two-platoon system of operation or Burt Shotton's alternating Dodger outfields. There are no coaches, road secretaries, team physicians, baggage handlers or any of the multitudinous refinements of the majors. Terre Haute is unique among the Three-Eye clubs in that it has a trainer, Casey Bruzas, but he also doubles as the bus driver.

THREE-EYE LEAGUE

1949 Standings

CLUB	W	L	PCT.	G.B.
Evansville	74	51	.592	.....
Waterloo	70	56	.556	4½
Terre Haute	69	56	.552	5
Davenport	67	59	.532	7½
Quincy	59	67	.468	15½
Decatur	55	70	.440	19
Danville	55	70	.440	19
Springfield	53	73	.421	21½

SHAUGHNESSY PLAY-OFFS

Evansville defeated Terre Haute, three games to two.
Davenport defeated Waterloo, three games to two.
Davenport defeated Evansville, three games to none.

Catchers in the Three-Eye must be ready to play first base or the outfield

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EYE LEAGUE

Bus jumps are part of the apprenticeship. Players learn baseball as they go

As a matter of fact, Terre Haute, a farm of the Phillies, is rather upper crust in that it owns its own bus, whereas the general practice in the Three-Eye is to hire the bus by the trip.

Pitchers in the Three-Eye must be prepared to start and relieve, sometimes on successive nights; catchers must be ready to play first base or the outfield. And, on any given night, a pitcher who isn't either on the mound or in the bull pen is expected to take his turn on the coaching lines. Infielders are interchangeable during a crisis.

Big-league managers, accustomed to being shepherded from point to point by efficient road secretaries who map out their itineraries with the precision of beachhead landings, would find life in the Three-Eye difficult, to put it mildly. Carnevale arrived with his Terre Haute squad in Waterloo, Iowa, one Saturday night after an exhausting trip of over 400 miles to find there were no hotel reservations. Seems there was a horse show in town and there was no room at the inn. Danny went around to private homes for housing for his players and it was long after midnight when he had the last of his cherubs bedded down.

Billy Jurges, the old Cub and Giant who bench-manages Cedar Rapids, regretfully sent word to an old pal that he couldn't keep a date for a postgame snack in Terre Haute because he was at the police station!

During the game some miscreant had broken into the visitors' dressing room and denuded the players of their change and fountain pens, and Jurges was at the police station filing the complaint. The haul was worth about $30, since the real folding money of the Cedar Rapids players, such as it was, had been entrusted as usual to the care of the bus driver.

It is indeed a hard dollar in the Three-Eye. Payrolls average $4,000 a month, which figures out theoretically to about $235 a man. But, since each player who is sent there on option draws only $150 of his salary from the Three-Eye League team and the rest from the club which optioned him, the players actually do somewhat better than the $235 average. Even so, there is no record of any player getting rich in the Three-Eye.

No Soft Spots for the Managers

Managers in the Three-Eye have to be just as hardy as the players. The schedule is rugged, indeed. There are night games Monday through Friday—with Saturday reserved for the longer bus hops—and daylight games only on Sundays and holidays.

To Jurges, back in the minors for the first time since he played with Louisville in the American Association in 1931, the changes are amazing. "They're so young," he said when he first glimpsed his Cedar Rapids squad.

It didn't take Jurges long to realize that youth was about all that the average Class B player has to recommend him. "They just don't seem to be able to think for themselves," observed Bill, more in surprise than in complaint. "The shortstop doesn't shift to his right when he knows that the pitcher is going to curve a right-handed batter and that therefore the ball is likely to be pulled into the hole between third and short.

"It isn't that they're unintelligent. We have college men on our ball club and our catcher, Bob Bannon, needs only one more year for his master's degree. When I was in the minors last, a player who had finished high school was a sensation. The players then were older and, of course, more experienced. They were old-timers who were getting by on their savvy, making their heads do the work their arms and legs couldn't do any longer. In those days a young player in the bushes could learn by watching the old-timers. Now it's up to the manager to give them that education."

Carnevale, who had never been in the majors, nodded in agreement with Jurges, the veteran of 18 seasons on the big wheel. "I have college boys on my club, too," he said. "In fact, one of my players, Jake Schmitt, spent two years in Rome under the Christian Brothers at the Collegio de San Giuseppe and then four years studying for the priesthood with the Holy Ghost fathers at Norwalk, Connecticut. He has an excellent *(Continued on page* 64)

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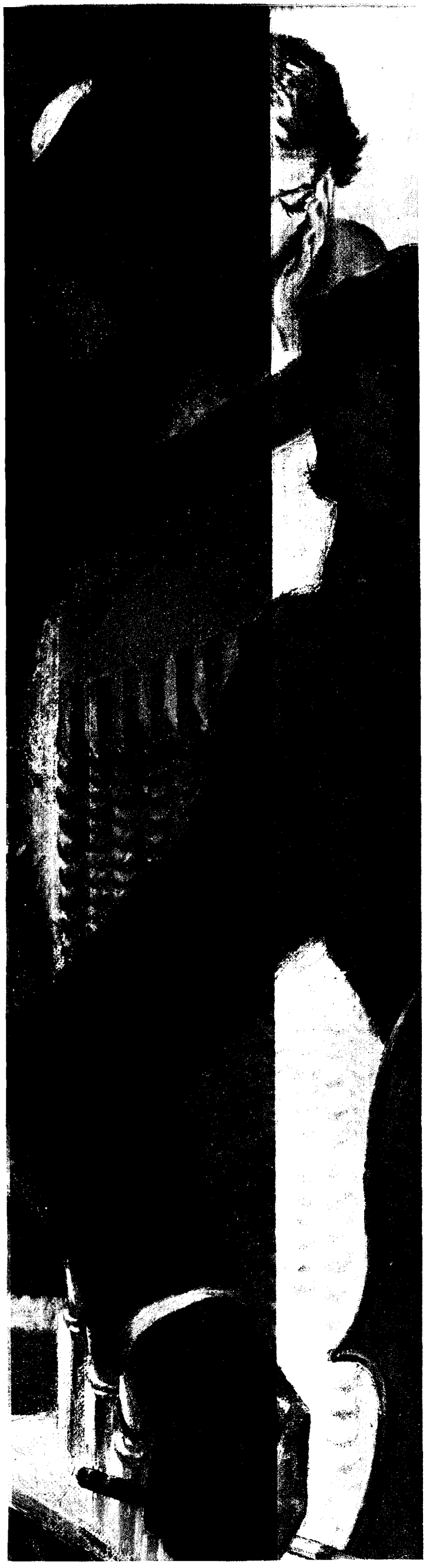

The Swami of Northbank

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

It was a neat murder, with a neat motive—too neat to satisfy the placid common sense of Dr. Dan Coffee and the subtle mind of Dr. Mookerji

THE precise little man with the bald head and the rimless octagonal eyeglasses told a strange story. His name, he said, was Duncan Floyd and he represented the Great Lakes and Southern Underwriters, who had insured Sandra Farriston's diamond earrings for $50,000. He was worried about Sandra's earrings and a Hindu crystal-gazer who called himself Zygon, the Swami of Northbank.

"The only swami in Northbank I know of," said Max Ritter, lieutenant of police detectives, "is Dr. Motilal Mookerji, and he don't tell fortunes. He's resident in pathology at Pasteur Hospital. Came here from Calcutta on a scholarship. What have you got on this Zygon?"

Floyd had nothing definite on Zygon except that his methods of operation resembled those of a group of swindlers who had recently been preying on cities around Northbank. The swindler would be handsome and exotically dark. Endowed with second sight, crystal vision and other occult powers, he preyed on well-fixed middle-aged women. Sometimes he used a jewel thief as accomplice.

"Madam," he would say, "you have come to consult me about a diamond ring. The ring was not stolen. You left it in such-and-such washroom. The maid picked it up before you returned, but terrified at being accused of theft, she has not dared dispose of it. She has hidden it—"

At this point the crystal ball would go dark and only a thumping big fee would make it light up again to reveal the hiding place. The ring, of course, would be there. One miraculous feat of divination like this was usually enough in a small city to assure the swami of a large and opulent clientele—until things got too hot and he moved on to cooler and greener fields.

"Has this bird Zygon been pulling stuff like that in Northbank?" Lieutenant Ritter asked.

"Not that I've been able to learn," the insurance man said.

"Then what do you expect the police department to do?"

"Sandra Farriston is giving a reception tonight," Floyd said. "Some big-shot concert manager is here from New York, and Northbank is turning out to gawk and kowtow. His name is Sewell. Sandra will wear her earrings, of course, and Zygon has been invited to put on some kind of séance. The idea gives me goose-pimples. I'd feel better if some of your boys were there."

"I'll look into the matter," Max Ritter said....

Ritter's first look took him to the sixth floor of the Northbank Trust Company building where Zygon, wholesaler of dreams and broker in the occult, conducted his business. The office door, which bore the simple device "Zygon—Consultation by Appointment," was situated between a dentist's office and an advertising agency, thus giving a feeling of security to clients with guilty secrets or scoffing husbands. Entering, Ritter found himself in an eerie, dimly lighted atmosphere reeking of incense. Black velvet drapes parted, and a slim, bronzed, dark-eyed man with a tightly wound white turban asked in a soft voice:

"You desire to consult Zygon?"

"I'm looking for the dentist," Ritter replied.

"Next door," said Zygon.

Ritter backed out mumbling apologies and memorizing Zygon's features and build. He would be able to recite to himself a perfect *portrait parlant* when he examined rogues' gallery photos later. Meanwhile he would call on Sandra Farriston.

She lay stretched on the rug, her eyes closed. "No more theatrics," Biff said. "This isn't the last act of Rigoletto . . ."

SANDRA lived on Indian Hill, which was a fashionable part of Northbank at the turn of the century. Its old frame houses, with their hip roofs, their shingled turrets and cupolas, their gables and dormer windows dripping with gingerbread, were still impressive in spring and summer when the Boston ivy was in leaf and concealed their need for paint. Sandra's house had its own special impressiveness. It was not merely the home of a music teacher who eked out a bare subsistence drilling scales and trills into Northbank brats; it was the shrine of Sandra's glamorous past, the sphinx-temple of her enigmatic present.

Sandra's past was symbolized by the photographs and framed playbills which lined the walls of her staircase, showing a young and beautiful opera singer in the roles of La Traviata, Tosca and Madame Butterfly, and testifying to her performance in the 1920s at the San Carlo of Naples, the Costanzi of Rome, the Municipal Opera of Nice, and the Opéra Comique of Paris. Also obviously part of her past were the diamond earrings, currently the worry of Duncan Floyd.

The two huge, flawless, pear-shaped stones, which she wore pendent from fragile platinum chains, appeared publicly just five times yearly: for the opening concert of the Northbank Symphony, for the annual two-night stand of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and for Sandra's two receptions, which were attended not only by the best people of Northbank, but by prominent musical figures from Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and even New York.

Sandra's past was also symbolized—in malicious minds—by Josephine Farriston. According to Sandra, Josephine *(Continued on page 46)*

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BIG EATERS Take Route 22

. . . And they find a restaurant that serves, country style, up to 40 dishes a meal, refills plates as fast as they're cleaned and prefers guests with big appetites. One party ate for four hours

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Formality vanishes as strangers pass the platters. It's food that sticks to the ribs

ABSTAIN from food a day or two, chop a cord of wood, run a country mile, and sit and brood over the best-tasting and most bounteous feasts you've ever eaten—then perhaps you will approach the proper physical and mental temper to do justice to the food at the Shartlesville Hotel, Shartlesville, Pennsylvania (Meals Served Country Style; James E. Lesher, Prop.).

Shartlesville lines the sides of U.S. Route 22, the through turnpike from New York to Pittsburgh, for the space of a blink of an eye about 35 miles west of Allentown and around 45 miles east of Harrisburg. It is a hamlet of about 350 souls, with a post office tucked in one corner of the general store; it boasts no industry, mainly because it is set in that rich farm land which is the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. But small as it is, Shartlesville is a famous stopping-off point each year for tens of thousands of tourists, who have eaten or heard about the fantastically enormous meals served in the hotel.

A tough-looking Texan turned up at the tiny inn one day last winter. "Ah drove fo' hunnerd mile outa mah way to eat hyere," he said. "Ah'm a big eater—don't disappoint me."

He was not disappointed. He sat and stowed away food for nearly two and a half hours, great heaping platters of wholesome, plain-cooked food, and at the end, when he had shined the last drop of gravy off his plate with a thick bread crust, he leaned back and delivered the highest tribute of which a Lone-Star Stater is capable.

"Never seen nothin' like that in Texas," he said.

If he had traveled up and down and back and forth across the country for months, poking into the big cities and the most obscure backwoods towns, he still might not have found anything like the Shartlesville place. In quantity, the food might be compared to Swedish *smörgåsbord,* but there is one major difference: that Scandinavian spread generally contains many small, delicate items, such as bits of preserved or smoked fish. There is nothing dainty or ephemeral about the provender at Shartlesville. It is solid and substantial fare that sticks to the ribs. The tables don't merely groan under its weight; they shriek in overburdened agony.

The meal the Texan ate was typical. When he sat down at the table—and the readers will now loosen their belts—here is what he found:

A tremendous steaming platter of brown-roasted milk-fed young tom turkey.

An equally large dish of soft-stewed chicken.

Huge slabs of smoking roast beef, done so well that it crumbled at the flash of a knife.

A plate of succulent, homemade country-style sausages, an inch and a half in diameter, ground from choice pork and beef, fried in their own fat until their skins popped.

Another plate of "summer sausage," also made from pork and beef in a roll about three inches thick, sliced thin and served cold.

Chicken potpie, containing rich yellow dough and white and dark meat, swimming in gravy; chicken patties, made with potato and garden seasonings, fried in deep fat until there was a rich brown crust on the outside; chicken salad, chicken sausage, chicken giblets, chicken gravy.

Slivers of beef stewed with red kidney beans and small bits of onion.

Golden sweet potatoes, boiled to a crumbling tenderness; white mashed potatoes, streaked with running melted butter.

Pepper cabbage slaw, with a sharp vinegar tang; cream coleslaw.

Pickled beets; that cold mixture of assorted beans and other vegetables called chowchow.

Home-preserved cucumber pickles.

Cold string beans immersed in a sweet-hot mustard sauce.

Cider-colored apple sauce, aromatic with a faint trace of cinnamon.

Crab apple jelly, strawberry jam, blackberry preserves.

Yellow potato salad, running with homemade mayonnaise.

Plump dried lima beans, crisp green string beans, stewed dried corn, noodles, green garden peas, chick peas.

Dried peaches and stewed prunes.

Fluffy, lumpy, old-fashioned tapioca pudding.

Cherry gelatin dessert.

Shoofly pie, a molasses crumb cake highly regarded by the Pennsylvania Dutch.

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Deep-fried mashed-potato doughnuts.

White, rye and whole-wheat bread, with large hunks of butter placed near by.

Chocolate and vanilla ice cream.

Coffee, tea and milk.

(There will be a slight pause, while everyone, including the writer, gets his breath.)

There are not always that many items on the Shartlesville Hotel's table, but upon occasion there have been more. The number seldom drops below 35, and on a Sunday, the big day of the week, it hovers around 40.

Moreover, the bowls and platters are constantly replaced and refilled. At the end of each meal, the table is literally as full of food as it was in the beginning. The list above constitutes the lunch and dinner, but there is also a breakfast, consisting of fruit juices, prunes and dried peaches, bacon, sausage, pancakes, eggs, scrapple in season, fried potatoes, toast, sugar cakes the size of saucers, coffee, milk, butter and jam.

The price for the lunch-dinner is $1.75. Breakfast costs 85 cents. Astoundingly enough, these prices are a source of some dissatisfaction to the proprietor, James E. Lesher. It *greisels* him, as the Pennsylvania Dutch would say (sickens him), to think that he has to charge so much. "It was better already for business when only it cost a dollar," he says.

Lesher does not regard the staggering table he sets as particularly remarkable, and he is amazed when outsiders are amazed. It is the kind of food he and his neighbors have been eating all their lives. They are hard-working farmers in that area; many of them can trace the families back to the Revolution (one of Lesher's antecedents was a general in the Revolutionary Army). Work on the land has been their sole existence; they don't bother much with the outside world, and they still speak Pennsylvania Dutch, a curious mixture of High German and English.

For these reasons, Lesher has been unconcerned when celebrities have come to dine with him. He has entertained many movie stars, but he doesn't remember their names. Senators and Supreme Court judges have been in, but he doesn't recall exactly who they were, either. He does recall that John L. Lewis stops by every once in a while, and that the late Gifford Pinchot used to come down from Harrisburg every week end when he was governor (this sticks in Lesher's mind because Pinchot liked to sit at a table reserved for farm hands. He always jotted down the number of items on the board in a notebook, and sometimes pretended to be annoyed when the number fell below par). "To tell the truth," Lesher says, "about 90 per cent of them that come in here, I don't rightly know *who* they are."

Dinner—as the Farmer Likes It

In the Shartlesville section, the farmer likes to come in from the fields and eat his meals with his family. It is the only time of day when he can enjoy a short visit with them, since he usually goes to bed immediately after dinner, and he therefore wants no nonsense of wives and daughters and hired girls constantly getting up from the table and wearing a track between it and the kitchen (also, that sort of thing is hard on the rugs). Accordingly, everything from relishes to desserts is set out at the beginning of the meal. This is the way it is in Lesher's place. Food is prepared and served just the way it always has been in his family.

Lesher got into the restaurant business by unexpectedly serving a meal in his home to some strangers. Back in 1915, when he was operating a general store on the present site of his hotel, two travelers from nearby Reading and Womelsdorf stopped in one day and asked if he knew where they might be fed (there were almost no restaurants in the area in those days).

Lesher went back to the kitchen behind the store and spoke to Clara, his wife. "Could you serve these folks some of our food, once?"

"Yes," said Clara, "if they're satisfied to eat what we have."

The Leshers put their guests at a table laden with home-cured ham, beef and the customary array of 10 or 15 side dishes. Their eyes popping, the visitors said it was more food than they'd ever seen before, and later they declared it was also the best. "Suppose we came along next Sunday," one asked. "Could you give us a chicken dinner?" *(Continued on page 62)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERNE

...ner James E. Lesher registers a guest with children; bartender Walter Luckenbill looks on

Mrs. Florence Luckenbill (in front) says she has no secret for roast chicken. "Ve chust roast"

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RETURN OF *Verge Likens*

By DAVE GRUBB

Verge Likens put a lot of time and thought into the death of Riley McGrath. And Riley himself financed it

AND the funny part was that not even Riley McGrath's own friends blamed Verge Likens for killing him. Some even found a kind of wry, burlesque justice in the ponderous, infallible way that Verge went about bringing Riley's death to pass. Because whatever fear or awe or envy the people of Tygarts County felt for Riley McGrath, self-elected emperor of our state, they knew that he'd had no right to shoot down Verge's father, old Stoney Likens, that night at the Airport Inn. The two boys, Verge and Wilford, came when Sheriff Reynolds sent for them, and they viewed the body of the old man with bleak, hill-born muteness.

"It was Mister McGrath that done it," explained Fred Starcher, who ran the roadhouse. "But Stoney taken and swung at him with a beer bottle. So it was self-defense."

Verge looked at Fred and Sheriff Reynolds with flat, dead eyes. "Daddy didn't have no gun on him," he said patiently, "so I can't see no fair reason for Mister McGrath shooting him."

And the brother Wilford stood by, dumbly heeding the exchange. He was slack-mouthed with fascination, his eyes darting from one man to the other in turn, his moonface bland with an idiot and almost blasphemous innocence.

"If Daddy had had a gun," Verge went on, "it would have been different. But it isn't self-defense when a man with a gun shoots down a man that don't have none."

Fred Starcher opened his mouth to explain again how it all had been and then he saw the eyes, cold and flat as creek stones.

"Well," he said, looking away, "it seemed to me like it was self-defense."

Although it wouldn't have mattered much one way or the other whether it had been self-defense or premeditated murder or just plain target practice. Because there wasn't a man in the state of West Virginia who could stand up against Riley McGrath for very long without losing his job, his bank account or some of his blood. But there was no more argument. For suddenly, like wraiths, Verge and Wilford were gone out of the place into the March dark, roaring up the highway for home in Stoney's old fruit truck.

"Bud, don't take it so hard," Wilford said. "Like as not Mister McGrath was drunk."

The flat eyes, turning from the highway to Wilford, shone with loathing in the dark. "He was your daddy, too," Verge said. "Your blood kin. You gutless rat."

"Don't talk like that, Bud!" Wilford whined. "If there was something to be done I'd be all for it. But there ain't!"

"Yes there is," said Verge, his eyes fixed on the traffic stripe. "There is something to be done and I am fixing to do it."

"What?"

"Kill Mister McGrath," Verge said.

"Kill Mi—! Bud, you must be crazy!" Wilford cried out. "Mister McGrath's the biggest man in the whole state of West Virginia! Why, don't Senator Marcheson hisself sit and drink seven-dollar whisky with Mister McGrath in the Stonewall Jackson lobby every time he comes to town? Don't every policeman in town tip his cap when Mister McGrath walks by?"

"That don't matter a bit," said Verge. "I'll find a way. It may take me a little time, but I'll find a way to do it."

And that was all Verge Likens ate or drank or breathed or dreamed about from that night on. . . .

One night after supper, months later when the brothers were alone and neither had spoken for nearly an hour, Wilford felt suddenly as if the impalpable violence of Verge's obsession had secretly turned on him.

"Then damn it!" he shrilled to the pale, quiet profile of his brother, who sat in the shadow of the trumpet vines along the porch, "why don't you get it over with? Why don't you hide out along the fence by the Airport Inn some night and shoot him in the back? He comes there all the time with that black-haired Mary from Baltimore Street! Why don't you—"

"No, Wilford," Verge said quietly, with neither surprise nor anger at his brother's outburst. "I want Mister McGrath to see my face when I kill him. If I taken and shot him in the dark, that way he wouldn't never know it was me that done it. When I do it, I want Mister McGrath to look at my face a good long while and know who it is. And I want to be sure the killing takes a slow, long while."

RUSH SIGAFOOSE was shaving Riley McGrath in his number one chair when Wilford found him next morning. Wilford was shaking so badly that he was afraid he would not be able to make the speech he had lain awake all night considering.

He sat down in one of the straight-backed chairs under the shelf of lettered shaving mugs to wait until the morning ritual was finished. At last Riley McGrath labored down from the chair and stripped a greenback from his expensive billfold. Wilford stood up, quaking.

"Mister McGrath," he said, wringing his cotton cap.

"Yes, son?"

"Mister McGrath," Wilford said, feeling a little courage coming back, "I sure would be glad if I could talk to you for a little while."

"Certainly, my boy," said the great man. "Come along across the street to my office. I have an appointment in half an hour with Judge Beam but I can give you a moment of my time. A man should never grow too important to keep in touch with the people of his home town."

The office, musty, small, cluttered as a pack rat's nest, was deathly still as the two seated themselves: Wilford in the stiff split-bottom chair by the window and Riley McGrath in the creaking swivel chair behind the old, scratched desk upon which he had parlayed the fortunes of a state. Wilford watched while Riley licked the tip of an expensive Havana and clipped it thoughtfully.

"It's about my brother Verge," said Wilford, wet-

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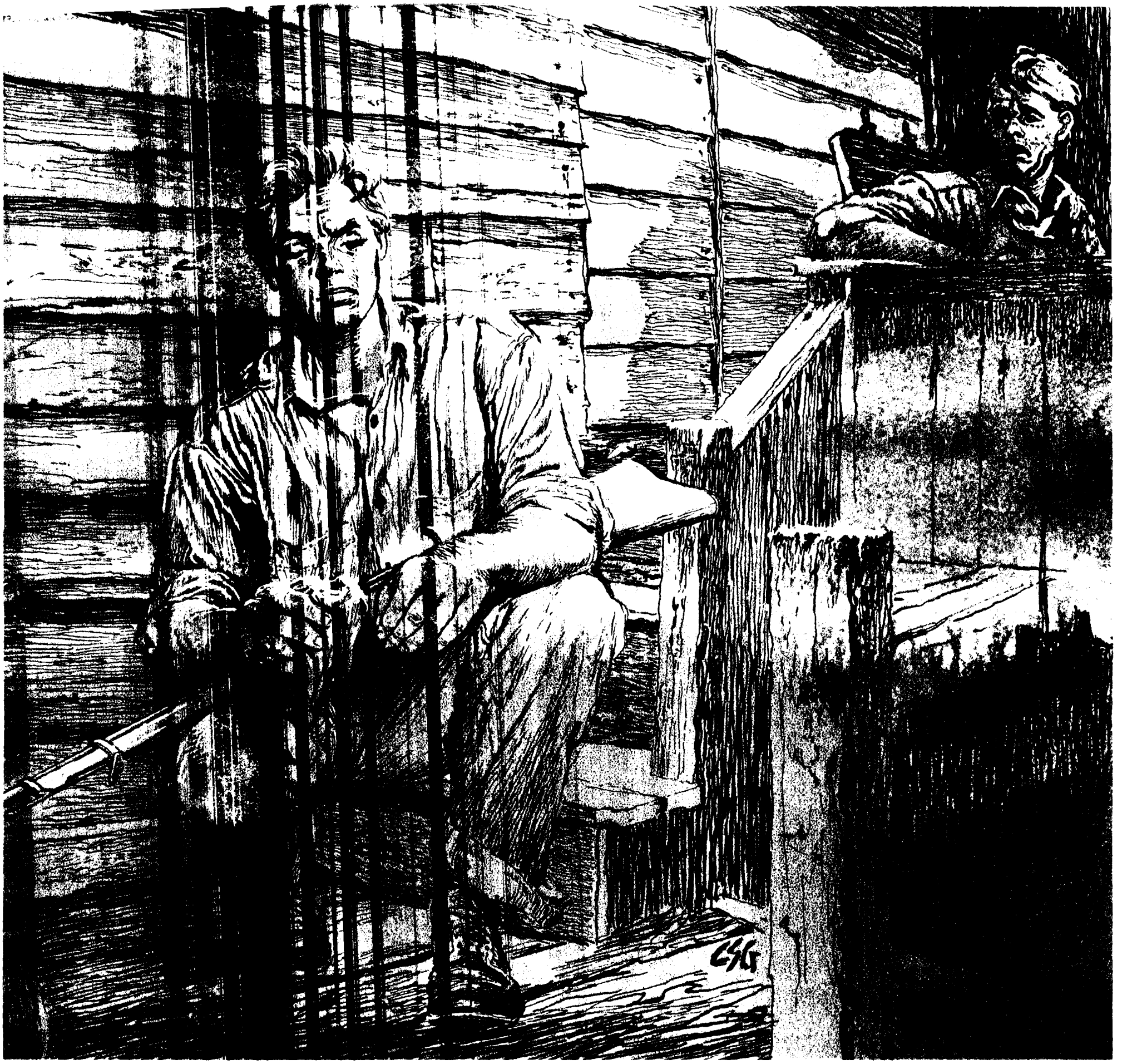

After supper, Wilford confessed what he had done. Verge went on cleaning his rifle, not saying anything

ting his lips and staring at Riley McGrath's sober blue tie. "Our daddy was Stoney Likens."

Riley McGrath cracked a kitchen match into flame with his thumbnail. He puffed silently for a moment and though Wilford could not see them, he could feel the gray eyes appraising him, weighing the situation, seeing it simultaneously from every possible angle.

"That matter was settled during the last term of Judge Beam's court," Riley McGrath said presently. "Your father attacked me, son. I shot him in self-defense that night. Nobody regretted the incident more than I did."

"It's my brother Verge," Wilford reiterated, as if he had not been listening at all. "I just don't want nothing to happen to my brother, Mister McGrath. He's all I got left now."

"Nothing need happen to your brother, son," grunted Riley McGrath. He leafed through some papers on his desk, already finished with the interview.

"Something might," Wilford said. He cleared his throat and listened for a moment to the coaxing, pointless shrilling of a wren outside.

"Verge claims he is fixing to kill you, Mister McGrath," Wilford said.

Riley McGrath leaned back in his chair and blew a cloud of smoke toward the dusty, yellow window. "That's a very foolish idea for your brother to entertain," he said. "Very foolish, son."

"I thought—" gasped Wilford, and then swallowed. "If maybe you was to send for him, Mister McGrath. Talk to him. If maybe you was to explain to Verge how it was self-defense after all. It might help, Mister McGrath. 'Deed to God, I don't want nothing happening to Verge."

"Nothing will happen to your brother," Riley McGrath said, "so long as he behaves himself in this town."

Wilford sighed despairingly and stared at his hands twisting the cap on his knees.

Riley McGrath's eyes were as cold as gun metal now.

"I understand, however," he continued, "that the death of your father may have brought about certain—expenses. I've thought about it often. And now I'm going to do something—though I don't feel I'm actually obliged to do it—that may spread oil on troubled waters."

Wilford watched as Riley McGrath opened the alligator billfold and counted out five one-hundred-dollar bills; he watched him slip them into an envelope and toss it across the desk.

Verge didn't say anything *(Continued on page 63)*

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I GOT A

Under the finest circumstances it's a king-size job to transform an ancient home into an Englishman's castle, but imagine undertaking the work yourself with no experience and a tight budget

Main bedroom contains a wardrobe built of salvaged timber and large fireplace made out of bricks the author got from a dismantled pigsty

Lovely garden was reclaimed from junglelike overgrowth of weeds and litter. Family removed 25 tons of accumulated rubbish to unearth it

Quiet evening beside the family hearth. The inglenook fireplace had been hidden by debris; the antique fire grate came from dump heap

Modern kitchen, including built-in features, was created by the author and installed to the delight of his wife, Marjorie, and daughter, Gay, 4

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HOME—*The Hard Way*

By JOHN WELLENS

"IT'S not Buckingham Palace, me lad," the owner said, "but it's somewhere to live." I looked around. No, it wasn't exactly Buckingham Palace. In fact, only an owner could have called it even a place to live.

We needed no key to enter. The few windows were shattered, but we preferred to step more elegantly through one of the holes in the wall. On the ground floor lay a four-inch pool of water that had splashed through the ancient thatched roof and trickled down through a bedroom. The brick floors were all broken. Plaster hung in strips from walls and floors. The stairs were rickety and dangerous, and above them two bedrooms had been sealed off as unsafe.

There was no sanitation, no kitchen sink, no stove. There was hardly a safe place to stand.

Yet this house had been built as two cottages 350 years ago in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when craftsmen had a leisurely pride in their work. It was basically strong, and its original charm had not been eradicated by centuries of weather and misuse. The beauty was still there beneath filthy paint, layers of moldering wallpaper and festooning cobwebs.

The shell of the house, and of many others in this English village of Great Wilbraham, had been built of strong oak timbers intended for the construction of a sailing ship in a seaport 60 miles away, a ship never built because of a shipbuilding depression at the time. After three and a half centuries, those timbers were still iron-strong.

There was also a half acre of deep, rich soil, perhaps another legacy of the reign of Elizabeth, who insisted that farm workers have at least two acres of land attached to their dwellings. We noted this plot of land happily, even though dense undergrowth covered it, and the rubbish and trash of centuries lay at the back door—rusty bicycles, pots, pans, bottles, cans.

The house also carried with it another token of ancient history—the right to graze two cows on the village common.

Could this ever be a home again?

It *had* to be. Back in England after service in the Mediterranean as an R.A.F. flight lieutenant, I was about to be demobilized. A new job awaited me as organizer of a nearby adult education center. A home meant reunion with the wife I had rarely seen since our marriage four years earlier in 1941, and security for the child who would be born at Christmas. And we had not been able to find anything else even as promising as this rain-sodden wreck.

England, like the United States, was in the midst of the worst housing shortage in her history. The English situation had been caused not only by the monstrous devastation wrought by the air war but by the fact that there had been little civilian building for years. To get government permission to build a home was unthinkable. Thousands of families were broken up by lack of living space, living in single rooms or with relatives, or in trailers or even in makeshift dwellings in the rubble of bombed buildings.

It was all but impossible to rent a house or flat, even for a short period. Some of my friends and their families had been months, even years, without decent living quarters.

In us, as in all Britons, there was the powerful urge to occupy a private and personal habitation, a permanent family home.

So I bought the ancient shell for $1,200 and set to work confidently.

It was the confidence of a rank amateur. I had never before used the tools I was now about to use. My financial resources were severely limited. Prices were high and materials nearly impossible to get.

Still, we plunged ahead, and now, nearly five years later, with the help of our families and neighbors, Marjorie and I and our daughter, Gay, have a home of which we are justly proud.

A sound roof was the first necessity. The normal course would have been to lay a completely new roof over the existing straw, but I couldn't possibly spare the expense.

Luckily, one of England's foremost thatchers lived in the next village. Looking like a figure from a forgotten age, he climbed onto the roof, shaved off the top three or four inches of straw with a knife four feet long, then relaid parts of the roof in patches. At little cost he made it sound and watertight.

To avoid disastrous errors, I spent a little of my money to have an architect make some basic plans for me. From the government I got permission to buy a restricted quantity of building materials and was told exactly how much I could spend. We decided that by employing a building contractor to do some essential work we could be living in the house within a few weeks. But there I hit my first snag. The wages of building workers were, by government ruling, scheduled to go up on January 1, 1946. In late October I found that the contractor would not start work on our house until after the new year; he wanted the "cheap" labor to work on his own houses in the interim. Moreover, January was cold and frosty and the men worked slowly.

So my original building allowance had evaporated by the time the work was barely started. In disgust I let the contractor go and started my own career as builder and mechanic.

We began by moving in one snowy day in March —my wife, our ten-weeks-old baby, Gay, and I.

The contractor had put in windows at the back of the house where there had been none, completed half the sewage and drainage system, repaired two bedroom floors and installed the bathroom. There were still several rooms with large gaps in the walls. An open coke fire on a brick floor had to suffice for our cooking. There were no cupboards. Much of our furniture proved too big and had to be abandoned.

But here we made the first of a series of joyous discoveries: immeasurable kindness in our new neighbors. The newspaper delivery girl, discovering that we had no wringer, collected the freshly washed baby clothes every day and took them home with her to wring and dry. *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZOLTAN GLASS

Homemade workshop is located in a converted stable on grounds near the cottage. Professor Wellens demonstrates skilled technique with saw, developed since house was first purchased

Charm of the 350-year-old structure becomes really evident as work on ceiling continues

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Maybe I should have eloped—but then I'd have missed all the fun

Birds in Flight

By BIANCA BRADBURY

ERIC and I were only the bride and groom, the innocent bystanders who were almost trampled in the rush. It was nip and tuck there, for a while, whether any of us would survive to greet the glad wedding morn.

It was June when I quit my job and went to Jericho, Connecticut, to spend what might be the last vacation I'd ever spend with my two beloveds. I was planning to be married in August. We were happy to be together, Grandmother Wytte and Great-Aunt Sophia and I. They'd worried about me working in the wicked city and were tickled to death to get their hands on me for a whole summer. "High time, too, you were getting married," Aunt Sophia said. "It'll put some fat on your bones."

"You're a fine one to talk about fat," I reminded her. Aunt Sophia's shaped like an unornamented ramrod.

"Thank the good Lord I'm not one to run to blubber," she said. This was a slap at her sister, who is little and cuddly.

"Skinny and sour, skinny and sour," Gram said, and sniffed. It makes her mad that Aunt Sophia still treats her as a baby sister. There are two years between them, and the fact that they're both pushing eighty hasn't served to close the gap at all.

"This young man, is he steady?" my great-aunt wanted to know.

"Steady as the Rock of Gibraltar."

"What does he do?"

"He's a mining engineer. He mines things."

"Like what?"

"Copper, molybdenum, things like that."

"Is he a drinking man?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't say he's a drinking man."

"He either is or he isn't!"

"He's coming up next week end to meet you," I said. "He'll certainly be sober as a judge after he's contended with you two for a while."

"Now, I don't object to a thimbleful of a nice sherry if a person's health calls for it," Gram said.

"You do too!" Aunt Sophia said.

"I do not!"

"You'd better, Gram," I said.

They live in a dreamy clapboard house, rose of Sharon and all, at a bend in a dirt road in the country back of East Jericho. I'd grown up in the little house. When I was a baby, even before I got to know my parents, both my father and my mother (who was Gram's only child) were killed in an accident. Gram and Gramp brought me up, with the help of my Great-Aunt Sophia. Aunt Sophia had lived with Gram all her life.

It set out to be a lovely, quiet summer. I was tired; the city hurly-burly really does take it out of you. This summer was a quiet hiatus between one life and another. I had a car, so I took them for rides. Aside from that, we ate and slept and talked, and I put fat on my bones.

That first Sunday, we went to church. After we came home, and Gram had cooked dinner, and Aunt Sophia and I had redded up the kitchen, we sat in the green chairs under the apple trees. Gram had a large, dumpy bag beside her. She started to poke in the bag.

"What's that?" Aunt Sophia wanted to know.

"You've been looking at it for sixty years so you ought to know by now; it's my piece bag."

"And just what do you aim to do?"

"I aim to piece," Gram said, and pushed her glasses up on her forehead so she could see better, and threaded a needle.

"Selina Hammond Wytte, today is Sunday."

"Maybe so." Gram said placidly. "But my granddaughter is going to be married in August without a quilt to her name unless I stir my stumps."

"I plan to piece her a quilt! But today is Sunday!"

"The better the day, the better the deed," Gram said, and jerked her glasses down on her little button nose and gave Aunt Sophia a look which said plainly: Sophia, go to hell.

"It'll be lovely," I put in. "I'd begun to wonder if I was going to get married without a quilt."

Sophia's ramrod spine unbent a trifle, as she leaned to watch the needle in Gram's pudgy hand running delicately along the seams. "What pattern do you aim to make?" she asked.

"I aim to make a Birds in Flight."

"Oh!" Great-Aunt Sophia sank back, relieved. "I'm doing her a Double Wedding Ring."

"I aim," Gram said deliberately, "to do a two-thousand-piece Birds in Flight."

"Don't be a fool, Selina," Sophia said. "That would take you six months. You do her a nice Log Cabin. Francie Todd will give you the pattern."

"My granddaughter is not going to get married without a two-thousand-piece Birds in Flight. I wouldn't dream of letting her—"

"It hardly seems decent," I said.

"Margaret, what does your young man think of a Double Wedding Ring?" Aunt Sophia demanded.

THIS was not a matter Eric and I had discussed. Eric had courted me between plane trips around the country. There hadn't been one cozy evening when we had sat down over our coffee cups and I had said: Eric, what is your opinion of a Double Wedding Ring?

The life of those two in East Jericho was so wonderfully remote. The world was bounded on the north by the minister's calls and on the south by the gossip of Francie Todd, their best friend and chief news gatherer; on the east by the goings on of Stolski, their Polish neighbor; and on the west by me. I was their only contact with reality. It was a double life I led—the life in the big bumbling outside world, and the dreamlike visits at Gram's little clapboard house.

"You can ask his opinion when Eric gets here," I reminded them. For now the twain were going to meet—East Jericho and the Wicked World, in the form of a big, burly *(Continued on page 60)*

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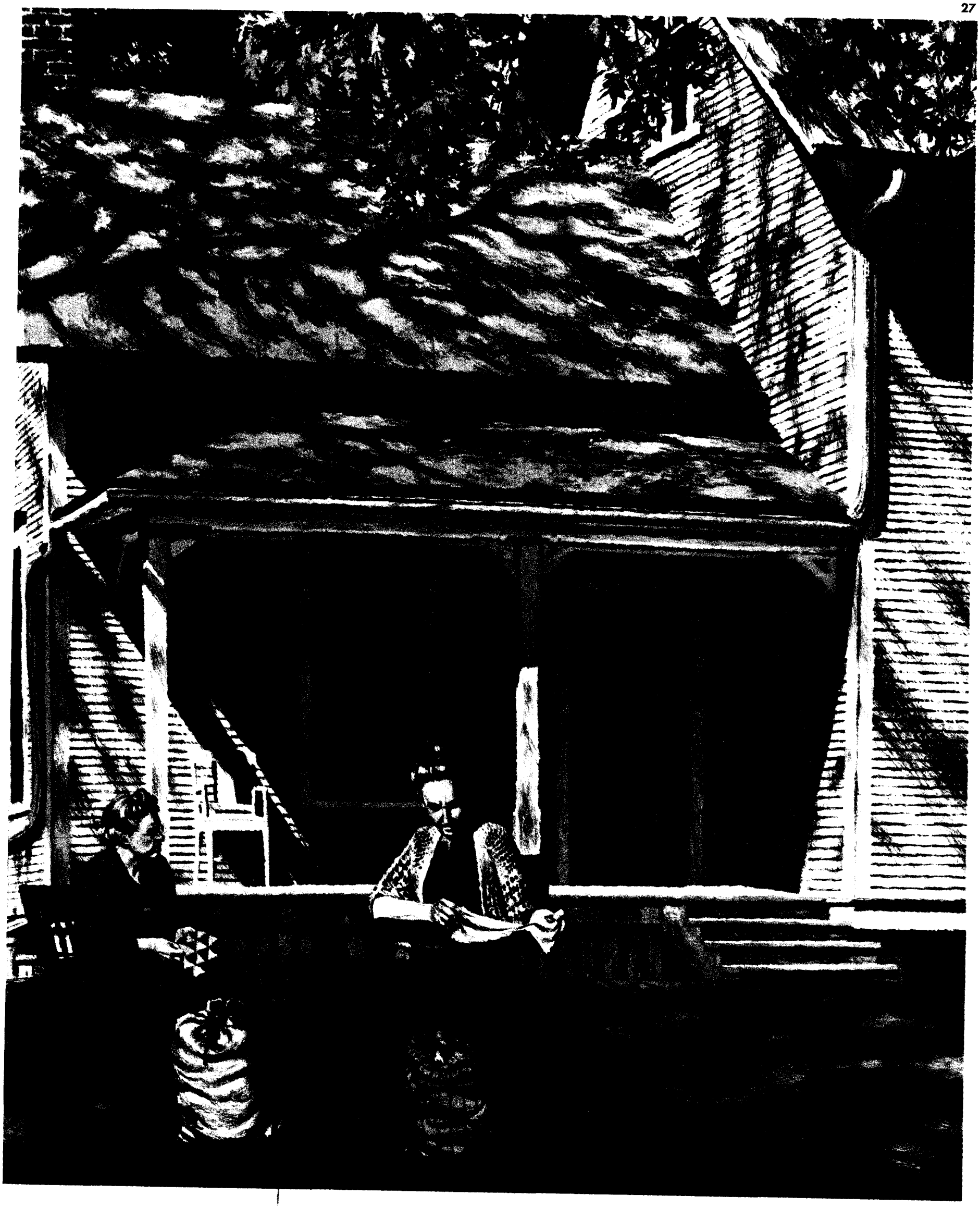

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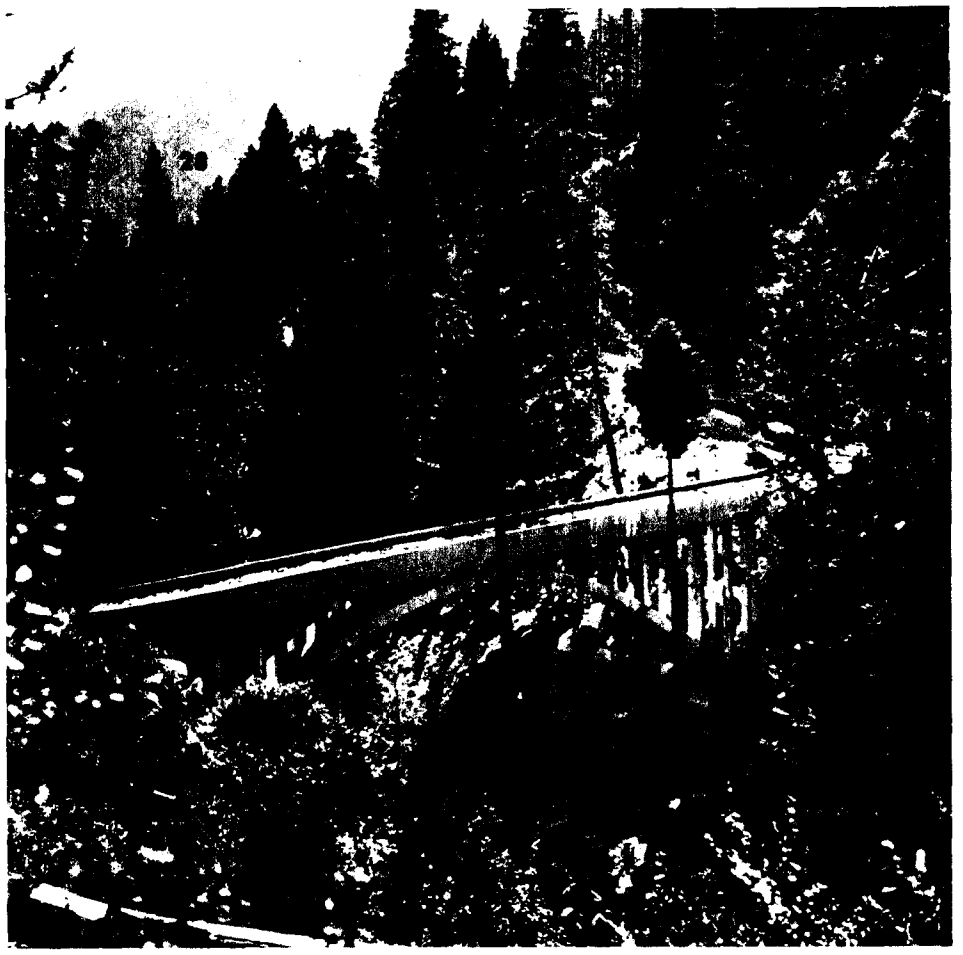
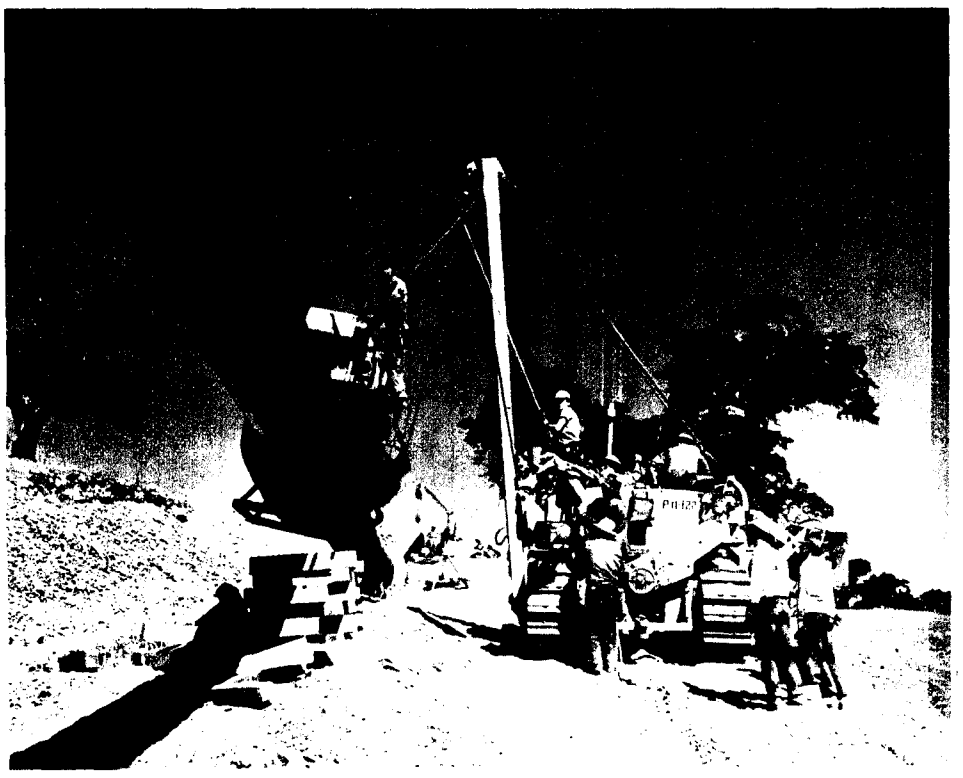


Concrete flume arching Bear Creek is part of a 779-mile waterway system



Super Inch pipe line will bring gas 1,600 miles from Texas and New Mexico. Below, linemen fight snow in zone including mountains and desert

PG 'n' E Is the People

By DEAN JENNINGS
and JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

A great California private power company not only delivers cheap electricity, but teaches cooking, rescues the lost, saves a life a day

IN CALIFORNIA, according to the proud civic tom-tom beaters, everything thrives on a Gargantuan scale, from oranges bigger than basketballs to asparagus that can be used for fence posts. But in all this gaudy apocrypha there is rarely any mention of the biggest and most authentic giant of them all, without which Californians probably would not enjoy fully either the scenery or the climate.

The unsung colossus is the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, locally known as "the PG 'n' E," a privately owned utility which vexes advocates of public power ownership because it not only believes in free enterprise but also manages to make money with phenomenally low gas and electric rates. And, incidentally, the company is California's number one taxpayer. At a Washington Congressional hearing recently, when the company's amiable but forthright president, James B. Black, successfully fought off the ninth federal attempt to establish tax-free government power competition in California, a bystander said: "I don't see how you keep the government do-gooders from moving right in and taking over."

"Hell!" said Black with a characteristic rumbling laugh. "I think they really would like to put us out of business, but even crusaders can't move mountains without people. And out where we operate we *are* the people. By that I mean, the P.G. and E.'s people, some 2,260,000 customers." They live in a territory reaching from the snowy crags of the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific Ocean shore, from the redwood forests to the edge of the desert lands. Across this 89,000-square-mile area, about that of New York and Pennsylvania combined, the company has woven a network of gas and electric lines that would circle the globe almost three times, plus an extra gas line, the "Super Inch," which in 1951 will suck natural gas from Texas and New Mexico, some 1,600 miles away.

Four thousand P.G. and E. cars and trucks, painted cream and brown, roll through towns and valleys or into mountain wildernesses day and night. Company helicopters and survey planes patrol the airways. Company tugs work the rivers and bays. Mobile power plants, geared for pavement or rural mud, are on 24-hour alert in case of power failure.

The company has its own weather bureau and telephone system. Company disaster crews, fire-fighting and first-aid units are always on call, and they save a life a day, year in, year out. The company voluntarily stocks trout streams, and raises game birds for the hunter. It sprinkles the thirsty land in the spring and heats cold earth with ingenious subterranean coils.

P.G. and E. engineers can be found in the Philippines, Korea, France, China and Greece, "borrowed" from the company for a week or a year (or permanently) to help bring technical knowledge and light to those lands.

Right now, in a three-quarter-billion-dollar expansion program, the company is adding two new reservoirs to its collection of 128 private lakes and 779 miles of canals, tunneling through mountaintops, changing the course of rivers, and stringing 220,000-volt lines across peaks and canyons.

Rich Yield from Arid Land

The 4,000,000-horsepower in these humming wires will help produce orchids and gardenias for the girls on Main Street and Park Avenue, rice and potatoes for the children of Europe, oranges and melons for breakfast tables from coast to coast, Thanksgiving turkeys, little pigs and hundreds of other good things coaxed from land that was once deserted and dry. The P.G. and E. has helped California become a state that feeds a lot of the world.

Not long ago an electrical engineer from England came to California to look at the P.G. and E. system. "I want to see all your powerhouses and stations and so on," he said innocently.

"Have you lots of time?" he was asked.

"Why, yes. Three or four months, if necessary."

"You'd better get started," his host replied. "If you travel eight hours a day, seven days a week, it will take you exactly 40 years to see everything we've got."

The P.G. and E. domain is so large that few customers and not all the company's *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD KROGH

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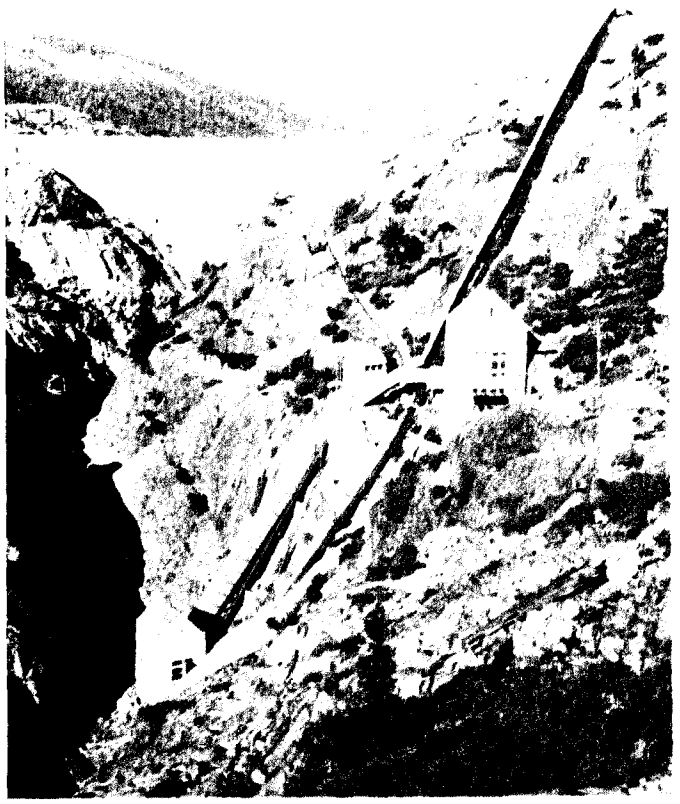
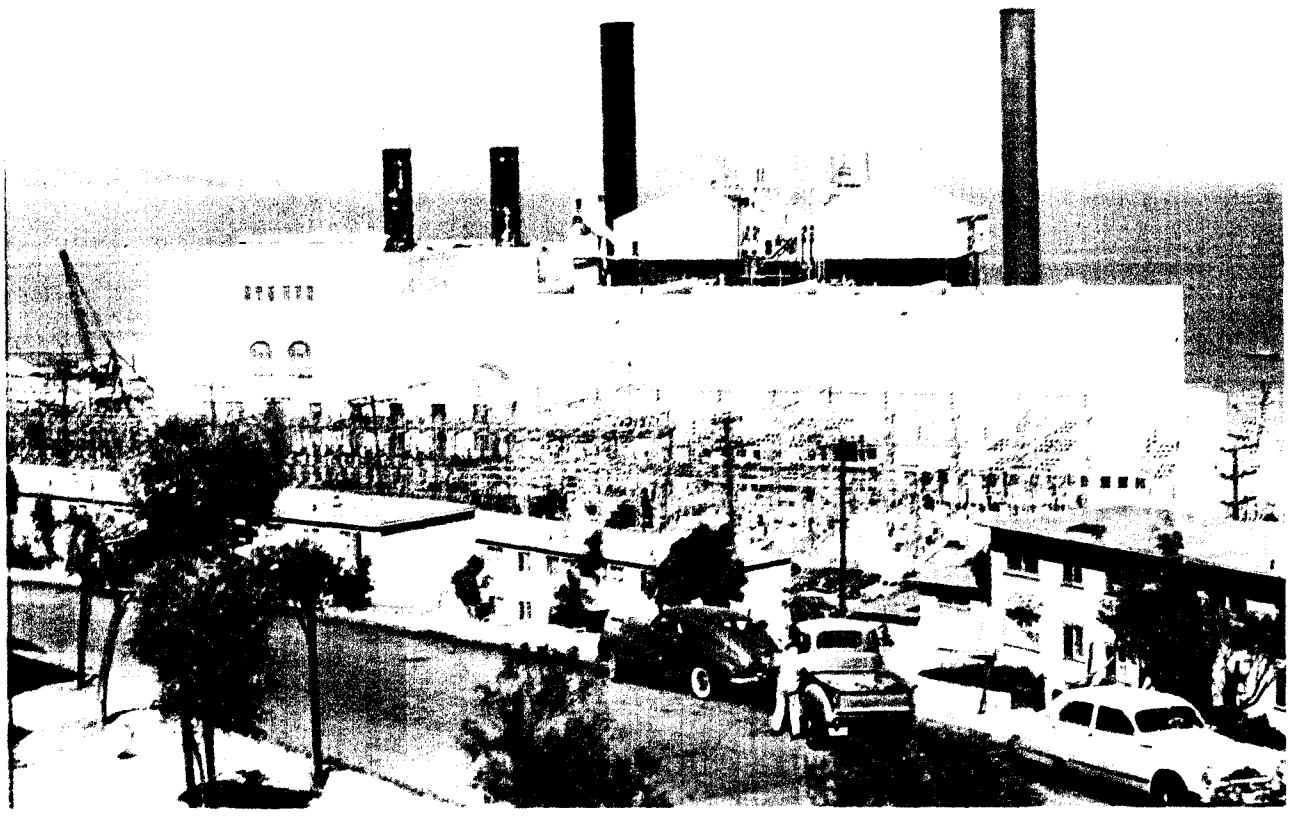
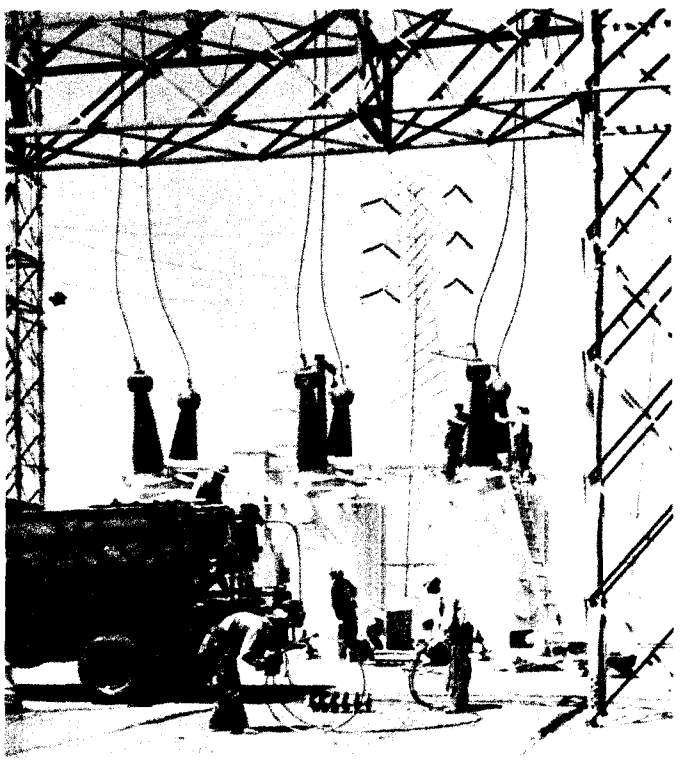


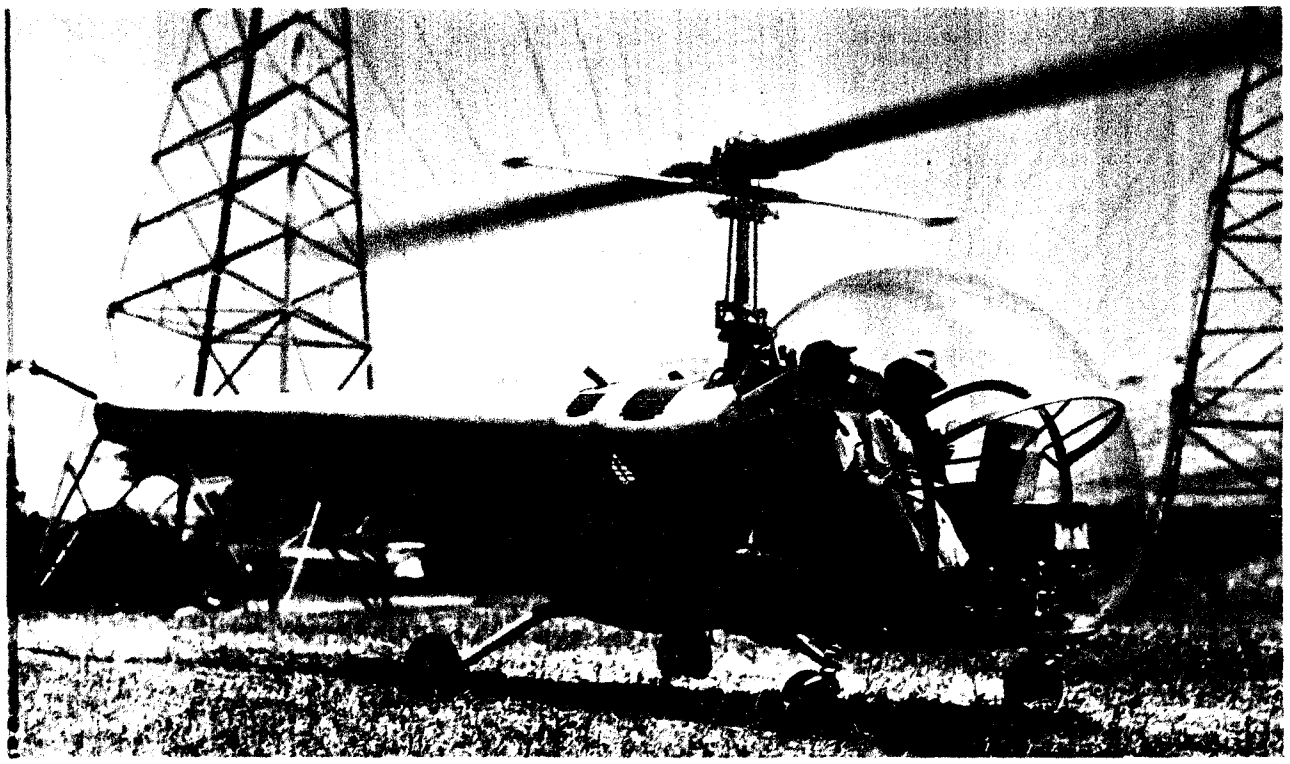
Generator at Spaulding Dam is in a cavern in the cliff



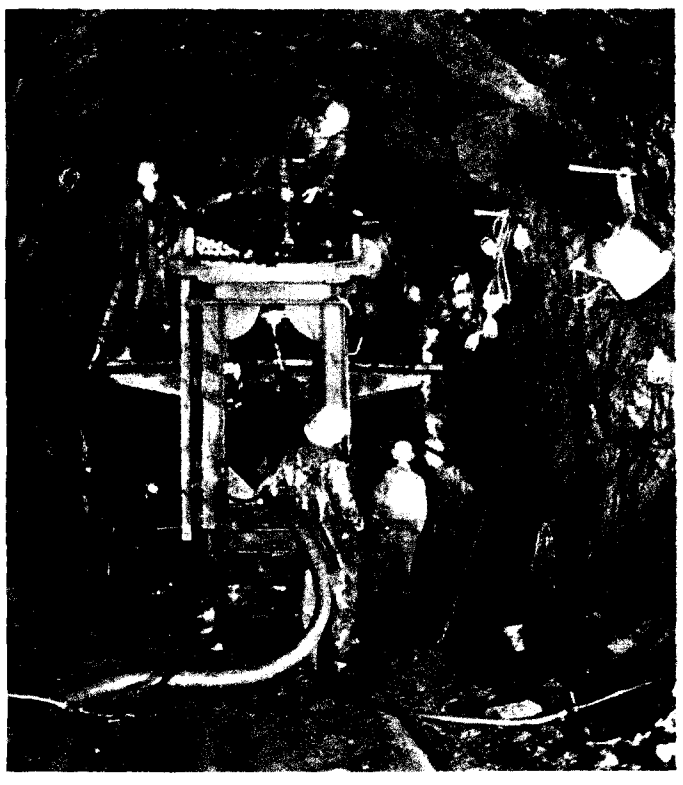
Power plant in San Francisco, one of 15 steam-operated plants supplying current when water is low

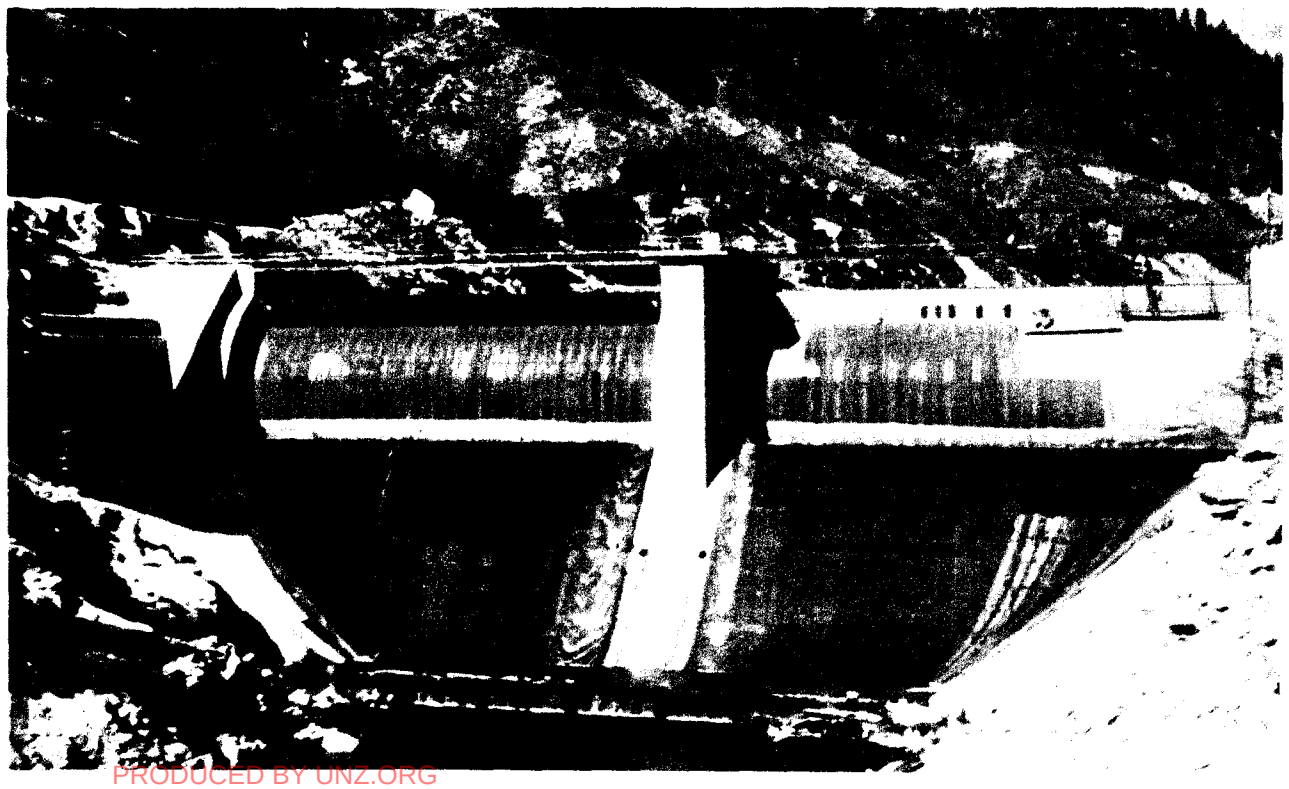


Servicing circuit breaker on a 220,000-volt system. Below, drilling tunnel through rock to divert river



Helicopters patrol transmission lines. Patrolman with pilot watches for damaged insulators. Below, Cresta Dam, one of two plugging Feather River Canyon and diverting water through a 4-mile tunnel





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PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

Continuing

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"Ma Cork," Phipps said meditatively. "Now, there's a woman I never care

The Story: Everyone in the posh Hollywood household of ADELA SHANNON CORK was trying to lay hands on the diary of the late Carmen Flores, a Mexican movie actress who had lived a rich, full life until her untimely death in a plane crash. Her diary was rumored to give all the names of the Hollywood celebrities who had contributed to the richness and fullness; and anyone named would pay a pretty penny to have the naughty little book suppressed.

Adela herself, being a rich widow as well as a former silent-screen star, should have been above all this, but she wasn't; once known as the Empress of Stormy Emotions, she was never stormier than when other people were trying to acquire money she considered hers by right. And precisely that was happening under her haughty nose. Her brother-in-law, SMEDLEY CORK —a rounder who was out to recoup the fortune he had lost backing turkeys on Broadway—actually found the diary. He was aided in his search by JANE SHANNON, Adela's sister, a sprightly lady writer who loved Smedley with what she admitted to be a weak-minded passion. Smedley was also helped by JOE DAVENPORT, a young writer who hoped to become Jane's partner in a literary agency with his share of the loot from the diary. Joe also hoped to persuade KAY SHANNON, the niece of Adela and Jane, to marry him.

A rival for possession of the diary was JAMES PHIPPS, Adela's butler, whose career as a model servant was blemished only by the fact that he had once served time in Sing Sing as a safecracker. In fact, the one person in Adela's home who showed no interest in the diary was her guest, LORD TOPHAM, a young English peer of great wealth and meager intelligence.

By trickery, Adela retrieved the diary from Smedley, announcing that she would put it in the safe in her projection room. The ingenious Jane taunted Phipps into agreeing to crack the safe: this took some doing, since the butler had been signed up by a visiting film executive to play butlers in the movies. But, his courage heightened by liquor, Phipps finally agreed. Accompanied by Joe and Smedley, he went up to the projection room in the small hours of the morning, leaving Jane and Kay alone in the Garden Room. Jane seized the chance to further Joe's romance and demanded to know why Kay spurned his honest love.

IV

KAY laughed at the earnestness of Jane's question. "Oh, Joe!" she said. An austere frown darkened Jane's brow. She disapproved of this spirit of levity. Ever a stanch friend, she had been much touched by Joe's story of his romance, with its modern avoidance of the happy ending. Feeling as she did about Smedley, she could understand and sympathize.

"Don't giggle in that obscene way," she said sternly. "He's a very fine young fellow, Joe Davenport, and he loves you."

"So he keeps telling me."

"'Jane,' he said to me only the day before yesterday, and if there weren't tears in his eyes as he spoke, I don't know a tear in the eye when I see one, 'Jane, old sport, I love that girl.' And then a lot of stuff about depression and debility and night sweats and loss of appetite. And in addition to the tear in his eye, there was a choking sob in his voice, and he writhed like a dynamo. He worships you, that boy. He adores you. He would die for one little rose from your hair. And does he get one? Not so much as a blasted petal. Why are you pulling this hard-to-get stuff on Joe? What's wrong with the poor fish? Don't you like him?"

"Yes. Very much. He's fun."

"I'm glad you didn't say, 'He's a good sort.'"

"Why, is that bad?"

"Fatal. It would have meant that there was no hope for him. It's what the boys used to say of me twenty years ago. 'Oh, Jane,' they'd say. 'Dear old Jane, she's a good sort.' And then they'd leave me flat and go off and buy candy and orchids for the other girls, blister their insides."

"Is that why you're a solitary chip drifting down the river of life?"

"That's why. Often a bridesmaid but never a bride."

"You poor old ruin."

"Don't call me a poor old ruin. Does respect for an aunt mean nothing to you? And don't try to steer me off the subject of Joe. Fourteen times you've refused him, he tells me."

"Fifteen. He proposed again in the rose garden this afternoon."

Jane snorted indignantly. She rose and walked with measured step to the desk, intending to restore her composure with more champagne, found that the tray of drinks was no longer there, snorted again, this time with disappointment, sighed heavily and returned to her seat.

"Well, I don't understand you," she said. "I simply don't understand you. The workings of your mind are a sealed book to me. If I were a girl and Joe Davenport came along and wanted to marry me, I'd grapple him to my soul with hoops of steel."

"He seems to have made a great impression on you."

"He has. I regard him as a son."

"Grandson."

"I said *son*. Yes, I regard him as a son, and you know how I've always felt about you. You're as fresh as an April breeze, you get off impertinent cracks about grandsons, you mock at my gray hairs and will probably sooner or later bring them in sorrow to the grave, but I love you."

"Mutual, Jane."

"Don't interrupt. I have your best interests at heart. I consider that this J. Davenport is the right man for you. It isn't as if you had anything against the poor simp. You admit you like him."

"Of course I like him. How could anyone help liking Joe?"

"Then what's the trouble?"

Kay was silent for a moment. There had come

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or. How would it be to go give her a good punch in the nose?"

into her face that grave, intent look which attracted Joe so much. With the toe of one of her mules she traced an arabesque on the carpet.

"Well, I could fall in love with Joe in a minute—if I'd let myself."

"And why won't you?"

Kay went to the French window and looked up at the stars.

"I'm wary."

"How do you mean, wary?"

"Well—Jane, how do you look on marriage? I mean, is it a solemn, sacred what-d'you-call-it that's going to last the rest of your life—or a sort of comic week end like some of these Hollywood things? I think it's pretty solemn and sacred, and that's where Joe and I seem to differ. No, don't interrupt, or I shall never be able to explain. What I'm really trying to say is that I can't bring myself to trust Joe. I can't believe he's sincere."

Jane could maintain silence no longer. "Sincere? Joe? For Heaven's sake! How often do you want him to ask you to marry him before it filters through into your fat little head that he's fond of you?"

"It isn't how often he asks me, it's *how* he asks me. He does it as if the whole thing were a tremendous joke. And I don't regard love as a joke. I'm stuffy and sentimental and take it seriously. When a girl's with the man she loves, she doesn't want to feel as if she had been wrecked on a desert island with Milton Berle."

There was silence for a moment.

"Then—just between us girls—you do love Joe?"

"Of course I do," said Kay. "I've loved him right from the start. But I don't trust him."

Silence fell again. Jane began to see that this was going to be difficult.

"I know what you mean," she said at length. "Joe *is* apt to clown. The light comedy manner. The kidding approach. But don't forget that clowning is often just a defensive armor against shyness."

"You aren't trying to tell me that Joe's shy?"

"Of course he's shy—with you. Every man's shy when he's really in love. Don't you be deceived by the surface manner, my girl. Look past it to the palpitating heart within."

"You think Joe has a palpitating heart?"

"You betcha."

"So do I. I think it palpitates for every girl he meets who isn't an absolute gargoyle. I've seen his little red book."

"His what?"

"Telephone numbers, Jane. Telephone numbers of blondes, brunettes, redheads and subsidiary blondes. Don't you understand the facts of life, my child? Joe is a butterfly, flitting from flower to flower and making love to every girl he meets."

"Is that what butterflies do?"

"You can't stop 'em."

Jane swelled belligerently. Her blue eyes flashed fire. Though of a more equable temperament than her sister Adela, she could be pushed just so far.

"Look, my girl. Let me tell you something for your files. It is my unshakable opinion that you and Joe were made for each other. I have studied you both with loving care, I am convinced that you would hit it off like Abercrombie and Fitch, and I shall omit no word or act to promote the merger. I intend to bring you together, if it's the last thing I do. And you know me. The Old Master. And now go and cut those blasted sandwiches. All this talking has made me hungry."

As Kay started for the *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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ELEPHANT LAND: *Deep in*

Continuing DIARY of a HOLLYWOOD SAFARI

These articles are the expanded notes from the diary of Richard Carlson who plays a featured role in King Solomon's Mines, a movie photographed in Africa. To find authentic locations, the troupe, numbering 53 Hollywood actors and technicians, including stars Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger, spent five months wandering through eastern and central Africa, covered 14,000 miles. During the safari Carlson gathered his facts and photographs for these pieces. The 36-year-old actor, author, playwright and director has published fiction in Collier's and The American Magazine

II

ELEPHANTS don't swim. They can, but they don't, according to John Lawrence, one of the white hunters who worked with us in Africa. "They cross rivers by walking on the bottom," John said late one night when safari campfire talk turned to hairbreadth escapes and other adventures in the wilderness.

"When the water gets over their heads," he explained, "they keep walking on the bottom but lift their trunks up above the surface like the schnörkel on a submarine. I've seen six or eight trunk tips moving across the Victoria Nile until the beasts emerged in the shallower water on the other side.

"Once, down in Lake Albert, a whole herd crossed over to an island that looked green to them. Must have been water too deep for them, though, because after they'd eaten that island bare, they funked. Never dared to cross back to the mainland. They were starving to death, so a game ranger had to go over and shoot the whole herd."

The talk switched to man-eating lions. Allan Tarleton, our snake expert, who kept a 22-foot python named Daisy in a gunny sack in his tent, spoke up:

"Another thing most people don't know. Man-eating lions always prefer whites to Africans because a white man has more salt in his system. Scientific fact. And you can always tell a man-eater because he gets ulcers all over him. Worst rash of man-eating we ever had was during the influenza epidemic of the first World War. Blacks would die in the bush and the lions would get a free meal. And every one of the beasts had ulcers all over . . ."

* * *

THE sun was our absolute master in Africa. It ruled our lives much more than in just a physical sense. Its presence or absence dictated whether, at the end of the day's work, elation or gloom pervaded our camp. For when you're using color film no outdoor work can be done without full, brilliant sunlight. For this reason, people who see King Solomon's Mines will conclude, I suppose, that tropical Africa is a land of perpetual sun. It isn't.

The thousand-mile radius in which our safari worked to shoot the picture is dominated geographically by four gigantic mountain peaks and by a lake so huge that almost one third of the British Isles could be sunk in it. (Lake Victoria actually has a tide—though the natives believe its level drops three inches at night simply because all the hippos come out to feed.) Around those towering peaks each day there form tremendous white cumulus clouds which are spectacular indeed in the background of a color shot, but which also have an annoying way of getting in between the sun and the earth. On several occasions we sat all day long beside our loaded cameras with never a foot of film exposed.

Our personal boys would sense immediately upon our return to camp whether we had had a good or a bad day and, perfect servants that they are, would adapt their moods to ours. But even after the grimmest day, it is difficult not to relax into a sense of well-being under the effortless conditions of safari life.

By the time your soggy clothes are off, your boy will have wrestled tins of hot water into your canvas "tub" and you begin to relax as he laves you with the delicious stuff. He scrubs your back, and clucks his concern over each new tsetse bite. By the time you are dry, he has laid out your wardrobe for the evening and scurried off to fetch tea. (It is perfectly true that many Englishmen dress for dinner in Africa as a kind of prophylaxis against the dry rot of the jungle. We, however, took our chances in sport shirts and slacks.)

We never felt the presence of the jungle more than during the eight nights that we spent camped on the banks of the Victoria Nile. Each evening after teatime we watched the same herd of 23 elephants come down to the opposite shore for water and sport. And always, five minutes after they had retired into the forest, an enormous and lonely bull would appear to perform his solitary ablutions. Our white hunters told us he had evidently been the leader before being driven from the herd by a young and ambitious usurper. We always liked that old boy, and felt sorry for him.

* * *

I DON'T know why night falling over Africa is so much more impressive and mysterious than it is anywhere else in the world. Perhaps it's because the jungle is so full of exotic sounds, and not at all possessed of that primeval silence I had somehow expected. Noisiest of all are the birds, which for some reason seem to do entirely without sleep—weird birds called fish eagles, egrets, ibis and pied crows. And the hippos, with which the river literally teems at this point, may be the most amiable of beasts, but they are the noisiest. Their snorting and roaring and barking and splashing make a continuous uproar through the night.

To this was added, on several nights, the unmistakable coughing and roaring of lions. We had brought to the location a boatload of cattle and goats and on days that our cooks slaughtered them for food, all the cats for miles around immediately knew it. We all drew the line at having hungry lions in our camp, so our white hunters followed the sounds out into the darkness and threw firecrackers to scare the beasts away. Game rangers in Africa always carry firecrackers to try to control dangerous animals without having to shoot them.

Almost every night after our generators had cut off and our camp was in darkness, I sat out on my little porch and listened to the jungle noises and thought of home. I suppose my neighbors in the safari were doing the same, though we never mentioned it to one another. It is a moving and mysterious thing to hear the thunder making up nightly over distant, ancient Lake Victoria. When the first drops of rain arrived, I would pitch out my cigarette and get into my cot. If there is a more delicious sound than rain whispering on your tent at night when you are snug in bed, I don't know it.

* * *

THE December location at Murchison Falls on the Nile was the most murderous of all that we ran into in Africa. Our camp was at the bottom of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Star Stewart Granger watches women of the Buhutu tribe weaving rugs for their proud Watusi masters

Everything of civilization that you find in remote areas of Africa is carried in by head

Between shots on location and to while away our leisure hours, we played chess endlessly

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the Jungle

By RICHARD CARLSON

the falls and our "set" was at the top. Every ounce of equipment, every reflector and camera and hammer and saw had to be carried, either on a black head or in a white hand, three miles to the top of the falls every morning. We began to doubt the Hollywood axiom that acting is at worst "better than digging a ditch." We envied our African porters their ability to head-carry anything from a make-up box to a pail of drinking water. I suppose everything in Africa, even the railroad, was in the first instance head-carried, piece by piece, into place.

We set out in a column at six thirty every morning to avoid the heat, two of our white hunters leading the way in case we met a stubborn elephant who wanted to dispute the path with us. An hour later and a thousand feet higher, we donned make-up and tried to practice our craft with the grease paint melting in the deadly heat and running down our noses. Then in the muggiest part of the afternoon, we became safari bearers again and wearily climbed down toward that blessed hot bath and tea and the prophylactic cocktails.

* * *

ONE day I remarked to Deborah Kerr, "I envy Stewart Granger those first few months as a new star in Hollywood."

"Yes," she replied, thinking about her own introduction to the film capital a few years ago, "going to Hollywood is like having your first baby. You don't know quite what's happening to you, but you do know it's something wonderful. You don't quite believe it all. And afterward no thrill in your life will ever be as great."

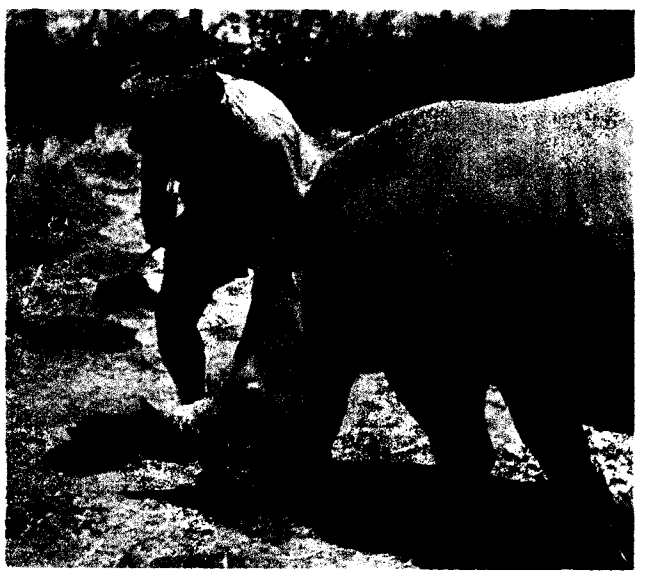
There'll soon be reams of publicity stuff to read about Stewart Granger, for the studio has determined that he shall be as great a star in America as he already is in England. I lived with the guy for five months and decided he's what motion-picture producers dream about when they're not dreaming about another Lana Turner.

Everything about him is on a huge scale—his physique, his voice, his laugh, his enthusiasm, his frustrations, his temperament and his generosity. I often had the feeling he would have been happier as an Elizabethan.

An old Metro grip whispered admiringly one day on the set, "Man, oh, man, that guy is another Jack Barrymore—teetotal-type."

Granger (who was born *(Continued on page 69)*

Kimusi, tribesman who plays Granger's servant in film, tried to quit after picture was under way, and was given six cows. Below: Murchison Falls on the Nile, our December location



Carr Hartley, famous animal trapper and erstwhile white hunter, with a rhino he captured

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Miss Information

By MILTON GROSS

During a routine day at her desk in the New York Botanical Gardens, librarian Elizabeth Hall answers 50 expert-stumping queries. On one occasion, she even helped a man plot a murder

HER knuckles showing white where her hand gripped the receiver, Elizabeth Hall fairly shouted the message over the telephone to the Western Union operator.

"Please repeat the telegram as I dictated it to you," she urged.

" 'By no means eat mushrooms, samples of which you sent me,' " the operator echoed. " 'It is poisonous, nonedible species. Signed: E. C. Hall, Librarian, New York Botanical Gardens.' "

"Capitalize or underline 'poisonous,' please," Miss Hall entreated. "Emphasize it any way you can; only send it quickly before those poor people kill themselves."

Then Elizabeth Hall sat back to watch the clock and wonder whether the people whom she had never seen, whose Virginia lawn was alive with delectable-looking mushrooms, were committing suicide. Her morbid reflections were almost immediately interrupted by a young woman who was standing rather impatiently at her desk. Miss Hall recognized her as one who had sought information at the library several times before.

What can I do to prevent seasickness?

"I'm divorcing my husband," the visitor said without preamble, "but that's no reason for me to discontinue my interest and study in botany. I'm going to Florida to obtain the divorce and I want to know in which city to establish residence. I want to be near a herbarium as well as a good divorce lawyer. Can you recommend that place to me?"

With hardly a gulp or a batted eye, Miss Hall suggested Gainesville. "There's a fine herbarium there and I'd be pleased to give you a letter of introduction to the chief botanist, who certainly should be able to suggest the proper attorney for you."

Thoroughly satisfied that Gainesville was the perfect locale for her purposes, the young woman left. Her place was taken shortly thereafter by a representative of the Chinese News Service, who wished to discuss the legends of the Japanese pagoda and the Chinese scholar's tree.

Unusual for a librarian? Not if she happens to be Elizabeth Cornelia Hall, who wouldn't be surprised if she were visited by a flea trainer, a dope addict and a deep-sea diver in successive hours.

A pixyish little woman of fifty-two, who stands just about five feet tall in her flat-heeled shoes, she would rather get good farm dirt under her fingernails than polish on top of them. Miss Hall admits she is supposed to be a dignified bibliophile. She impishly confesses, however, "I rebel against being placed in a librarian's pigeonhole."

Despite her rebellion, or maybe because of it, Miss Hall has become an inexhaustible clearing-house for information. Her collection of data runs the gamut of botany, which she tries to humanize, to tips on horse races, which she collects as a hobby and files casually among her botanical catalogues.

Miss Information to the world, she answers an average of 50 queries a day, besides being in charge of one of the largest libraries in America devoted to plants. And since the day 10 years ago when she innocently started on her extracurricular duties, her correspondence has grown to mammoth proportions.

Her mail, phone calls and personal queries come from botanists, horticulturists, doctors, lawyers, ministers of the gospel and foreign ministers, teachers, merchants, bankers, industrial chemists, farmers, the armed forces, newspaper and radio editors, scenario writers, novelists, theatrical producers, designers of ships, haberdashers, illustrators and artists, the police and a stray dope addict or two bearing a sprig of weed from a back yard and wanting to know if it is marijuana.

All have questions they want answered. Miss Hall either knows the answers or knows where to find them. She draws on the 32 specialists employed by the New York Botanical Gardens, and on the 55,000 volumes, 500,000 pamphlets, pictures of the 300,000 species of plants known to science, a 35,000-card biographical catalogue on botanists or a 30,000-card geographical catalogue which ties a plant to its native region.

Hardly a day goes by that one national magazine or another doesn't call on her to research a botanical fact.

No quiz radio show has ever credited Miss Hall for digging up its posers, yet they depend upon her almost as much as they do on the encyclopedia.

And a sampling of the questions she might be asked to answer in an average day would include the following:

What is the plant Gracie Fields has made famous by singing about? *(Answer: The Biggest Aspidistra in the World.)*

Do palm trees grow on the Isle of Capri? *(Answer: Yes.)*

How many seeds are there in the average watermelon? *(Answer: The Citrullus vulgaris normally has about a thousand.)*

What looks like a pumpkin and explodes like a firecracker? *(Answer: The sandbox tree. When the seeds in the pumpkin-shaped fruit are ripe, the pod explodes. Miss Hall calls the plant "the Big Bertha of tree artillery.")*

What can I do to prevent seasickness? *(Answer: Two old-fashioned remedies seem to produce definite results: A teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a glass of water will help; and so will oil of peppermint troches.)*

Are there any plants which keep off witches? *(Answer: Superstition has it that displaying sprigs of juniper, rosemary, hawthorn and holly, among others, wards off evil spirits.)*

Questions like that—some sound, some screwball—Miss Hall copes with daily, one after the other. But she answers them all, if it's humanly possible.

When I arrived at her office, I was greeted with a hearty handshake. Her phone rang almost incessantly during our conversation. If she was unable to satisfy the caller immediately, she delved deep into library drawers, or climbed a ladder to secure information from dark cubbyholes in virtually inaccessible spots near the ceiling. Once she was called into an outer office. When she returned a half hour later, she excused herself with the explanation that two Palestinian agricultural students wished to discuss oranges with her.

She came back from this interview with two prints in her hand. One, she explained, was a picture of Scotch broom. Some years ago the producer of A Highland Fling, a Broadway play, had used it as the model in preparing authentic stage settings for his opus. The other photo displayed some flora of Kipling's day, which Miss Hall had supplied to the producers of Kim, a Hollywood production.

"When I walk through the door of my office in the morning," she said in a gusty voice, which belied her sparrow build, "I never know what will happen during the day. It's the comic relief of some questions and the importance of others that keeps me going. I like people calling me or writing me and I like to talk. It gives me a wonderful opportunity to humanize botany and to make the average man aware of its importance. He goes about his day wearing clothes, eating food, reading books, seeing movies and smoking. The food he eats, the books he reads, the pipe or cigarettes he smokes are botany. Botany isn't just flowers with long unpronounceable Latin names."

An Elder Statesman Seeks Advice

When the phone rang one afternoon some years ago and a soft voice identified the speaker as Bernard Baruch, who requested some information on Java rubber, Miss Hall realized she was batting in the big league of learning.

In each succeeding year, Miss Hall's professional reputation has grown. Yet this former children's librarian, who recites Little Black Sambo stories, and explains with equal aplomb to the staid New York Times that the Dieffenbachia seguine, mentioned in the Nuremberg trials, is more familiarly known as the dumb cane or mother-in-law plant, is still regarded as "regular" by her co-workers.

When a gaunt six-footer recently presented himself at her desk and blandly stated, "I want to commit a murder," all Elizabeth Hall did was blanch slightly.

"I'm a mystery-story writer," the man explained, and Miss Hall settled back for an interesting afternoon in homicidal research.

The whodunit writer outlined his plot up to the point where the first victim was to be knocked off in a novel way. Tentatively, the writer had decided the victim was to be murdered by having him inhale the deadly fragrance of a plant which had been substituted for a perfectly harmless house plant. But which one would kill?

"I don't know of any such plant," Miss Hall admitted almost shamefacedly. "However, I've often thought of the fatal effect which could result from improvident use of Black Leaf 40. That's nicotine sulphate. It's used as a contact spray for plants. Nurserymen and gardeners sometimes become quite ill from it. It could be a deadly poison

ROBERT J. LEE

Are there any plants which keep off witches?

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JACK MANNING

Ask her a question and she'll tell you no lies. But, Miss Hall insists, she won't be "placed in a librarian's pigeonhole"

if it were absorbed in some way through the pores of the skin in sufficient quantity."

His face lighted up. "Don't worry about the details," he said. "I'll work them out."

The writer, though, was not yet content. "Suppose," he said, "I wanted to suggest that a body, dead through stabbing, has been tossed into a stream and washed away. A searching party discovers a reddish residue in the still water near the bank. They assume it is blood. What substance, plant or otherwise, could be put into the water to give that effect?"

"The closest you could come to it without actually spilling blood," Miss Hall said without hesitation, "would be by crushing pokeweed in the water."

There was hardly an eyebrow raised when it was bruited about among Miss Hall's co-workers that she had spent the best part of an afternoon plotting literary murder. That was not considered extraordinary, but her confreres do find it extremely difficult to reconcile themselves to one of her skills. Miss Hall is just as well versed in the horsy hieroglyphics of assorted tout sheets and breeding manuals on gee-gees as she is in botany.

At the end of a business day, which starts at 8:00 A.M. and ends as late as 10:00 P.M., she curls up on a comfortable chair in her two-room apartment with the racing charts from the daily newspapers. She studies them with the same avid interest she may have displayed earlier in the day doing research on the flower beds in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, a suburb of London.

"I need relaxation at the end of a day," she says, with a so-what smile, "and I relax by 'doping' the horses. It's a completely different world from the one in which I live, and I love it."

Miss Hall kept her affinity for horses a secret from her co-workers for six of the 12 years she has spent at the Botanical Gardens. An assistant, however, came to her one day bearing a biographical file and a perplexed look.

She showed Miss Hall a series of cards inscribed with totally unfamiliar names and notations and admitted her bewilderment. Miss Hall didn't reduce the poor girl's confusion any by attempting to explain that the cards had nothing whatever to do with botany, but contained information on past racing performances of a "sleeper" on which she refused to give up after a few discouraging bets.

Born in 1898 at Meriden, Connecticut, Elizabeth was the only child of a man engaged in the business of agitation. She states her father's business blithely and then waits for the inevitable reaction before explaining that his occupation concerned itself not with fomenting social upheaval but with problems in physical agitation, such as the determination of viscosity and centripetal and centrifugal forces in manufacturing commercial products.

Acquiring Educational Background

She traveled a good deal with her father, but managed to be educated in Boston, attending Brookline High School and Radcliffe College, where she majored in chemistry. During college vacations she worked at the Boston City Hospital. Then she applied for and won a two-year scholarship at the Pennsylvania School for Horticulture.

Upon her graduation, Elizabeth accepted a position as horticultural occupational therapist at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Department for Mental and Nervous Diseases, the old Kirkbride's.

"When I left there after two years I was sorry to go," Miss Hall said. "My father had moved to New York, however, and needed my help. I didn't quite know what I wanted to do. I walked up Fifth Avenue and as I approached Forty-second Street I said to myself, 'If the light changes and the traffic stops I'll go into the New York Public Library and apply for a job.' "

The light changed, the traffic stopped and Miss Hall walked across the street into a life which has branched into unforeseen avenues.

Miss Hall doesn't keep flowers or plants in her own apartment, but she must advise prospective summer vacationers how to take care of their plants while they are away from home. The answer is simple, she says: Place two boards in the bathtub. Cover the boards with water and rest the plants on the boards. The plants will absorb enough moisture to remain alive for several weeks.

She has not only reached the point where she solves such minor botanical problems as matters of course, but Miss Hall has also helped unriddle some puzzlers that are really outside of her field.

During the war, for instance, she supplied doctors with the clues they needed to treat baffling cases of dermatitis. On one occasion she demonstrated that some of the worst cases resulted from contact with the cashew nut; that the juices and certain substances in the leaves and outside kernel can irritate the skin severely.

New York University Medical School researchers, conducting experiments in anesthesia, listened with interest to Miss Hall's revelations that certain juices in the picturesque pitcher plant anesthetized insects. And during the war when growths of water chestnuts created a navigational menace for small-boat skippers on the upper Hudson and Mohawk rivers, New York State engineers, unable to combat the problem successfully, appealed to Miss Hall for information on how the plant grew and what type of weed it was.

Actually, there has been but one known instance in which Miss Hall has been unable to supply a satisfactory answer to a query. However, extenuating circumstances provided her with an out.

Miss Hall was preparing to leave her office, after a wearing day in which she had answered 66 queries, when her phone rang.

"How can I kill a tree without my husband knowing anything about it?" an overpowering female voice rasped in her ear.

"Well," Miss Hall said wearily, "you could kill your husband first, my dear." THE END

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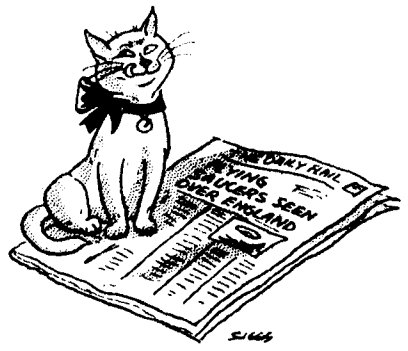
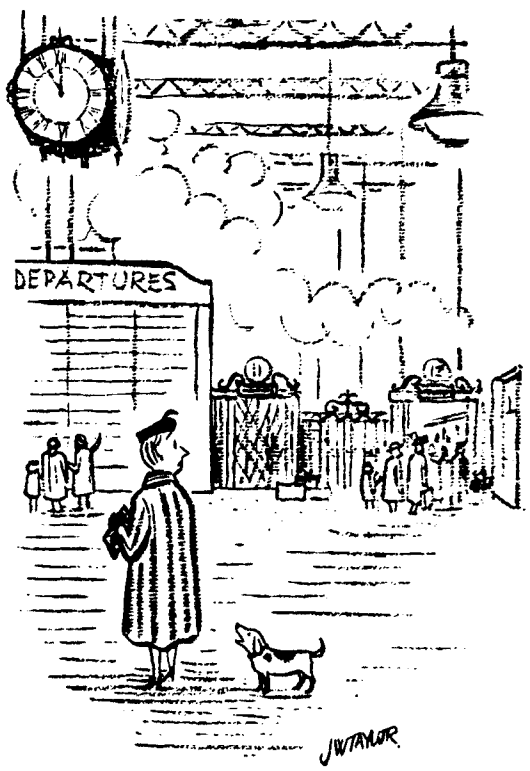


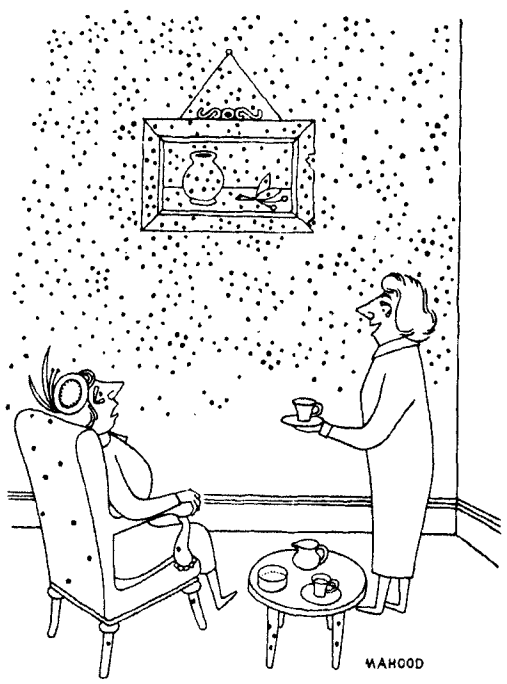
Do You Laugh Like

"Will my husband leave me for the other woman? Will my homicidal tendencies develop? Don't miss next week's thrilling consultation!"

We're a little tired of that old wheeze: "He who laughs last is an Englishman." If the cartoons in Punch, England's top humor magazine, are any criterion, the English sense of humor is far from the shaggy, unfathomable attribute it's traditionally supposed to be. Selected for their wide appeal and for their similarity to the type of cartoons published in our magazines, the ten drawings on these two pages indicate there's nothing stuffy about Great Britain's comic art. Collier's, as the foremost exponent of magazine cartoons in America, salutes and thanks Punch, the epitome of English humor, for permission to reprint these drawings. (For an explanation of any gags that may puzzle you, turn to page 345.)



"Pardon me. Do you happen to have seen a man carrying a suitcase marked 'Belloni and his Talking Dog'? . . ."



"Oh, no, it's never dull here. There's the cinema and the theatre and, of course, the shooting gallery next door"

"This is a very jolly game about smuggling things through the Customs—it teaches them so much about travel"

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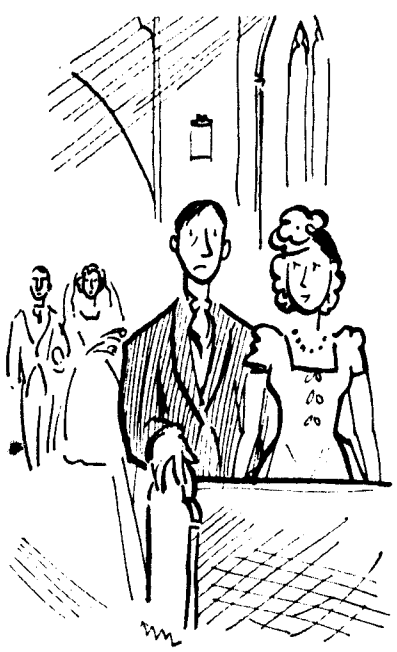
an Englishman?

"Stand by for whipping away the marmalade and substituting the coffeepot!"



"Listen, George, they are playing our tune"

"If you don't haggle they think you're a tourist . . ."

"Are you doing anything in particular for a moment, dear?"

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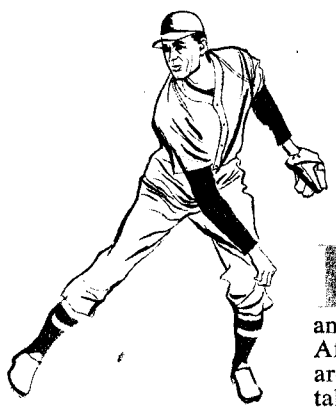
One THROW

By W. C. HEINZ



AL TARTER

I CHECKED into a hotel called the Olympia, which is right on the main street and the only hotel in the town. After lunch I was hanging around the lobby, and I got to talking to the guy at the desk. I asked him if this wasn't the town where that kid named Maneri played ball.

"That's right," the guy said. "He's a pretty good ballplayer."

"He should be," I said. "I read that he was the new Phil Rizzuto."

"That's what they said," the guy said.

"What's the matter with him?" I said. "I mean if he's such a good ballplayer what's he doing in this league?"

"I don't know," the guy said. "I guess the Yankees know what they're doing."

"What kind of a kid is he?"

"He's a nice kid," the guy said. "He plays good ball, but I feel sorry for him. He thought he'd be playing for the Yankees soon, and here he is in this town. You can see it's got him down."

"He lives here in this hotel?"

"That's right," the guy said. "Most of the older ballplayers stay in rooming houses, but Pete and a couple other kids live here."

He was leaning on the desk, talking to me and looking across the little lobby. He nodded his head. "This is a funny thing," he said. "Here he comes now."

The kid had come through the door from the street. He had on a light gray sport shirt and a pair of gray flannel slacks.

I could see why, when he showed up with the Yankees in spring training, he made them all think of Rizzuto. He isn't any bigger than Rizzuto, and he looks just like him.

"Hello, Nick," he said to the guy at the desk.

"Hello, Pete," the guy at the desk said. "How goes it today?"

"All right," the kid said, but you could see he was exaggerating.

"I'm sorry, Pete," the guy at the desk said, "but no mail today."

"That's all right, Nick," the kid said. "I'm used to it."

"Excuse me," I said, "but you're Pete Maneri?"

"That's right," the kid said, turning and looking at me.

"Excuse me," the guy at the desk said, introducing us. "Pete,this is Mr. Franklin."

"Harry Franklin," I said.

"I'm glad to know you," the kid said, shaking my hand.

"I recognize you from your pictures," I said.

"Pete's a good ballplayer," the guy at the desk said.

"Not very," the kid said.

"Don't take his word for it, Mr. Franklin," the guy said.

"I'm a great ball fan," I said to the kid. "Do you people play tonight?"

"We play two games," the kid said.

"The first game's at six o'clock," the guy at the desk said. "They play pretty good ball."

"I'll be there," I said. "I used to play a little ball myself."

"You did?" the kid said.

"With Columbus," I said. "That's twenty years ago."

"Is that right?" the kid said. . . .

That's the way I got to talking with the kid. They had one of those pine-paneled taprooms in the basement of the hotel, and we went down there. I had a couple and the kid had a Coke, and I told him a few stories and he turned out to be a real good listener.

"But what do you do now, Mr. Franklin?" he said after a while.

"I sell hardware," I said. "I can think of some things I'd like better, but I was going to ask you how you like playing in this league."

"Well," the kid said, "I suppose it's all right. I guess I've got no kick coming."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I understand you're too good for this league. What are they trying to do to you?"

"I don't know," the kid said. "I can't understand it."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well," the kid said, "I don't get along very well here. I mean there's nothing wrong with my playing. I'm hitting .365 right now. I lead the league in stolen bases. There's nobody can field with me, but who cares?"

"Who manages this ball club?"

"Al Dall," the kid said. "You remember, he played in the outfield for the Yankees for about four years."

"I remember."

"Maybe he is all right," the kid said, "but I don't get along with him. He's on my neck all the time."

"Well," I said, "that's the way they are in the minors sometimes. You have to remember the guy is looking out for himself and his ball club first. He's not worried about you."

"I know that," the kid said. "If I get the big hit or make the play he never says anything. The other night I tried to take second on a loose ball and I got caught in the run-down. He bawls me out in front of everybody. There's nothing I can do."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "This is probably a guy who knows he's got a good thing in you, and he's looking to keep you around. You people lead the league, and that makes him look good. He doesn't want to lose you to Kansas City or the Yankees."

"That's what I mean," the kid said. "When the Yankees sent me down here they said, 'Don't worry. We'll keep an eye on you.' So Dall never sends a good report on me. Nobody ever comes down to look me over. What chance is there for a guy like Eddie Brown or somebody like that coming down to see me in this town?"

"You have to remember that Eddie Brown's the big shot," I said, "the great Yankee scout."

"Sure," the kid said. "I never even saw him, and I'll never see him in this place. I have an idea that if they ever ask Dall about me he keeps knocking me down."

"Why don't you go after Dall?" I said. "I had trouble like that once myself, but I figured out a way to get attention."

"You did?" the kid said.

"I threw a couple of balls over the first baseman's head," I said. "I threw a couple of games away, and that really got the manager sore. I was lousing up his ball club and his record. So what does he do? He blows the whistle on me, and what happens? That gets the brass curious, and they send down to see what's wrong."

"Is that so?" the kid said. "What happened?"

"Two weeks later," I said, "I was up with Columbus."

"Is that right?" the kid said.

"Sure," I said, egging him on. "What have you got to lose?"

"Nothing," the kid said. "I haven't got anything to lose."

"I'd try it," I said.

"I might try it," the kid said. "I might try it tonight if the spot comes up."

I could see from the way he said it that he was madder than he'd said. Maybe you think this is mean to steam a kid up like this, but I do some strange things.

"Take over," I said. "Don't let this guy ruin your career."

"I'll try it," the kid said. "Are you coming out to the park tonight?"

"I wouldn't miss it," I said. "This will be better than making out route sheets and sales orders."

It's not much ball park in this town—old wooden bleachers and an old wooden fence and about four hundred people in the stands. The first game wasn't much either, with the home club winning something like 8 to 1.

The kid didn't have any hard chances, but I could see he was a ballplayer, with a double and a couple of walks and a lot of speed.

The second game was different, though. The other club got a couple of runs and then the home club picked up three runs in one, and they were in the last of the ninth with a 3-2 lead and two outs when the pitching began to fall apart and they loaded the bases.

I was trying to wish the ball down to the kid, just to see what he'd do with it, when the batter drives one on one big bounce to the kid's right.

The kid was off for it when the ball started. He made a backhand stab and grabbed it. He was deep now, and he turned in the air and fired. If it goes over the first baseman's head it's two runs in and a panic—but it's the prettiest throw you'd want to see. It's right on a line, and the runner is out by a step, and it's the ball game.

I WALKED back to the hotel, thinking about the kid. I sat around the lobby until I saw him come in, and then I walked toward the elevator like I was going to my room, but so I'd meet him. And I could see he didn't want to talk.

"How about a Coke?" I said.

"No," he said. "Thanks, but I'm going to bed."

"Look," I said. "Forget it. You did the right thing. Have a Coke."

We were sitting in the taproom again. The kid wasn't saying anything.

"Why didn't you throw that ball away?" I said.

"I don't know," the kid said. "I had it in my mind before he hit it, but I couldn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know why."

"I know why," I said.

The kid didn't say anything. He just sat looking down.

"Do you know why you couldn't throw that ball away?" I said.

"No," the kid said.

"You couldn't throw that ball away," I said, "because you're going to be a major-league ballplayer someday."

The kid just looked at me. He had that same sore expression.

"Do you know why you're going to be a major-league ballplayer?" I said.

The kid was just looking down again, shaking his head. I never got more of a kick out of anything in my life.

"You're going to be a major-league ballplayer," I said, "because you couldn't throw that ball away, and because I'm not a hardware salesman and my name's not Harry Franklin."

"What do you mean?" the kid said.

"I mean," I explained to him, "that I tried to needle you into throwing that ball away because I'm Eddie Brown." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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LARRY HUGHES, World's Target Archery Champion, Says:

"For that smoother taste — *just ask for...* Pabst Blue Ribbon

• FINEST BEER SERVED...*ANYWHERE!*"

LARRY HUGHES—makes the three-way "experts" test with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Larry's eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.

Larry's nose is teased by the delicate and inviting fragrance of finest malt and hops.

Larry's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

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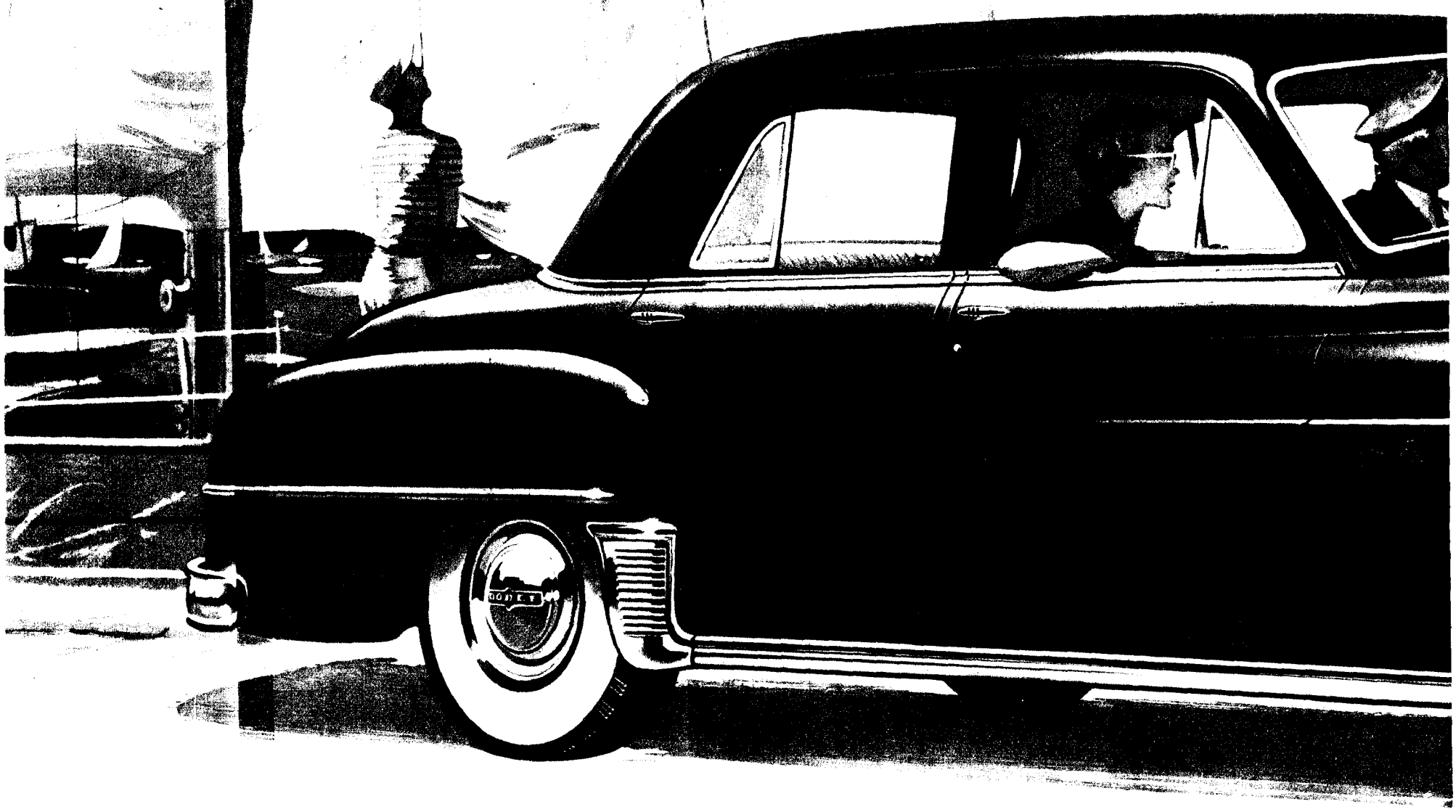
Smart...Rugged...and



You could pay $1,000 more and still not get all the new beauty . . . extra roominess . . . famous dependability of this big 1950 Dodge

ALL OVER America motorists are discovering the BIGGER VALUE built into the new, 1950 Dodge . . . smart, comfort-packed, more dependable than ever.

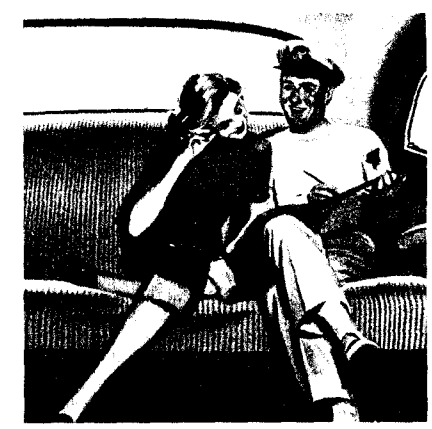
Dodge design gives you a car that's HIGHER, WIDER, LONGER on the *inside*. This means a wonderful kind of roominess—for your head, for your legs, for the broadest shoulders. None of that "cooped up" feeling in a Dodge!

Yet on the outside, Dodge is a sleek, *compact* car. SHORTER, NARROWER for easier parking, easier handling in traffic. LOWER silhouette for new and truly functional beauty lines.

When it comes to performance—you'll be thrilled with the surging power of the Dodge high-compression engine . . . its flashing pick-up. You'll love, too, the velvet-smooth starts and stops you get with gýrol Fluid Drive.

And you can't match Dodge dependability—Dodge economy. No wonder owners agree that Dodge today is the BIGGEST DOLLAR VALUE money can buy! Prove it yourself! Ask your Dodge dealer for a "Magic Mile" Ride—today!

EASY TO STEP IN! You can step right in because Dodge doors open w-i-d-e. No awkward twisting, no squirming . . . no bumping your head. Arm rests are on doors. No need to climb over them when you get in or out of car.



SO ROOMY INSIDE! Dodge beauty doesn't sacrifice room inside! For all its graceful lines, Dodge gives you more head room, shoulder room and leg room . . . plus leg-supporting comfort of Dodge "Knee-Level" Seats.

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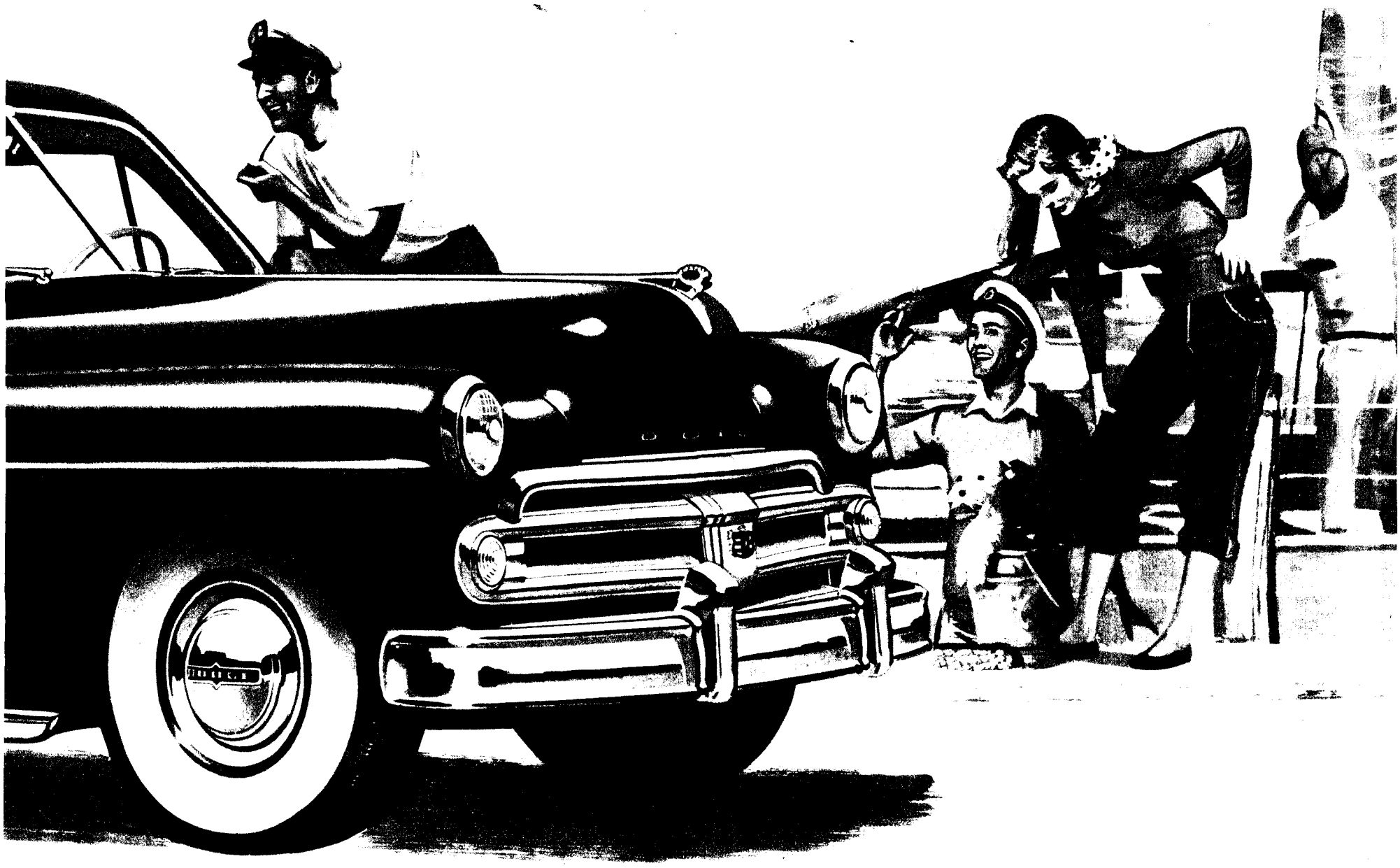
Loaded with Value!



SPACE TO SPARE! How convenient to have a luggage compartment that's *really big*. Plenty of *usable* space for family errands, business or vacation trips. Spare tire easily accessible without unloading the compartment.

HUGE NEW PICTURE WINDOW in rear not only gives safer rear-view vision, but makes the roomy Dodge interior seem even more spacious! A beauty feature that adds much to your motoring pleasure—much to your safety.

New Bigger Value

DODGE

Just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars

GYRO-MATIC

Enjoy the driving ease, the freedom from shifting you get with the world's lowest-priced automatic transmission.

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The Tasmanian Devil

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

actors to a zoo when we finish a picture what a wonderful business this would be.

But back to the problem at hand. The star of this seagoing circus is an almost extinct beast called a Tasmanian devil, a black animal of some sort who, according to reports, is without doubt the meanest animal ever born. They're completely untamable, notorious chicken and livestock slayers; they have a lousy disposition, and huge jaws that can eat iron bars like pretzels. Altogether just a dandy animal.

But since we have little else to promote on this thing, the sales campaign is going to feature terrible-tempered Mr. Satan. We'll get him into the picture somehow, if we have to hog-tie him, and he will definitely be the ferocious feature of all the ads.

He is so valuable to us that I have decided to put him to work the moment he steps ashore. We don't need him on the set for about six weeks, so I have arranged to bring him out in easy stages, in a manner calculated to get us a little advance publicity. I am, in short, going to exhibit him at a few zoos en route. In each town we will run large bloodcurdling ads inviting all and sundry to come out to the local beast pound and see this great fearsome Tasmanian devil, on his way to Hollywood to appear in the forthcoming epic of sin and geography, Tasmanian Nights, and people will rush out by the thousands and ooh and ah, and then go home and save their pennies to see this outstanding picture. A laudable form of thrift.

The thing is all set. We open in New Haven, finish shaking the act down for a few days in Boston, and then hit New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Oklahoma City and Denver on the way out. The zoo tie-ups are all arranged, the ads are being made up and mailed from here, and the whole thing is, as you can see, George, a cinch.

Except for one tiny detail. Satan needs a traveling companion. He is undoubtedly smart as a whip, but somebody will have to go along to advise him on the local traffic laws, handle possible chats with the press, etc. Ordinarily we would send quite a crew on a project of this nature, but conditions being what they are, one man is going to have to handle the whole thing. And, George, guess who this lucky fellow is to be. Right! Hop over to New York immediately, welcome this beast to the land of opportunity, build a hell of a strong trailer-cage for him, get a car to pull the trailer, and it's Oh, for the open road. How I wish I could go with you.

Love,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

SOUNDS LIKE A GRAND ASSIGNMENT, BUT NOT FOR OLD GEORGE. NOTHING IN MY CONTRACT CALLS FOR LION TAMING. HAVE NO WISH TO BE KNOWN AS STUB SEIBERT. REGARDS. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STEVENS CHICAGO ILL

YOU MAY SPEND ANYTHING UP TO FIFTY CENTS FOR A PAIR OF HEAVY GLOVES. NOW GO PICK UP THAT DAMNED ANIMAL, AND GET ON WITH IT. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

DICK BOY, LISTEN. ALWAYS HAPPY TO SERVE, BUT THIS JUST ISN'T OUR RACKET. LET'S GET BACK ON SOLID GROUND, AND BRIBE A SENATOR, OR SOMETHING. ANYTHING LEGITIMATE. BUT LET US NOT IMAGINE THAT WE ARE THE RINGLING BROTHERS. I JUST DON'T LOOK GOOD CARRYING A KITCHEN CHAIR. HAVE FEELING SOMETHING HORRIBLE WILL ENSUE. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STEVENS CHICAGO ILL

SOMETHING HORRIBLE WILL ENSUE IF YOU'RE NOT ON YOUR WAY TO NEW YORK BY THE TIME I COUNT TEN. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ISAIAH 35:3—STRENGTHEN YE THE WEAK HANDS, AND CONFIRM THE FEEBLE KNEES. LEAVING TO MEET THE ARK. NOAH.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
June 18, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I'm here. And I have a most interesting report for you. As the only man in this country who possesses a real live Tasmanian devil, all I can say is that the plot has undergone a slight change.

When I went over to the pier this morning for a first look at this monster, I took along a fungo bat, a jug of chloroform, a set of leg irons and a policeman.

What I should have taken was a nursing bottle. Because the star of your production has turned up as a stretcher case. He is black all right, and ugly, but he is about the size of the average possum, he has big ludicrous jaws like a kid with the mumps, and from the long sea voyage he is just as sick as hell. All he does is lie in the far corner of his cage, with a kind of seasick stare, and burp occasionally. Between burps he twitches.

When he raises his head at all, all his poor eyes say is, "You got a bromo, bud?" Burp. Twitch.

I've felt just like that on so many mornings. I doubt if adhesive tape would stay on his stomach.

The Griffith Park Zoo man, here to collect the other animals, says he just hasn't got his land legs back. I asked him how long it would take for him to get his legs back, and he said Oh, maybe months. Oh, fine.

But it at least settles this mad tour. The only possible thing we can do is call it off. Exhibiting this ungrateful animal in his present condition would only make us the laughingstock of this country. Bloodcurdling ads, indeed. I've seen more ferocious animals at cat shows.

Wire me an okay, I'll call in the press, tell them that we're forced to call off the tour because we need Satan immediately in Hollywood; and then I'll get a small pair of crutches, and see if I can get this animal out to the Mayo Brothers. It's our only chance. I seem to remember telling you that this fool idea wouldn't work.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY

I'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED YET ON ONE OF THESE DEALS. THINK OF SOMETHING. AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT. RICHARD L. REED.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
June 19, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

You are a brave man, sir, and I envy you. The Army lost a great general when you passed up West Point. You are positively indomitable. Nothing can stop you.

Unfortunately, I happen to be stopped cold.

I have tried everything I can think of to arouse a decent sense of meanness in this animal, but entirely without success. I have blown cigar smoke at him. I have prodded him with a broomstick. I have insulted him in Portuguese.

Nothing. He just lies there. With that dopey, glassy-eyed stare. The broomstick at least got him on his feet for an instant. But he just turned around a couple of times, burped and flopped back down. I have seen lengths of grocery twine that were more savage.

Dick, listen to reason. Let's call off this tour, and get the inhalator squad. Even Barnum couldn't have figured out a way to exhibit this animal successfully.

Flash the word. And the word is Cancel.

As ever,
George.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

June 20, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Statler
New York, New York

Dear George:

The only word I will flash to you is Forward! The trouble with you is you have no imagination.

Now take our present little problem. We have an animal which we want to exhibit, and we don't want people to look at him. So what do we do? We just give them something else to look at. Advertising men, for instance, have occasionally used a good-looking girl to attract people's attention away from a poorly designed kitchen stove. And it may work again.

In other words, Miss Doris LaRue, our sun-tanned and lissome jungle girl, is even now at her beautiful home in Brentwood, furiously packing a sarong and a couple of playsuits in order to rush to your aid. I have purchased her a small book on Tasmania, which she will read on the plane, and she will definitely be there tomorrow afternoon in time to leave for New Haven with you.

I sold the studio the idea by convincing them that it would give Doris a chance to lose her fear of at least one animal she has to work with. As you know, although she has long been the happy jungle girl in all our animal pictures, she is personally scared to death of any beast larger than a canary, and we waste an awful lot of production time every morning persuading her to enter the cage.

At any rate, she will be on her way in a matter of hours, with a good supply of her small jungle nightshirts, and she will definitely keep the citizens' minds off Satan until he recovers his health.

I also enclose a small road map, with the route up to New Haven carefully marked for you. And a clean handkerchief. If there's anything else you need, don't hesitate to let me know.

As ever,
Dick.

HOTEL TAFT
New Haven, Connecticut
June 23, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

Well, once again you have arrived at the finish line with a glorious burst of oratory, but without the baton. There are times when you remind me of Daniel Webster in his underwear.

Meaning that even Doris and her lovely epidermis isn't quite solving the problems of this tour. I didn't want to say anything until we'd tried it out. Also, for the privilege of spending a few days in Doris' unaccompanied company, I would unhesitatingly have entered the Winter Olympics with her as a two-man bobsled team.

But, Dick, it just isn't working. Doris is a lovely girl, and a big help in so many

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways, but unfortunately she isn't taking nearly enough of the play away from poor old sick Satan.

It seems to have slipped your mind that any traveling circus attracts an audience consisting largely of children, and to the average small child Doris is of about as much real interest as a busted roller skate. I don't understand their viewpoint, but there it is. The scattering of fathers in the audience all have to be led away, mumbling, but the hordes of children simply march right past Doris in order to stare in at this stupid animal. I have never thought that children were right bright—it's been proved that they haven't sense enough to come in out of the rain—and this horrible week end has certainly borne me out.

And the trouble is that after insisting on seeing Satan, lying there in burping misery in the far corner of his cage, all they do is turn on their ungrateful little heels, and march out of the place with great scorn. This morning one little kid said, "Huh. If that's all the Devil is, I'm not going to be good any more."

All of which is amusing, in an objective sort of way, but when Satan comes back to town at the local theater, it is going to be very difficult to lure any of these kids away from the television set. Hopalong Cassidy never let them down like this. At least he doesn't burp.

Actually, if you want to know what I think, I think that Satan's getting sicker. In addition to burping, he's starting to hiccup. And every so often he says Oh-oh-oh-oh. Without meaning to alarm you unduly, what do we do if he dies on us? Is there any part in that picture that he could play lying down?

Best regards,
George.

P.S. Whatever happens, I'll at least be glad to get out of New Haven, if only to get away from a little shriveled-up old idiot named Wentworth who's been driving me nuts ever since we opened here. He keeps hanging around saying that he's with the AAF—probably a Civil War bombardier with battle fatigue—and demanding that we put a sweater on Satan; says the beast probably is chilly. Now there's a switch. I don't know why they let people like that out on the streets.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TAFT NEW HAVEN CONN
OH MY GOD. I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT HIM. DOES THIS WENTWORTH HAVE PINCE-NEZ AND FUZZY GRAY WHISKERS? DOES HE, IN SHORT, LOOK LIKE THE COMMON HOUSEFLY MAGNIFIED 25,000 TIMES? IF SO, SHOW HIM ALL POSSIBLE RESPECT. BUY THAT ANIMAL THE WARMEST SWEATER YOU CAN FIND, AND RUSH TO NEAREST AIRPORT AND WAIT FOR IMPORTANT AIR MAIL LETTER. OH MY GOD. DICK.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

June 24, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Taft
New Haven, Connecticut

Dear George:

Well, the only thing that saves me from suicide is the thought that there's never been a great man yet who could think of everything. Even Napoleon once forgot that it gets chilly around Moscow.

As you will now no doubt recall to your horror, the AAF Wentworth refers to does not happen to be the Air Force: it refers to his national organization of do-gooders known as the American Animal Friends. Their national headquarters is in Boston; he *lives* there. He's driven us batty ever since he organized the thing some fifteen years ago. After making a million dollars manufacturing gopher poison he suddenly got hipped on the idea that the movies were unkind to animals, and by now he's got thousands of misguided citizens all over the country working almost without rest to try to stop the licensing of any picture with any animals in it whatever, even cows or horses.

The whole thing is naturally idiotic—we were maybe a little rough on some of our four-legged actors in the early days, but by the time old Wentworth got going, we were already treating movie animals with the care you might show a rich elderly relative. And even in the early days there wasn't an animal in town who took the beating that Doris takes today; she's been scared to death for ten years.

The trouble is that Wentworth has recently equipped the more fanatical of his members around the country with batteries of electric typewriters, and from now on when any picture comes out that they consider unfair to organized animals, they are going to let loose with a national blast of letters to everybody in the phone book, asking all and sundry not to go to see that particular picture.

The first picture they tried it on was Red Canyon—the one in which Colossal tried to make track stars out of all those cows—and as you know that thing took in a total of about a dollar and eighty cents. When the AAF got their electric typewriters warmed up, there was more wide-open space in front of the screen than on it. The way things are now, people are glad of any chance whatever to save money, and if they can keep the kids home from the movies and feel noble at the same time, that's sheer gravy.

My first thought was that the only thing to do was to cancel the tour immediately, and have all three of you don some sort of inexpensive disguise and sneak out of town on your hands and knees. But if we did that now that Wentworth is onto us, it would only look as though we were admitting some sort of terrible guilt. The howl that would go up from their Boston headquarters would be like an ungreased freight rounding Horseshoe Bend.

No, the only thing we can do is go on. Only please see to it that that horrible animal has every possible aid and comfort. Feed him nothing but T-bone steaks, keep his pants pressed at all times, and if he so much as coughs, get a specialist.

Whatever you do, don't try any funny stuff. Leave your mind alone. Don't think. Just pray.

The only thing that saves us is the fact that Wentworth at least doesn't know that Satan was ailing when we started. After all, even your own kids can get sick on a trip. They do it all the time. Nobody can blame a man for that.

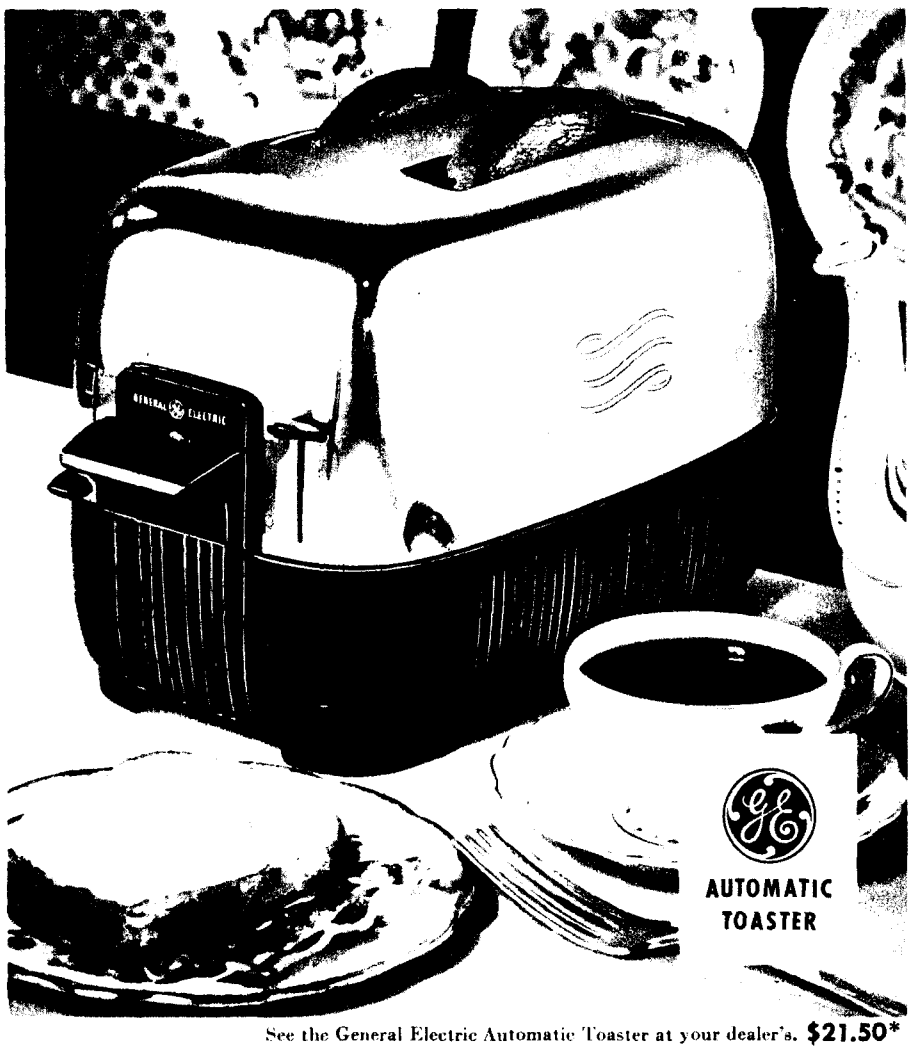
Harried regards,
Dick.

P.S. With all the money this studio's got, you'd think they could hire me one decent assistant.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
I CANNOT TELL A LIE. FEEL I SHOULD INFORM YOU THAT FIRST TIME WENTWORTH CAME AROUND I MISTOOK HIM FOR LOCAL VETERINARY I HAD CALLED, AND UNFORTUNATELY SPILLED THE WHOLE CROCK OF BEANS. EVEN INCLUDING MY UNSUCCESSFUL USE OF THE BROOMSTICK. NOW IT BECOMES CLEAR WHY HE TURNED THAT INTERESTING SHADE OF PURPLE. ALSO, IT TURNS OUT THEY ARE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL NATIONAL CONVENTION IN BOSTON THIS WEEK END WHILE WE WILL BE THERE. BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL WORK IT OUT. DEFINITELY RESENT HIS REFERRING TO DORIS AS UNDRESSED JEZEBEL.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TAFT NEW HAVEN CONN
CALL OFF TOUR IMMEDIATELY AND START SHOPPING FOR PINE BOX YOUR SIZE. JOE BLAKE COMING UP

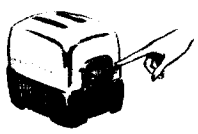
Don't hurry—
the toast will "keep"!



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's. **$21.50***

New Streamlined General Electric Automatic Toaster pops up toast, or keeps it down till you're ready for it!

Toast—*when* you want it!



Now—without any "timing" on your part you can have your eggs and toast ready at the same time! With the new General Electric Toaster, you can keep toast ready and waiting *inside!* For the prompt members of the family, just set it to pop up toast for immediate use.

Toast—as you like it!

This General Electric Toaster toasts every slice to taste—light, medium or dark. Just set the control, it won't matter if you toast one slice or twenty. You get every slice exactly the way you want it.

So quick to clean!

This new, slimmer, streamlined General Electric has a Snap-in Crumb Tray for quick, easy cleaning. It won't take you a minute to snap it out, clean it, and snap it in again.

** Price subject to change without notice.*

"Toast to Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM NEW YORK OFFICE TO TAKE OVER. PLEASE LOOSEN YOUR CHEVRONS SO THAT IT WILL BE EASIER FOR HIM TO RIP THEM OFF. SEE YOU AROUND. RICHARD L. REED.

GEORGE SEIBERT
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE FEDERAL PICTURES
C/O CHIEF OF POLICE
PROVIDENCE RI

HAVE JUST SEEN AFTERNOON PAPERS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN PROVIDENCE? DIDN'T YOU GET MY LAST WIRE? YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE FIRED. YOU DONT WORK FOR US ANY MORE. WHATEVER YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, STOP IT AT ONCE AND GET THAT ANIMAL BACK TO NEW HAVEN AND TURN HIM OVER TO BLAKE. DO YOU HEAR ME? RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

PROGRAM COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR. BUT UNFORTUNATELY CAN'T GET SATAN BACK TO ANYWHERE BECAUSE HE IS NO LONGER IN MY POSSESSION. FRONT PAGE STORIES ALL PAPERS ONLY TOO TRUE. BUT WHOLE THING IS NOT MY FAULT. THE LITTLE DEVIL CROSSED ME UP. AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER ALREADY ON WAY EXPLAINS ALL. GEORGE.

HOTEL SHERATON-BILTMORE
Providence, Rhode Island
June 26, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I now know why they call them wild animals. They're treacherous. Dick, you just can't trust the average wild animal out of your sight.

Take this animal we had up to a couple of hours ago. Now there was an animal that anybody would have thought he could trust. He didn't seem to have enough strength to be deceitful. But what a snake in the grass he turned out to be.

I got your first wild telegram this morning at New Haven, just as we were getting ready to leave for Boston, and I realized that I had to get on the road immediately, before that stupid Blake could close in on us. Once he arrived and seized the assets, how could I possibly help you?

So I threw Doris and the baggage in the car, rushed out to the zoo and hitched on Satan's trailer, and we took off, traveling north at great speed.

At the time I had no idea how I was going to get you out of the mess you had got yourself into. But I have found that half the secret of being a great publicity man is luck. And to get lucky you have to get started. It is almost impossible to strike oil unless you start drilling.

Which is why I hurriedly weighed anchor. Anyway, off we went toward Boston, looking right and left for some luck.

Then it happened. We stopped for gas, and for no reason at all I asked the man what town it was. And he said Providence. Providence, Rhode Island.

Well, well. And in the trailer-cage in the back I had the only real live Devil ever to pass through Providence. The Devil loose in Providence, even a sickly little Tasmanian devil, should be worth a certain amount of space in the public prints. And as soon as we recaptured him we could call off the tour with complete grace, on account of the terrible damage to his little nervous system. And it couldn't be any trouble getting him back; as sick as he was, all he could do would be to go over and sit on the curb, and try to get his breath, till we came back for him.

So what did I do? I did just what you would have done, and you know it. I drove down the street a couple of blocks, till we reached a spot with no one in sight. Then I hastily pulled up to the curb, muttered something about having to look at the tires, hopped out, unlocked Satan's cage, and stuck in an arm to help him down.

That's where I made my mistake. The minute that animal saw that open door he recovered his complete health. Uttering a horrifying yowl, he took a good bite out of my hand, then darted up my arm, over my head, down my back, all in a trice, and took off for the tall timber like a man late for the 8:15.

"Hey!" I cried. "Wait!" But he was just disappearing over the horizon.

Somewhat shattered, I wrapped a handkerchief around my mangled hand, informed Doris that we were now only two, and ran into the nearest house and summoned the police, the fire department and the local dogcatcher. When they arrived the reporters were with them—I thought they might be—and by then I was so gen-

"I'll bet you a ten-dollar raise your wife never finds out you kissed me, Mr. Wolfe"
COLLIER'S LEE PURCELL

uinely perturbed that they accepted the situation without question. "Okay, I'll buy it," a man from the wire services said. "Nobody in his right mind would let that valuable an animal loose voluntarily." As you can see, I fooled them completely.

And at the moment there is a remarkable amount of hell breaking loose in Providence. I am vibrating back and forth between the various groups of searchers, and Doris is hustling about town, putting ads in the lost-and-found columns and making impassioned pleas over the radio, to please not hurt little Satan—that he hasn't been at all well, and please to treat him kindly.

The only trouble is, we haven't found him yet. But we're bound to. We can trail him quite easily just from the chicken feathers. He is roving the suburbs like a man on a motorcycle, and at last reports had already located and eaten $128.30 worth of chickens.

By the way, I have one small correction for you. You were slightly mistaken in saying that our friend Wentworth lives in Boston. He recently moved here to Providence, thinking that it would be a fine address for the AAF, and he now has a large estate just outside of town, where he raises prize white Leghorns. And at last reports Satan was rapidly chomping his way over there.

But don't worry; I'll work it out.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL SHERATON-BILTMORE
PROVIDENCE RI

OH HEAVENLY GOD. WHAT NEXT? CALL OFF ALL SEARCH EFFORTS IMMEDIATELY. SOMEBODY MIGHT SHOOT HIM. CONTINUE PLEAS FOR COMMUNITY KINDNESS. MAKE CLEAR WE WILL PAY ALL DAMAGE CLAIMS WITHOUT QUESTION. ED TENDER OF NATIONAL CIRCUS ON WAY IN SPECIAL PLANE. DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE TILL HE GETS THERE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER. HOW ABOUT MEETING ME IN WISCONSIN WHERE THERE IS NO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

HOPE HE HAS A NICE FLIGHT BUT FEAR HE WILL ARRIVE A LITTLE LATE. IN FACT, IT'S TOO LATE NOW, AS YOU WILL SHORTLY SEE IN AFTERNOON PAPERS.

AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER ON WAY TO FILL IN DETAILS. GEORGE.

HOTEL SHERATON-BILTMORE
Providence, Rhode Island
June 27, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, things have quieted down for the moment, and maybe I can catch you up on the plot. It's been a little busy around here.

I set my first snare for Mr. Wentworth last night. I went over to his house, begged his pardon for my surly conduct in New Haven, and talked him into coming on the radio with me at intervals of about ten minutes all evening, to make stirring pleas for the health and safety of little Satan. As I thought he might, he got completely carried away with himself, and made fervent speeches about this poor little visitor from a foreign land, and how we certainly shouldn't be angry with him just because he liked chicken. It was just his little nature to eat chickens. And with only occasional nudges from me, he gave out similar statements to all the papers.

Thus, this morning when it was discovered that Satan had worked his way over to the Wentworth place and had partaken of twenty-six prize Leghorns, Mr. Wentworth was in something of a spot. As Grandmother used to say, it all depends on whose ox is being gored. When one of your little pets suddenly starts eating up your other little pets, it is difficult to know just what to do. When I called up Mr. Wentworth shortly after seven this morning, just on the off-chance that Satan might be over there, he sounded a little hysterical.

So I collected Miss LaRue, had her don her leopard skin—I thought the morning might include photographers—and we went over to call on Mr. Wentworth, although it was a little early.

And it was a good thing I did. As we turned into Mr. Wentworth's drive we were greeted by a remarkable spectacle. Rounding the corner of the house at a dead run, headed for the chicken department, was what appeared to be a small Mexican army: A half-dozen or so men, and a few women —evidently the entire available force on the property—armed with shovels, rakes and ball bats, and headed by Mr. Wentworth bearing a hoe.

"Hey!" we cried, leaping out and pounding along in the rear. "What do you think you're doing?"

Instead of replying, they just turned up the speed a couple of knots. And as we neared the chicken house, we heard the reason—a most horrible din. Several hundred chickens squawking like maniacs, dogs barking, somebody yelling, equipment being tumbled over—Satan busy in his workshop.

They beat us in the door by about fifty yards, and by the time we got in poor old Satan was going around the room lickety-cut, and right on his little black tail was Mr. Wentworth, the noted animal lover, laying about him with the hoe like Captain Bligh putting down a mutiny. "I'll get you, you little devil!" he cried. "Eat my chickens, will you? I'll knock you bowlegged!"

"Mr. Wentworth!" I cried. "The humanities! What will the AAF say?"

"What about my chickens?" roared Mr. Wentworth. "I'll get you, you little varmint. Slow down. Here, doggie, doggie—"

At this point several things occurred. I unslung my camera, and began taking photographs. And Doris, who had developed an unusual love for Satan leaped on Mr. Wentworth like the Avenging Angel. "You leave him alone!" she cried. And grabbing up a scantling, she joined the chase. When she caught up with Mr. Wentworth, she gave him a good belt across his skinny shoulders. Staggering off course at this unexpected onslaught, Mr. Wentworth glanced back, and ran full tilt into a stack of galvanized pails. He went down with a crash, and little Satan, thinking his time had come, made a leap for a window, missed it, and landed in the midst of Mr. Wentworth's egg-cleaning machinery.

Being an efficient man, Mr. Wentworth had devised a vast system of belts and pulleys running under the nests which carried the eggs between several sets of brushes, under little shower baths, between more brushes, and right on into the crates. Half the egg men in the country have tried similar systems at one time or another.

It was, however, the first time little Satan had tried one. Before he knew what was happening he had been flipped over on his back, whisked through three shower baths, had his bottom spanked by a dozen whirling brushes, and had been deposited with a tremendous splash into the middle of a huge box of Mr. Wentworth's best eggs. As he landed, the dogs leaped forth, ringed the box in a barking fury, and the chase was ended. Satan was again an employee of Federal Pictures.

He didn't seem to mind. Notoriously vermin-ridden, according to the book you bought for Doris, he seemed to enjoy the rare pleasure of the egg shampoo. He lay there quite happy.

"Let me up!" came the muffled voice of Mr. Wentworth, from among his pails.

And up he came, shedding galvanized pails like leaves. Just as several carloads of reporters, photographers and policemen arrived on the scene. The fact that I had called them before leaving the hotel is unimportant.

"Did you capture him unharmed, Mr. Wentworth?" asked one of the reporters, notebook in hand. "I knew he'd be all right as soon as we heard that he was over here."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Wentworth, breathing a little hard but managing to kick the hoe under a counter, "animals can always sense it when they reach a true sanctuary."

"Oh, brother," said Doris.

"Yes," I broke in, "we can all be glad that Satan chose the protective banner of the American Animal Friends. And I'm sure that our mutual efforts in getting this confused little fellow back to safety have given us a new understanding of each other's problems. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Wentworth?" Giving my camera a slight wave.

"Oh, I would indeed," said Mr. Wentworth. "The effort put forth by Mr. Seibert and his company in seeing that this defenseless little animal was not harmed has, I must say, definitely impressed me. And I intend to introduce a resolution to that effect at our national convention in Boston later this week."

And then the flash bulbs started going off, and the meeting broke up. And we are now back at the hotel, with Satan parked securely in his cage in the basement, happily licking off the last of the egg. His outing has done him worlds of good. He is fully recovered, and not over fifteen minutes ago he bit a policeman.

There are, in fact, only two remaining questions: Now that Satan is recovered, do I have to send Doris back? Immediately, that is?

And who gives me back the fifty dollars I gave the guy last night with the dogs to drive a certain little animal over toward a certain gentleman's estate?

As ever,
George.

THE END

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It takes experience to produce

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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The Swami of Northbank

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was the child of a dead brother. Sandra was grooming the girl for the opera stage. Josephine was away at some conservatory most of the year, but she would be back for the reception. . . .

Max Ritter parked his car in the driveway at the side of the house, walked to the front, and twisted the old-fashioned bellpull.

The bell was not answered immediately. Deep inside the house Ritter thought he heard two angry voices. He could not distinguish words, but he was sure one voice was female and on the verge of tears. The other was a rumbling baritone.

Again Ritter rang. The voices stopped suddenly. After a brief silence Sandra opened the door. She was a stately, well-groomed woman clinging stubbornly to the hopeful side of fifty. Her young, unwrinkled face belied her white hair, and she was slender as few divas manage to be.

When Ritter started explaining why he thought he should attend her reception, Sandra cut him short with, "I am sorry, but I cannot insult my guests by having police present. Anyone invited to my house is presumed to be honest. I don't need you."

"Maybe I'd better come anyhow," the detective said.

"You are not welcome and you will not be admitted."

"Hold on, madam. You're going to wear those diamond earrings, and the insurance people—"

"You will not be admitted," Sandra repeated, "without a search warrant. And no court will issue a search warrant without evidence of a crime having been committed. There has been no crime committed. Good day." And she closed the door.

Ritter grinned and walked around the side of the house. He stopped grinning when he saw the girl sitting in his car.

THE girl was young, in her early twenties at most; she had a pretty face and lively eyes. She wore a narrow blue ribbon around her blond hair.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Josephine Farriston. You're from the police, aren't you?"

"Am I?" Ritter countered. "Maybe that N.P.D. on my car door stands for 'No Passengers Desired.' I'd sure like to sit here and admire the fit of your pretty blue sweater, but I got work to do. Step down, sister."

"I've got to talk to you," Josephine said. "Did Sandra call you to keep Biff from coming to the party tonight?"

Ritter was suddenly interested. "Who's Biff?" he asked.

The girl's eyebrows lifted incredulously. She said, "Don't you know Biff Walters and his Catalina Catamounts? He played six months at the Blue Heaven Roof in New York. That's where I met him. When he finishes his twenty weeks at the Standing Room in Chicago, he's going to Hollywood to make a picture."

"Sandra doesn't like Biff?" Ritter said.

"And how! And vice versa."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in love with him."

"And vice versa?"

"Very much vice versa. Biff wants to marry me. Sandra wants me to be an opera singer."

"What's the matter with a little of each?" Ritter asked.

"Sandra says opera is a full-time job. And she's afraid if I marry Biff I'll turn out to be a blues singer with his band. Which I'd love, only Sandra has spent so much money trying to make me the greatest Mimi since Bori that I just can't let her down."

"Unless Biff can beat all those silly ideas out of Sandra's head?"

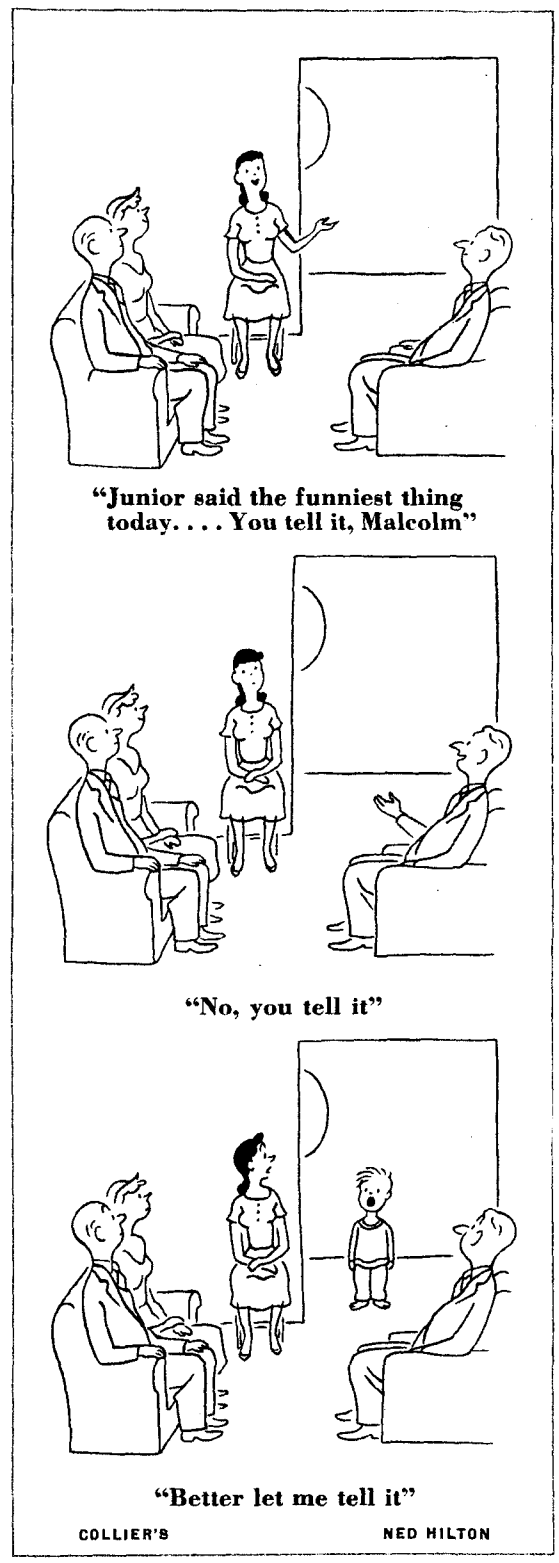
"Biff will be at the party tonight, if that's what you mean—unless you keep him out. Biff knows that Sandra has spent about all the money she has to get me started, and he's afraid she'll do something foolish to get more until I click."

"That's not what I mean. Wouldn't that be Biff in the house right now, fighting with Sandra?"

"Now? Biff? Oh, no!" Josephine's whole body registered surprise.

"Well, somebody's fighting with her. Go in and see for yourself," Ritter said, stepping on the starter. "I got work to do, sister." He eased her gently from the car.

Ritter drove directly to the offices of the Northbank Tribune and asked the society editor to show him the guest list for Sandra's reception. He was delighted to find the names of Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Webster Coffee among those invited. Dr. Coffee was pathologist at Northbank's Pasteur Hospital and an old friend of Ritter's. Ritter sometimes consulted Dan Coffee when routine police methods were not equal to crimes of more than ordinary subtlety.



"Junior said the funniest thing today. . . . You tell it, Malcolm"

"No, you tell it"

"Better let me tell it"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Hello, Max," Dr. Coffee said when Ritter phoned. "Yes, Julia and I are invited, but Julia's in bed with the sniffles and I'm certainly not going there alone."

"You could take Mookerji," Ritter said.

"Nothing doing, Max. You know how I hate putting on a tux."

"Doc, you gotta go. You gotta do some scientific observing for me, and I'd like that swami of yours to get a look at another swami who maybe ain't only not kosher, but not even Hindu."

"Sounds intriguing, Max. Tell me more."

"Meet me at Raoul's for a short beer after dinner, Doc, and I'll brief you," Ritter said.

WHEN Dr. Coffee arrived at Sandra Farriston's, stiffly uncomfortable in boiled shirt and dinner jacket, he was immediately aware of an odd uneasiness, not only in himself but in the other guests. Under the gay surfaces of this reception lurked something unpleasant, something almost evil. Whatever it was, Dan Coffee was unable to put his finger on it; he was inclined to laugh at himself for a melodramatic fool.

There was nothing ominous about the string quartet that played softly on the stair landing, nothing portentous about the caterer's flunkies who passed elaborate *canapés* and poured champagne from napkin-wrapped bottles. Even the corner of the room, converted by draped Oriental rugs into a den of mystery for Zygon, seemed far from sinister. The Swami of Northbank himself, resplendent in white silk tunic and purple satin turban, was only a swaggering mountebank as he stabbed cards out of a tarot deck with a jeweled dagger to tell the fortunes of goggle-eyed matrons.

It was only when the majestic Sandra took Dr. Coffee in hand that he realized the hostess herself was the focus of the strange uneasiness. Sandra moved in a trance, her features expressionless, her body tense with some suppressed emotion. Dr. Coffee murmured apologies for Mrs. Coffee and introduced his spheroidal brown Hindu companion whose pink cotton turban looked miserable indeed in comparison with the magnificence of Zygon.

"Dr. Mookerji, my resident pathologist," Dan Coffee said.

"Am exuberantly delighted and honored beyond limits of ignorant vocabulary," the Hindu said, peering beyond his hostess for a gap in the field through which he might maneuver his global bulk in the direction of his supposed countryman.

Dan Coffee went through the ordeal of being presented to several dozen overdressed, overpolite and overweening bores. Remembering his briefing by Max Ritter, he paid particular attention to Duncan Floyd, the bald-headed little insurance man; to Sewell, the white-haired concert manager from New York; and to a lanky self-assured, broad-shouldered youth with a crew haircut to whom he was not introduced but whom he assumed to be Biff Walters, since the young man spent most of his time gazing earnestly into the blue eyes of Josephine Farriston. Whenever Dan Coffee felt ready to go under from boredom or uneasiness, he looked at the couple and felt human again.

After being social for half an hour, which was ten minutes beyond his normal limit, Dan Coffee was rescued by Dr. Mookerji. The Hindu drew him to false seclusion behind the grand piano and declared solemnly:

"Am convinced that so-called Zygon is fraudulent phony. When addressed with phrase in Hindustani inquiring as to point of origin, he riposted in English that he was unfamiliar with Hindustani language. Upon shifting to Bengali, received similar response. Punjabi likewise. Alleged Zygon claims Dravidian origin, purporting to speak only South Indian dialect with which am not personally conversant. Am of opinion that pseudo swami is too pale-faced for Southerner. Dravidians usually tend to blackish tints."

"We'll report that to Lieutenant Ritter," Dr. Coffee said.

At this point Sandra Farriston mounted to the third step of the staircase and clapped her hands for attention. She moved her head slowly from side to side, so that her huge teardrop earrings swung in short, brilliant arcs. Her manner was gracious from habit, but her voice was taut as she said:

"If you'll all be quiet for a few moments, and crowd closer to this side of the room, Swami Zygon will give us an unusual demonstration of his occult powers."

Feet shuffled and the guests surged forward restlessly. Dr. Coffee saw Floyd, the insurance man, edging through the crowd to get closer to Sandra and the earrings. He saw Biff Walters put down his champagne goblet, clench his fists and stare at Sandra with something like hate in his eyes. Then Sandra touched the light switch and the room went dark—except for a blue glow from Zygon's crystal ball which shone directly upward to bathe his face with ghostly luminosity. His turbaned head seemed to be detached from his body, floating uncannily in the darkness. Zygon muttered a few cabalistic phrases.

Seated at the concert grand almost at Dan Coffee's elbow, Josephine Farriston struck a few chords and began to sing. She sang with a small, rather girlish soprano, the pathologist thought, but her voice had a pleasing, intimate warmth.

Dr. Coffee was watching the spectral face of Zygon glowing at the other side of the room when the head suddenly disappeared. The light below the crystal ball had winked out.

Josephine sang the closing phrases of her song in complete darkness. The piano still hummed with the final chords when the voice of the unseen Zygon again began muttering some mumbo jumbo.

The muttering grew louder and shriller—until it was cut abruptly by a knife-sharp scream. The shriek rose to a crescendo of terror and died quickly in a strangled sob. Then silence.

DR. COFFEE shouldered his way through the darkness, pushing aside the unseen guests who stood between him and the light switch. A confused murmur seemed to float on the black silence. Dr. Coffee pushed and elbowed until his outstretched hand touched the wall, found the switch. Light flooded back into the room.

Zygon was still—or again—behind his crystal ball. He was standing. Twenty feet in front of him Sandra Farriston lay stretched on the rug, her eyes closed. As Dr. Coffee strode toward Sandra, Biff Walters bent over her to shake her shoulder.

"Come on, Sandra," Walters said. "No more theatrics. This isn't the last act of Rigoletto."

Walters placed his hands under Sandra's shoulders, withdrew them immediately and stared at his crimson fingers.

Dr. Coffee was still stooped over Sandra when Duncan Floyd pushed through the awe-struck guests.

"Good Lord!" Floyd exclaimed. "Her earrings are gone."

"She's dead," Dr. Coffee announced.

There was a shocked silence. Behind the grand piano Josephine Farriston gasped, then sobbed.

Dr. Motilal Mookerji waddled to the front door, threw it open, and spoke to a glowing cigarette end on the porch.

"Leftenant Ritter, please enter without

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preliminary legal writs and warrants. Felonious crime has now been perpetrated." . . .

During the next three hours the late Sandra Farriston's mansion was the scene of a grim and determined invasion. The police job seemed simple enough. Sandra had been murdered. Sandra's valuable earrings had been stolen. Nobody had left the house since the murder—Ritter himself would vouch for that. Whoever had the diamonds must be the murderer. Unfortunately, the diamonds could not be found.

A dozen detectives and policewomen had searched the sullen, frightened or indignant guests. Another half-dozen detectives, aided by a worried, white-faced Duncan Floyd, hell-bent on preventing a loss for Great Lakes and Southern Underwriters, had gone through the house with rude and untidy thoroughness.

BY THE time the team of photographers and fingerprint men had packed up and left at midnight, only the following facts had been established:

Sandra Farriston had been stabbed to death with the jeweled Afghan dagger which belonged to Zygon. Because of its gem-encrusted hilt, no latent fingerprints could be developed.

The earrings had been torn from Sandra's ears, bruising the pierced lobes. The indication was that they had been snatched before Sandra was killed.

The fragile platinum chains from which the diamonds had hung were found under the piano with the twisted mountings—and without the stones.

Zygon had been searched to the most intimate recesses of his person and the diamonds were not found.

Nor were the diamonds found anywhere or on anyone.

Shortly after midnight, Max Ritter announced to Dr. Coffee, "I'm going to take Zygon downtown, Doc."

"Max, do you think Zygon is fool enough to commit murder with a weapon so easily traceable to him?"

"Zygon's no fool," Ritter replied, "which is exactly why he might do the obvious, counting on a logical guy like you or me to figure that he wouldn't do any such thing."

"He is Machiavellian impostor," Dr. Mookerji volunteered.

"I'd also like a little private jam session with the boogiewoogie boy," Ritter said. "The air will do you good, Walters."

"Biff doesn't know anything," Josephine said. "He was standing right beside me all the time I was singing. He kissed the back of my neck just before Sandra screamed."

"He was standing over Sandra when the lights went on," Ritter insisted.

"Where Biff goes, I go," Josephine said.

"That's fine, sister. I'd like to listen to your voice some more, too. I picked up a few new tunes this afternoon I want to try on you. You can both ride with me. Brody, you and Jenkins take the swami."

"Correction, please. Alleged swami," said Dr. Mookerji.

The caravan formed at Sandra's front door. As the pale, perspiring and protesting Zygon was helped into one police car between two detectives, Duncan Floyd approached Ritter.

"Mind if I come along, Lieutenant?" Floyd asked. "You can understand my concern. I'll follow in my own car."

"Okay, follow. Doc, we seem to be a little crowded. Think that hot rod of yours is good for another two-three miles?"

"Dr. Mookerji and I will be hot on your tracks," Dan Coffee said.

They were not very hot, because of the cold reluctance of Dr. Coffee's obsolescent carburetor to awake to action. In fact, by the time the pathologist and his Hindu resident had caught up with the caravan in Harding Park, the shooting had already started.

Dr. Mookerji had just remarked, "Were you observing, Doctor Sahib, that so-called swami was exhibiting gastric symptoms? Personally noted livid and anxious face, plus clammy skin."

"He probably ate too many of Sandra's rubber hors d'oeuvres," Dr. Coffee was saying, just as they came to the roadblock.

Three police cars were drawn up in echelon across the curving park road, with Duncan Floyd's car parked a little to the rear. Spotlights from the police cars slashed the night with hard, hot blades, raking the lawns, whipping trees and bushes. Flashes of gunfire flickered in the shrubbery.

When the first explosions beat upon the darkness, Dr. Mookerji seized Dan Coffee's arm. "Am perceiving signs of armed conflict, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said. "Suggesting option for better part of valor."

"Let's park here outside the combat zone," Dan Coffee said.

The nervous staccato of police guns subsided with a few desultory shots and the whine of a ricochet bullet.

Biff Walters and Josephine were huddled in the back seat of Ritter's car. Ritter was standing beside the car, revolver drawn.

"Spurious compatriot is no doubt causing felonious shenanigans, eh, Leftenant?" said Dr. Mookerji.

"Yeah," Ritter said. "Zygon jumped when we slowed for the curve, and he landed running. He won't go far, though. He's wearing bracelets."

A shadow moving toward Ritter materialized as Duncan Floyd.

"I warned you he was a slippery character," the insurance man said. "I was afraid—"

A shout from the darkness interrupted him. "Over this way, Max. Looks like we winged him."

Six flashlight beams fingered the night, contracting as they converged on a tall plain-clothes man standing beside a syringa bush. Dr. Coffee followed the lights. Zygon was lying under the bush, his turban partly unwound and caught in the lower branches. His face was gray and shiny with sweat. A bright red stain was spreading across the front of his white tunic. The wounded man groaned as Dr. Coffee examined him.

"Get him to the hospital," Dan Coffee said. "Quick."

Pasteur Hospital was just over the hill. The intern on emergency duty started giving plasma to Zygon while the stretcher cart was being rolled to the elevator. In the operating room the resident surgeon took one look at the unconscious man and ordered X rays.

Dr. Coffee, Dr. Mookerji and Max Ritter followed the stretcher cart to the X-ray department. They waited while the radiologist made a panorama of Zygon's midsection. As soon as the films were out of the developer and into the fixing bath, a technician gave the high sign and the little group crowded into the darkroom.

THE resident surgeon glanced at the wet films, decided the bullet would have to come out, and went to scrub up while Zygon was rolled back to the operating room.

Dr. Coffee remained in the darkroom, studying the films. After a minute he gave a peculiar laugh.

"Apparently our friend Zygon has an appetite like an ostrich," he said. "Look at this."

Ritter peered over the pathologist's shoulder and the Hindu peeked under his arm. Dr. Coffee indicated a point on the film, just below the latticed shadows of the ribs. Two other shadows were clearly visible, shadows that must have been caused by two opaque objects several inches long and pear-shaped.

"No wonder we couldn't find the sparklers on him!" Ritter exclaimed. "He chewed the stones off the mountings and swallowed 'em."

"Some non-Hindu Indians quite notorious for ingesting strange foodstuffs," Dr. Mookerji said. "Gastric symptoms now explained."

"Anyhow, the case is solved," Ritter said. "Zygon killed Sandra and stole— Those are the earrings, aren't they, Doc?"

"They're certainly not smoke rings," the pathologist said. He was silent a moment as he re-examined the X-ray film. "Still, I'm

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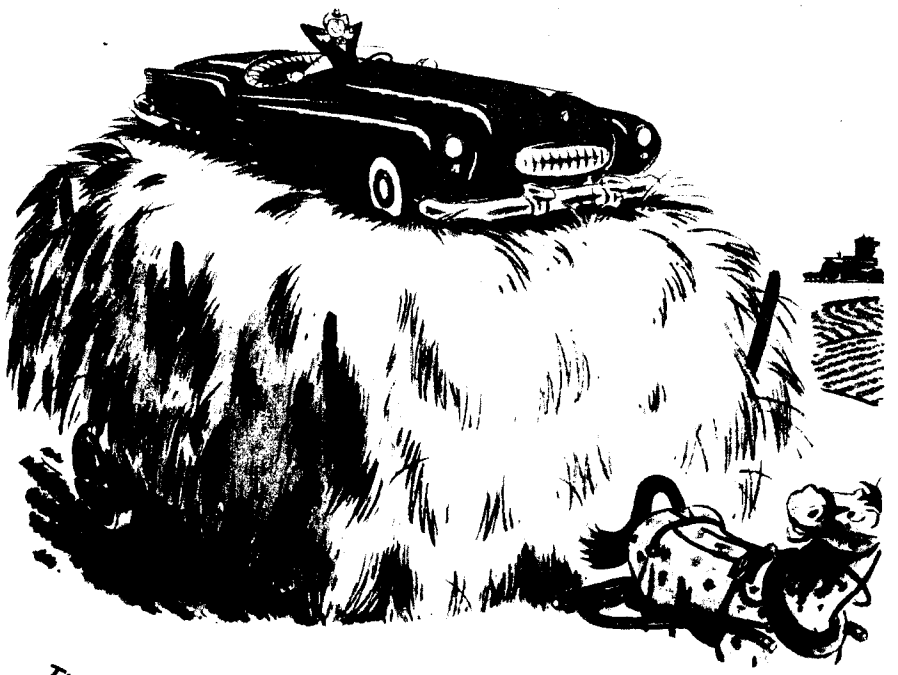

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not sure our solution is quite so simple. Where's Mr. Floyd, Max?"

"He's in the waiting room with Josephine and her boy friend. Brody's keeping an eye on 'em."

"Bring them to my lab, Max. I've a few questions."

Dr. Coffee carefully carried the wet film to his laboratory. When the insurance man came in, Dr. Coffee asked:

"Mr. Floyd, did you ever have Mrs. Farriston's earrings in your own possession?"

"Oh, yes," Floyd replied. "I had them appraised when I wrote the original policy about two years ago. And a few weeks ago, when the policy came up for renewal, we made a routine reappraisal."

Dr. Coffee produced the film. "Would you say, Mr. Floyd, that the objects shown in this X-ray photograph of Zygon's stomach resemble Mrs. Farriston's diamonds?"

"Good Lord!" Floyd excitedly extracted a micrometer caliper from his pocket and measured the shadows. "Those are the stones, all right. What a relief!"

"Where did Mrs. Farriston get the earrings originally?"

Floyd didn't know, but Biff Walters did.

"Josephine's father gave them to Sandra," Walters said.

"You mean Sandra's brother?" Ritter asked.

"I mean Sandra's ex-husband, Henry Sewell. He was there tonight."

"Is that true, sister? Was Sandra your mother?"

Josephine nodded, her eyes sad.

"Sandra thought it was a big secret," Walters continued. "She didn't even admit it to Josephine. But it's common knowledge around Carnegie Hall in New York that Sewell paid for Sandra's European successes in the late twenties. Sandra was never more than a third-rate singer, and she sang in French and Italian theaters because Sewell bought out the house on the nights she sang. You could also buy favorable criticism in the European newspapers in those days. When Sewell lost his money in the 1929 crash, he left Sandra. She divorced him in Paris before Josephine was born, without even telling him she was about to bear him a child. Sandra was proud."

"Has Sandra been giving Sewell the shakedown?" Ritter asked.

"Never!" Josephine said.

"Look," Ritter insisted. "Sandra's been borrowing like mad for years. She's mortgaged everything she owns to keep this gal headed for a career. Her credit's been running thin lately, and she even had trouble financing her shindig tonight. But I found out this afternoon that Sandra deposited five grand in her bank account yesterday—in cash. I'll find out from Sewell if the five G's didn't come from him."

WALTERS said, "You're all wet, Ritter. Sandra didn't give Josephine the name of Sewell. She never told him Jo was his daughter. She wanted to keep the girl all for herself. We had a big fight about it this afternoon. I was trying to convince Sandra it would be better for Jo to be a hit blues singer than a bad prima donna, and—"

His speech was cut short by the arrival of the resident surgeon. The surgeon's gauze mask dangled from one ear and there was blood on his short-sleeved white jacket. He carried a gauze-covered metal cup.

"I couldn't save your man," the surgeon said. "He died on the table. But I got the bullet. I suppose you'll want it."

"What about the diamonds?" Floyd demanded. "The man swallowed two very valuable diamonds before he was shot."

"Dr. Coffee will have to recover them for you when he does the autopsy," the surgeon said. He placed the cup on the lab workbench and departed.

"At least I can sleep tonight," the insurance man said. "Do you gentlemen need me any more now?"

Ritter shook his head. "Go on home," he said.

After Floyd left, Ritter lifted the gauze from the surgeon's cup. The bullet was slightly twisted, but it was not the usual shapeless mass of lead that is dug out of gunshot victims. It still resembled a bullet.

"Hell!" Ritter exclaimed. "This looks like a .32."

"Please, what is hellish about .32 bullet?" Dr. Mookerji asked.

"Every cop in Northbank carries a .38 police positive," the detective said. "If my boys didn't shoot Zygon, who did?"

"Dr. Mookerji and I had the opportunity," Dan Coffee said. "So did Mr. Walters and Miss Farriston."

"Floyd, too," admitted Ritter. "But I went over Floyd with a fine comb, and Miss Farriston and Walters here were searched, too. None of them could have been hiding a gun. After all, there are some things a guy can't swallow."

Dr. Coffee arose quickly as though a sudden idea had struck him from below. He grabbed his hat.

"Max, I've been stupid. Let's try to catch up with Mr. Floyd."

They had to wait several minutes for the elevator, and by the time they reached the ground floor, Floyd's car was gone from in front of the hospital.

"I know where he lives," Ritter said.

"Try his office first," said Dr. Coffee.

Floyd's car was standing in front of the office building. Ritter tried the door. The car was unlocked.

"He's careless," Ritter said.

"Or in a hurry," said Dr. Coffee. "Try the glove compartment."

There was nothing in the glove compartment but a tattered road map, a flashlight and a square of chamois.

They rang the night bell. The sleepy night elevator operator took his time about answering. Yes, Mr. Floyd had come in a short while ago. Yes, he would take them up.

Duncan Floyd did not seem surprised to see them.

"Hello," he said. "I stopped by the office to draft my report to the home office. They'll be glad to know there won't be a claim to pay on the Farriston diamonds. What can I do for you gentlemen?"

"You can open that safe behind you," Max Ritter said.

"I'd be glad to," Floyd said, "except I've just had the combination changed, and I have trouble remembering it. We'll have to wait until my secretary comes down in the morning."

"Open it now," Ritter said. "Or I'll send for the Safe Squad."

"Well! What's the hurry? What the devil's in the safe?"

"Mrs. Farriston's diamonds," Dr. Coffee said.

Floyd laughed. "Doctor, you assured me the diamonds were in Zygon's stomach. You yourself showed me the film. I saw the X-ray photo of the stones with my own eyes."

"You saw what Zygon *thought* were the Farriston diamonds," Dr. Coffee said. "But the gems in the X-ray photo are imitations."

"Well! Appraisal by photo." Again Floyd laughed. "Aren't you exaggerating the miracle of the X ray, Doctor?"

"On the contrary. If Zygon had swallowed the true gems, they could not have been seen in the photo. Genuine diamonds are perfectly transparent to X rays. False diamonds, however, are made of strass, a brilliant glass with a very high lead content. Don't you know, Mr. Floyd, that lead is opaque to X rays?"

"Remember the combination now, Floyd?" Ritter said.

"I'll—I'll try. I'd like to prove you're wrong."

Floyd crouched in front of the safe, twirled the dials. The heavy door swung open. Floyd spun about as he straightened up. In his left hand was a small chamois bag. His right held a revolver.

"Hands up, gentlemen!" he ordered.

The detective and the pathologist complied. The bald-headed little man dropped the chamois bag into his pocket and yanked the telephone cord from its baseboard connections. He backed toward the door, taking keys from his pocket with his left hand.

"I find you are right after all, gentlemen," Floyd said. "So I will require a few hours' head start." He opened the door behind him. "There's a ten-story drop outside that window, and you'll find this lock very difficult to pick."

As Floyd started backing through the half-open door, his expression suddenly changed. His head jerked back.

A high-pitched voice in the hall said, "Kindly elevate hands above head, subsequent to relaxing grasp on revolver gun!"

Floyd dropped the revolver. Ritter pounced on it. Floyd re-entered the room, pushed from behind by Dr. Motilal Mookerji, who was poking something into the small of his back.

"Suggest use of manacles, Leftenant," Dr. Mookerji said, "in view of apparent homicidal intent of smallish hairless gentleman."

Ritter snapped steel about Floyd's wrists. The Hindu withdrew the bunch of keys he had been poking into Floyd's back and handed them to Dr. Coffee.

"Please pardon intrusion, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said, "but remarked you were forgetting keys on laboratory workbench. Therefore, knowing Mrs. Coffee's dislike of rude awakenings in small hours of nighttime, I—"

"Swami, I could kiss you," Max Ritter said. He was examining Floyd's revolver. "It's a .32 all right. He musta transferred it from his car to the safe before we got here. How about it, Floyd?"

FLOYD refused to talk without advice of his attorney. So Dr. Coffee reconstructed the case from his own deductions.

"Sandra Farriston evidently made some deal with Floyd to dispose of her diamonds, replace them with exact reproductions, and then collect insurance on the loss of the replicas," the pathologist said. "The five-thousand-dollar cash deposit no doubt represented a down payment on what was to have been a long-range scheme.

"But Sandra wanted more money in a hurry. Her peculiar pride made her prefer dishonesty to seeking help from a former husband. So she obviously made arrangements with Zygon to steal the imitation earrings, so she could collect the insurance. This unforeseen haste threw Floyd into a panic. He was in it for himself, not for Sandra, and he was taking a bigger risk than she was.

"I can see no other reason for the desperate measures he adopted. Before paying a $50,000 claim, the insurance company would put trained investigators on the case—while the original diamonds were still in Floyd's possession. I was sure they must have been still in his possession, to drive him to commit two murders. To try to prevent being caught in a $50,000 fraud, Floyd came to you in the afternoon, hoping to stop the projected robbery.

"When Sandra refused police protection—for good reason, as we have seen—Floyd grew even more desperate. And when Zygon actually stole the earrings in the dark, Floyd stabbed Sandra with Zygon's dagger. Sandra's death would eliminate a possible witness against him. It would precipitate police intervention so that Zygon would be caught with the earrings on his person; thus there would be no claim to pay and no insurance investigation. And finally Floyd would be left in full possession of the original gems—and a very neat clear profit.

"However, Zygon's method of hiding the gems upset Floyd's new plan. The earrings were still missing, and an insurance investigation was still an unpleasant possibility. So when Zygon made a break in the park and your boys started shooting at him, Max, Floyd took the gun which he obviously kept in his car—you hadn't searched his car, remember—joined in the hunt and bagged his game. He might have got away with it, too, if it hadn't been for Dr. Wilhelm Roentgen."

"Roentgen?" Max Ritter interrupted. "I thought the resident surgeon's name was Smith."

"Dr. Roentgen discovered X rays," Dan Coffee said.

"Am foreseeing only one unhappy possibility arising from otherwise happy aforesaid solution," Dr. Mookerji said. "To wit, as follows. If title to high-priced diamonds is reverting to golden-haired Josephine with silver-plated voice, will not same lady feel compulsion to pursue dismal operatical career?"

"That," said Dr. Coffee, "is a matter I think we can well leave in the hands of Mr. Biff Walters." THE END

SISTER

COLLIER'S

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The dress that needn't have been so beautiful

THERE'S NO REAL REASON for a girl to have the most beautiful dress in the world. Even my daughter Sally. Even if she has her heart set on it.

But—I bought it. And when I paid the bill, I whistled! Partly with the well-known father's bill-shock. Partly for happiness. Because, Sally was right—there never *was* a prettier dress to get married in.

It's times like that—when we can buy something really important even if it is a luxury—that I feel like such a lucky guy.

And times like when my wife got sick, and we could give her the good care she needed to get well. And the swell day-in, day-out feeling of *knowing* that if an emergency comes, you've got the money to meet it.

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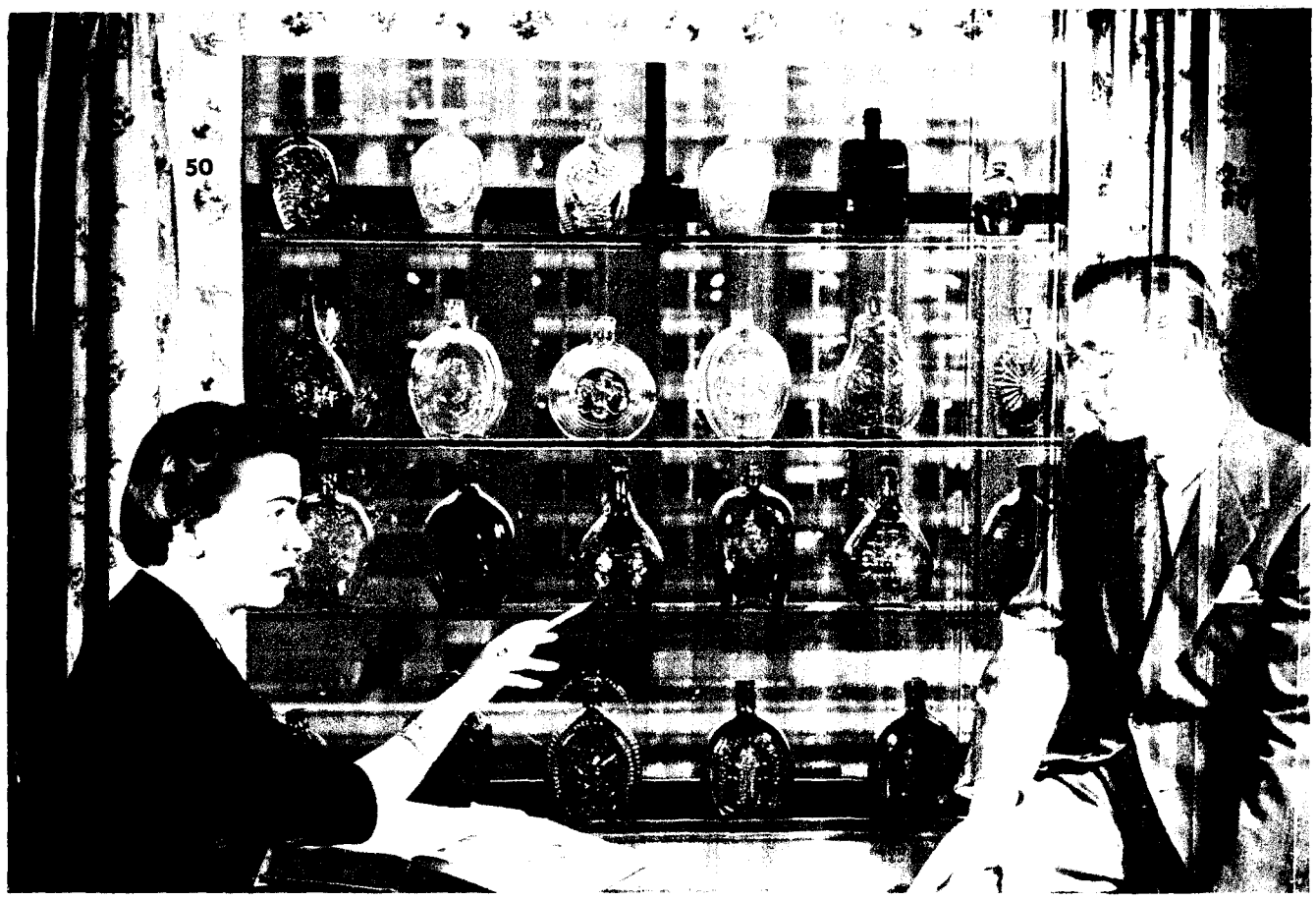
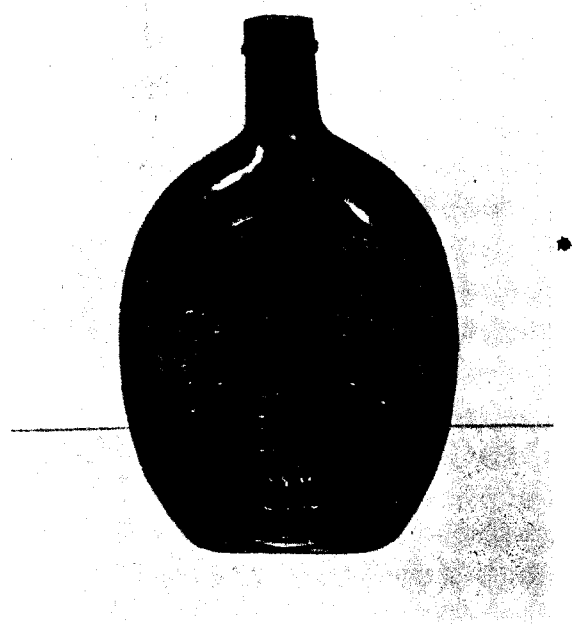


Ruth West points out significant items in the Resor collection to co-worker Frank Stevenson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER



This flask, made by the Baltimore Glass Works, goes back to 1845-'50

American History in BOTTLES

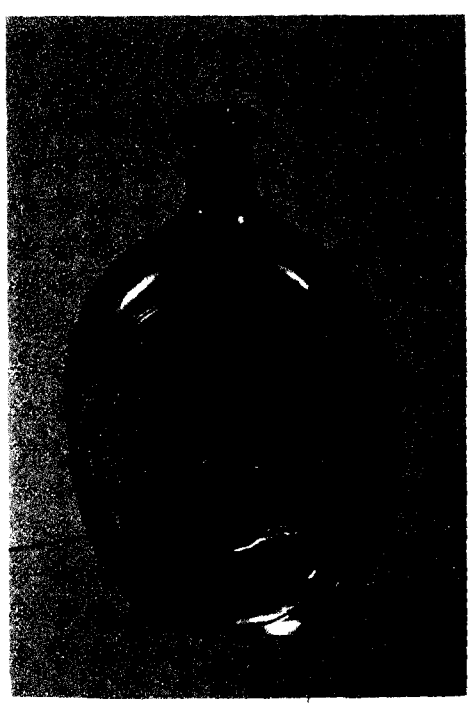
A hobby reflects high lights from the nation's past

HERE'S a hobby that's been gaining in popularity: collecting American historical bottles and flasks. It's an interest that can be a great deal of fun and it needn't be expensive. A great many collectors' items seventy-five to one hundred years old are, nonetheless, relatively common and you can start off with a good representative collection for very little money. Once addicted you can thrill to the constant possibility that every cobwebbed attic and dusty cellar may produce a really rare —and valuable—item. And you'll find George and Helen McKearin's American Glass, the Fine Art of Glassmaking in America (Crown Publishers) invaluable for cataloguing your discoveries.

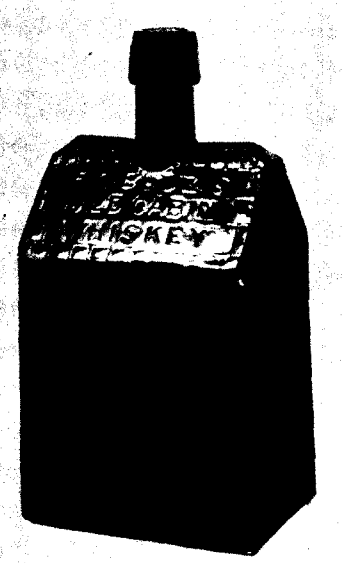
The bottles and flasks reproduced here are from the fine collection assembled by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Resor of New York City, on display in the Early American Dining Room of the J. Walter Thompson Company. Spanning the period from 1810 to 1870, the group includes some of the most interesting examples of mid-nineteenth-century American glassmaking.

American Eagle Flask of this type was made in Louisville about 1855

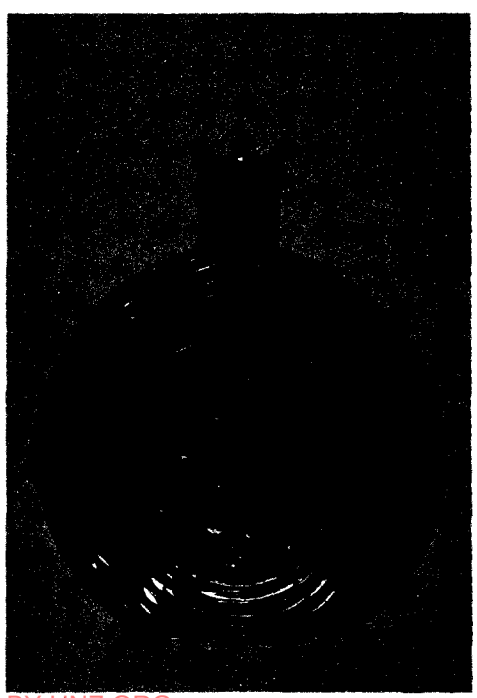
A Philadelphia tribute to Washington in 1847



Most popular collectors' items are Booz bottles like this, circa 1860



Rarest bottle in the collection is an 1820 New Hampshire design



Slight variations in the Sunburst Flasks determine degree of rarity

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

bills either of authorization or appropriation.

The federal budget could be reduced materially if each project included in an omnibus bill had to be voted on separately by a roll-call vote on a specific bill.

W. R. GRAHAM, Falls Church, Va.

Ed Barrow Day

EDITOR: I was interested to read in Ed Barrow's My Baseball Story (May 20th) that the first time he ever was on the field at the Yankee Stadium was on July 4, 1939, Gehrig Appreciation Day, when Lou's teammates, club officials and the fans paid such a wonderful tribute to my husband. Accordingly, it made me very happy indeed when I was able to join with Mrs. Babe Ruth in going out onto that same field to honor Mr. Barrow when his great achievements in baseball were recognized on his own day at the Stadium, on May 13th.

He certainly is one of the greatest—and the grandest—baseball has ever known.

MRS. LOU GEHRIG, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Gehrig (right) with Mrs. Ruth and the hero of Ed Barrow Day

Preparing for Polio

EDITOR: Albert Q. Maisel's article on polio (If Polio Strikes . . . Is Your Town Ready?, May 27th) has been avidly read by large numbers of our workers throughout the country, judging by comments we have received here at national headquarters.

I believe the consensus is that the article served a very good purpose and made clear to your millions of readers what is involved in being prepared for polio outbreaks. If the article has done this, it has made a most valuable contribution to the work of the National Foundation, and we are very grateful to you for it.

Personally, I think that Mr. Maisel did an excellent job, based on his own reliable reporting. I feel, too, that the editorial box by Mr. O'Connor served to point up action that might be taken by readers.

DOROTHY DUCAS, Public Relations Director, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., New York, N. Y.

. . . The article begins by telling of a three-year-old child who was brought to the University Hospital here. The article further states: "The doctors never saw the child. For University Hospital was just a bedlam. Polio patients and suspects lay on stretchers on the corridor floors and panic-stricken parents swarmed round the building. A man in a white coat, either an intern or a hastily recruited fourth-year medical student, did look at the baby. But all he said was, 'You'd be better off at home.'"

I was deeply resentful when I first read the article, for even during our heaviest case load no child came to the University Hospital as a polio suspect who was not seen by one of the resident staff. I talked with Joan Faith, who undoubtedly supplied Mr. Maisel with his information, and secured the name of the child. I would like to quote you the entire Emergency Room record on said child, dated June 3, 1949:

"Onset of illness with high fever May 26. Fever subsided about 5 days later and now has good appetite. Now has flaccid paralysis left arm and shoulder and right leg. Impression: Poliomyelitis. Admit.

"Talked with parents at 6:45 P.M. and they do not want a spinal tap done nor do they want their daughter on isolation for another week where they cannot visit her. Attempted to explain situation to them and offered to have Dr. Shuffield or Dr. Reilly talk to them. However, they decided to go eat and think it over and return to talk it over further. At 9:45 P.M. they have not returned and probably will not. Parents refused to admit child. Dr. Shuffield notified of this. Dr. White notified." Signed: George E. Wilson, Jr., M.D.

I would like to add that Dr. Wilson is a resident physician, having served his internship and two years in the Army.

JOHN A. HARREL, JR., M.D., Senior Resident, Pediatric Department, University Hospital, Little Rock, Ark.

Whatever the contradiction of details, the basic point that the child was not admitted to University Hospital is not changed by Dr. Harrel's explanation.

Accent on Youth

EDITOR: I sure enjoyed the May 27th number. Glad we've got the fogbound old sheet cut down to our age, finally. Give us more of the teeners, 17-19 stuff.

ARNETT J. WILLIAMS, Oakland, Cal.

Grieved Subscriber

EDITOR: I think you'll find this letter nonsensical; howbeit my enthusiastic heart impels me to tell you how much I like your magazine.

In fact I like Collier's so much that I'm grieved because I can't renew my near-to-expire subscription. Red tape, you know.

At the bank they abashed me with these exegetic words: "For scientific books only." You see, in this ideal country some resolute person is pushing down our throats (and pulling out of our pockets) his far-from-original conception of a welfare state.

I cordially thank Collier's for an enjoyment that began 13 years ago, and for the English which I acquired mostly by dint of perusing its entrancing pages. (So help me.)

MIGUEL MUSSO, La Banda, Argentina

Exceptions Noted

EDITOR: After a period of 16 years, your article Birth of the Quints: The Untold Story (May 27th) might better have been left untold.

Since Dr. Dafoe cannot defend himself, we think he at least should be given credit for saving the life of Elzire Dionne, if not the lives of the quints.

THELMA M. RODE, Waukesha, Wis.

. . . I know none of the facts in the Dionne case and certainly think children, no matter what, belong with their natural parents if at all possible. But I felt your article was in very poor taste because it is a dead issue and you only told one side of the story.

MRS. T. F. CANTRELL, Bakersfield, Cal.

Wants no Shoulder Weepers

EDITOR: In answer to George S. Rhoads of Oakland, Cal., on the Taft article (Week's Mail, May 27th), I would like to say that according to all history when any free country accumulates enough soft, mushy people and "shoulder weepers," then that country is ripe and ready for a dictator.

JACK FISHER, Sacramento, Cal.

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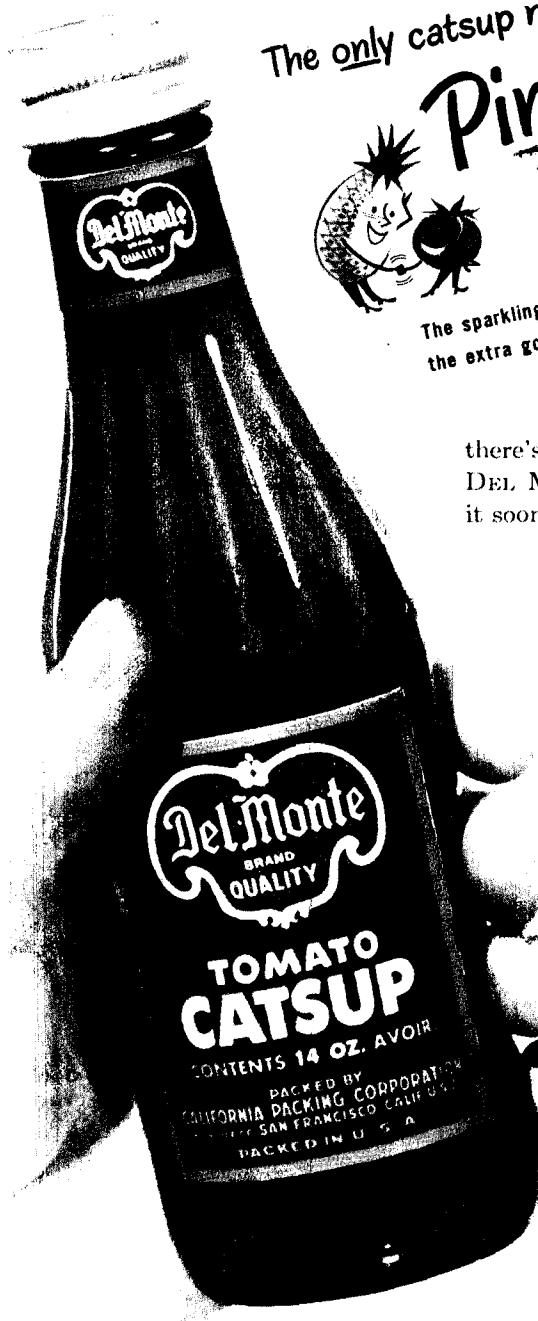

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Phipps to the Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

door, it opened and Smedley came in, startling both of them. In the pressure of other matters they had quite forgotten Smedley.

Smedley was looking agitated. "Where are you going?" he asked. "Not up to the projection room?"

"She's going to the kitchen to cut sandwiches," said Jane. "I thought we needed a little sustenance, to keep the machine from breaking down."

"I'm glad," said Smedley, relieved. "I wouldn't want you to go up there just now. Those drinks you gave Phipps, Jane, have had a curious effect on him. They seem to have—er—melted his reserve. He keeps stopping work to tell risky stories."

"Dear, dear. Off-color?"

"Very. There was one about a striptease dancer and a performing flea . . ." He looked at Kay, and paused. "But it wouldn't interest you."

"I've heard it," said Kay, and went off to cut sandwiches.

SMEDLEY mopped his forehead. His morale seemed to have hit a new low. The rush and swirl of the night's events had plainly left him weak. "I'm worried, Jane," said Smedley.

"You're always worried."

"Well, haven't I enough to worry me? When I think of what it means to me to have Phipps open that safe! And he won't concentrate. He lets his mind wander. He's displaying a frivolous side to his nature which I wouldn't have believed existed. Do you know that just before I left he was proposing to imitate four Hawaiians? The man's blotto."

Jane nodded. "I ought to be more careful with those Jane Shannon Specials," she said. "The trouble is, I don't know my own strength."

"And it isn't only that he refuses to get down to his job. It's the noise he's making. Loud bursts of fiendish laughter. I'm so afraid he'll wake Adela."

"Her room's on the other side of the house."

"But even so."

Jane shook her head.

"You know, looking back," she said, "where we made our big mistake was in not giving Adela a mickey finn. It would have—" She broke off. "Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

Jane was feeling in the pocket of her slacks. When she brought her hand out, there was a small white pellet in it.

"This is a mickey finn," she said. "It was given me from his personal stockpile by a bartender on Third Avenue, a dear old friend of mine. He said it would be bound to come in handy one of these days, and how right he was! I had intended to slip it into Adela's bedtime milk, and I forgot."

"And now too late."

"And now too late," said Jane. "Too late, too—"

Her voice trailed away. From just outside the door there had come the sound of a loud and raucous laugh. She looked at Smedley, and he looked at her, with a wild surmise.

"Good Lord!" said Smedley. "That's Phipps."

"Or could it have been a hyena?" said Jane.

It was Phipps. He came in, followed by Joe, laughing heartily like one of the Chorus of Villagers in an old-fashioned comic opera. Tray in hand, he selected a bottle, went to the sofa, seated himself on it and leaned back comfortably against the cushions. It was plain that for the time being he had shelved all idea of work and was regarding this as a purely social occasion.

"Good evening, all," said Phipps genially, and refreshed himself from the bottle. Whatever prudent concern he might once have felt regarding his constitutional inability to absorb alcoholic stimulants in large quantities without paying the penalty had clearly vanished. Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and he liked it that way. Any time wine wanted to mock him, his whole demeanor suggested, it was all right with James Phipps, and the same went for strong drink when it wished to rage. "Good evening, all," he said. "I will now imitate four Hawaiians."

His obvious eagerness to spare no effort to make the party go would have touched and delighted some such person as a fun-loving Babylonian monarch of the old school, always on the lookout for sympathetic fellow revelers to help the Babylonian orgy along, but to Smedley his words seemed to presage doom and disaster. What it was that four Hawaiians did when performing for the public entertainment he did not know, but instinct told him that it was probably something pretty loud, and he quivered to the core of his being.

"No, no!" he squeaked, like a mouse in pain.

"Then I'll sing Sweet Adeline," said Phipps with the air of a man who only strove to please. His repertory was wide, and if the audience did not want the four Hawaiians, Sweet Adeline would do just as well.

THIS time it was Joe who lodged a protest. Joe was as agitated as Smedley. He was familiar with Sweet Adeline. He had sung that popular song himself in clubhouse locker rooms, and none knew better than he that its melody contained certain barbershop chords which, dished out as this sozzled major-domo would dish them out, must inevitably rouse a sleeping hostess from her slumbers as if the Last Trump had sounded. Once more there rose before his eyes the vision of Mrs. Adela Shannon Cork sailing in through the door in a dressing gown, and that thing with the long hairy legs went galloping up and down his spine again.

"No, please, Phipps," he urged.

The butler stiffened. He was in genial, pleasure-seeking mood and all prepared to unbend with the boys, but even at the risk of spoiling the harmony he felt obliged to insist on the deference due to his position. Once allow the lower middle classes to become familiar, and where were you?

"Mister Phipps, if *you* please," he said coldly.

Jane, always tactful, added her weight to the rebuke. "Yes, be careful how you speak to Mr. Phipps, Joe. You can see he's fractious. I think he's teething. But I wouldn't sing Sweet Adeline, Mr. Phipps."

"Why wouldn't I sing Sweet Adeline?"

"You'll wake sweet Adela."

"You mean Ma Cork?"

"Ma Cork is correct."

Phipps mused. He took another sip from his bottle.

COLLIER'S **"I hope it's cooler now. I just left the refrigerator door wide open"** ROY L. FOX

"Ma Cork," he said meditatively. "Now, there's a woman I never cared for. How would it be to go and give her a jolly good punch in the nose?"

It was a suggestion which at any other time would have been music to Smedley's ears, for if ever there was a woman who from early childhood had been clamoring for a good sock on the nose, that woman in his opinion was his sister-in-law Adela. But now he shuddered from head to foot and uttered another of his mouselike squeaks.

"No, no!"

"Not give her a punch in the nose? Just as you say," said Phipps agreeably. He could be as reasonable as the next man if you treated him with proper respect. "Then let's have a gargle. Not you, Smedley," he went on. "You've had enough. The old coot's been mopping it up like a vacuum cleaner," he explained amusedly. He surveyed the coot with an indulgent eye. "Old drunken Smedley!" he said. "Where were you last night, you old lush? Hey, Smedley?"

Smedley smiled a wry preoccupied smile.

The butler frowned. He found in Smedley's manner a formality and lack of chumminess of which he thoroughly disapproved.

"Come, come," he said. "None of your standoffishness. Say Hey, Jimmy."

"Hey, Jimmy."

Phipps, a perfectionist, was not yet satisfied.

"Say it again, more loving-like."

"Hey, Jimmy."

Phipps relaxed. Smedley's intonation had not been altogether that of a lovebird passing a remark to another lovebird, but it had been near enough to mollify him. Genuine feeling in it, it seemed to him.

"That's better. Can't have you sticking on dog just because you're a ruddy socialite."

"Don't you like ruddy socialites?" asked Jane, interested.

Phipps shook his head austerely. "No. Don't approve of 'em. Comes the revolution, they'll be hanging on lampposts. The whole system's wrong. Ain't I a man? Ain't I, Smedley?"

Smedley leaped. "Yes, yes, of course you are, Jimmy."

"Then fetch me a cushion for me head, you old boozer. Come on, now. Hurry. I want a little service around here."

Smedley brought the cushion and propped it behind his head. "Comfortable, Jimmy?" he said, between his teeth.

THE butler froze him with a glance. "Who are you calling Jimmy? Address me as Mr. Phipps."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Phipps."

"And so you ought to be. I know your sort, know 'em well. Grinding the face of the poor and taking the bread out of the mouths of the widow and the orphan. Comes the revolution, blood'll be running in streams down Park Avenue, and Sutton Place'll be cluttered up with corpses."

Smedley drew Jane aside. "If this is going to continue," he muttered, "I cannot answer for the consequences, Jane. My blood pressure is rising."

"Comes the revolution," Jane reminded him, "you won't have any blood. It'll be running down Park Avenue."

"I'm going up to listen at Adela's door. Make sure she's asleep. Anything to get away for a moment from that sozzled—" He caught Phipps's eye and broke off. He smiled a difficult smile and hurried out. Jane, glad to be relieved of his disturbing presence, struck the business note.

"Well, Mr. Phipps," she said, "how's it coming? If you are feeling sufficiently rested, you might be having another go at that safe."

"Yes," said Joe. "We mustn't waste any more time."

He had said the wrong thing. The butler stiffened again. For some reason, possibly because of that earlier lapse into familiarity, he seemed to have taken a dislike to Joe. He gave him an unpleasant look.

"What's it got to do with *you*, may I ask?"

"Everything. You see, it's this way: Mr. Smedley—"

"You mean old drunken Smedley?"

"That's right. Old drunken Smedley is in with Miss Shannon—"

"You mean old dog-faced Jane here?"

"That's right. Old drunken Smedley is in with old dog-faced Jane here and me on a business deal. He's putting up the money."

"What money?"

"The money he'll get when he gets that diary."

"What diary?"

"The diary in the safe."

"What safe?" asked Phipps keenly, like a prosecuting attorney questioning some shifty-eyed witness.

Joe looked at Jane. Like Smedley, he found Phipps's conversational methods a little bewildering.

"The safe you're going to open, Mr. Phipps."

"Who says I'm going to open any safes?"

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"I don't," said Jane, taking charge in her competent way. "You couldn't do it."

"Do what?"

"Open that safe."

Phipps was silent for a space, digesting this. "You say I couldn't open that safe?"

"No. It's hopeless to think of attempting it. Four years ago you would have been able to, yes, but not now. You were a good man once, but you've lost your nerve. We went into it all before, if you remember, and we came to the conclusion that you no longer had the stuff. You're finished!"

"Ho!"

"A pity, but there it is. Not your fault, of course, but you're a back number. As a safeblower you're washed up. You buttle like nobody's business. You have a bright future on the silver screen, but—you—can't—open—the safe."

WINE when it is red—or, as in the case of Phipps, who at the moment was drinking crème de menthe, green—stingeth like an adder, and so do adverse criticisms of his skill as an artist. Phipps was thus in the position of a man who is stung by two adders simultaneously, and his flushed face grew darker. He quivered, as though a barb had pierced his flesh.

"Ho!" he said. "Can't open the safe, eh? Can't open the ruddy safe? Well, just for that I *will* open the ruddy safe."

Joe, too, quivered. He shot a quick, reverential look at Jane. Leave it to the Old Master, he was feeling. The Old Master would always see you through.

"Thank you, Phipps," he said.

"Thank *you*, sir," said the butler automatically. "I mean," he added quickly, correcting himself, "what you thanking me for?"

"I told you. You say you're going to open the safe. Well, if you open the safe, we'll get our money."

"Ho? And when you do, I suppose you think you're going to marry that young Kay? You haven't a chance, you poor fish. I heard her turning you down in the rose garden this afternoon."

Joe started.

"What!"

"Like a bedspread."

Joe blushed a pretty pink. He had not supposed that he had been playing to an audience.

"You weren't there."

"Yes, I was."

"I didn't see you."

"Nobody don't ever see me."

"They call him the Shadow," said Jane.

"And I'll tell you what struck me about the episode," proceeded Phipps, having looked once more upon the wine when it was green. "Your methods are wrong. You're too lighthearted and yumorous. You won't win the heart of a sensitive girl by cracking gags. What you want to do is fold her in your arms and kiss her."

"He daren't," said Jane. "It isn't safe. He once kissed a girl in Paris and she shot clear up to the top of the Eiffel Tower."

"Ho?"

"Just closed her eyes with a little moan of ecstasy and floated up." To illustrate, Jane twiddled her fingers, and the butler stared at them austerely.

"Don't do that!" he said sharply. "It makes me think of spiders."

"I'm sorry. You dislike spiders?"

"Yes, I do. Spiders!" said Phipps darkly. "I could tell you something about spiders. You ask me, if you want to hear all about spiders."

"Comes the revolution, spiders will be running down Park Avenue."

"Ah," said Phipps, as if conceding this as probably correct. He yawned, and swung his feet up on the sofa. "Well, I don't know what you two are going to do," he said. "I'm going to get a little shut-eye. Good night, all."

His eyes closed. He gurgled a couple of times. Then still clutching the bottle, he slept.

Joe looked at Jane, dismayed. He had not been prepared for this. "Now what?" he said.

The new development appeared to have left Jane unconcerned. "Probably all for the best," she said. "A little folding of the hands in sleep will do him good, and we have the rest of the night to operate in. Did you ever see a blotto butler before?"

"Never."

"Nor I. But I'd rather see than be one. When the cold gray light of the dawn comes stealing in through yonder windows in an hour or so, you and I will be in the pink and as fresh as daisies, but one shudders to think how Jimmy Phipps will be feeling. On the morning after a binge like that the state of man, as Shakespeare says, suffers the nature of an insurrection. There should be a big run on the fizz water ere long. But let's not wander from the point. Though brilliantly lit and not always too coherent in his remarks, Phipps said one very sensible and significant thing. About your methods of conducting your wooing. Were you listening?"

"I was."

"He was right, you know. He touched the spot. Your methods *are* wrong. I've been talking to Kay. That girl loves you, Joe."

"What!"

"She told me so in so many words. The way she actually phrased it has slipped my memory, but the gist of her remarks was that when in your presence she feels as though there was only a thin sheet of tissue paper between her and heaven. And if that isn't love, what is?"

Joe reeled. "Jane, if you're kidding me—"

"Of course I'm not kidding you. What on earth would I want to kid you for? She loves you, I tell you. You're the cream in her coffee. But she's wary—cagey. She's suspicious of you."

"Suspicious? Why?"

"Because you clown all the time."

"I'm shy."

"I told her that, but she didn't believe me. She looks on you as an insubstantial butterfly, flitting from flower to flower and sipping. Are you a sipper?"

"No, I'm not a sipper."

"You don't play around with girls?"

"Certainly not."

"Then how about your little red book of telephone numbers?" said Jane.

If she had slapped a wet towel across Joe's face, the effect could not have been more pronounced. "Red book?" he stammered.

"Little red book of telephone numbers," Jane said.

The sensation of having been struck with a wet towel left Joe. He became indignant, like a good man unjustly persecuted.

"Why does everybody make such a song and dance about my little red book of telephone numbers?" he demanded hotly. "Every red-blooded man has his little red book of telephone numbers. Children start keeping them in kindergarten. And Kay knows all about my little red book. I explained carefully and fully to her the last time we lunched together that no importance whatsoever was to be attached to that little red book. I told her that the girls in that little red book were mere vestiges of a past that is dead and gone. I've forgotten half their damned names. They are nothing to me, nothing."

"Less than the dust beneath your chariot wheels?"

"Considerably less. Listen, Jane, there isn't a girl that exists for me in the world except Kay. She stands alone. Turn me loose on a street corner and have Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Lily Langtry, Hedy Lamarr and La Belle Dame Sans Merci parade past me in one-piece bathing suits, and I wouldn't even bother to whistle at them."

Jane was touched by his simple eloquence. "Good. Then all you have to do, as I see it, is to change that radio comic approach. You can't run a business that way. Cut the Bob Hope stuff down to a minimum. There are two methods of winning a girl's heart," said Jane. "The first is to be the dominant male—the cave man, and take her heart by storm. As an illustration of what I mean, I once wrote a story for a magazine where the hero was no end of a character. He was one of the huntin', ridin' and shootin' set of Long Island, and he had dark, sullen fits of rage, under the influence of which he would grab his girl by the back hair and drag her about the room with clenched teeth. His teeth were clenched, of course, not hers. I throw this out as a suggestion."

"I'm not going to drag Kay about rooms by her hair."

"It would be a delicate attention. It might just turn the scale. The girl in my story loved it."

"No."

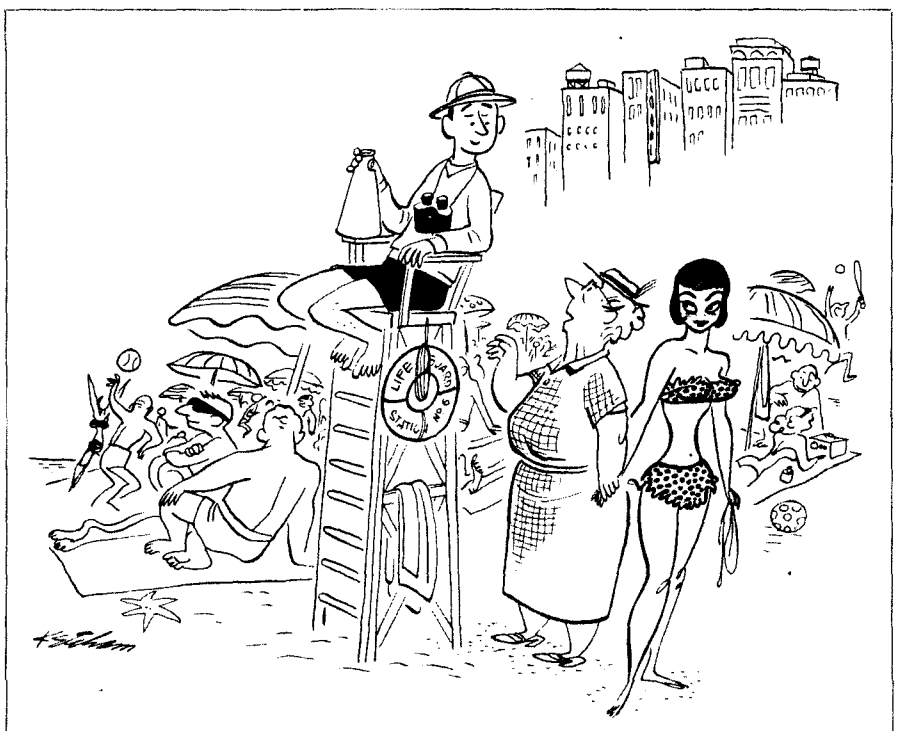
"All right, then, cut business with hair. But you could seize her by the shoulders and shake her like a rat."

"No, I couldn't."

"You're a difficult fellow to help," said Jane. "You don't meet one half way—you seem to have forgotten the old Superba-Llewellyn slogan, Service and Co-operation."

She took the mickey finn from her pocket and joggled it thoughtfully in the palm of her hand.

"What's that?" asked Joe.



COLLIER'S **"Would you mind keeping an eye on my little girl?"** HANK KETCHAM

"An aspirin. I sleep badly. Well, if you won't be a cave man, we must try the second method, and melt her heart instead of storming it. We must build you up for sympathy."

"How do you mean?"

"It's quite simple . . . Thirsty work, these conferences. How about a refresher?"

"That sounds like a good idea. Champagne?"

"I think so. Stick to the old and tried." Jane went to the tray, filled two glasses and adroitly dropped the present from her Third Avenue bartender friend into the one which she handed to Joe.

"Yes," she said. "We must build you up for sympathy."

"But how?"

"It's quite simple."

"You said that before."

"And I say it again. I am convinced that if Kay, who is now down in the kitchen cutting wholesome sandwiches, were to come in here and find you lying prone and senseless on the floor, her heart would melt like a nut sundae in the Sahara Desert. She would fling herself on your prostrate form and shower kisses on your upturned face. That's what Kay would do, if she came in here and found you lying prone and senseless on the floor."

"But why would I be lying prone and senseless on the floor?"

Jane nodded. She saw what he meant. "Yes, that wants thinking out. Well, suppose Phipps in a fit of drunken fury had knocked you cold with that bottle he is nursing as a mother nurses her child?"

"But he hasn't."

"True. Then suppose I had slipped a mickey finn in that drink of yours."

"But you didn't."

"True, true. I'm just thinking aloud. Well, here's luck."

"Luck," said Joe.

They drained their glasses.

"Mickey finn," said Jane pensively. "Any idea how they work?"

"Yes, oddly enough, I have," Joe said. "It came up in a picture I was doing just before they fired me. Apparently you feel no ill effects at first. Then, if you shake your head—like this—"

Jane, quick on her feet, caught him as he started to fall. She lowered him gently to the floor, gave him a look in which commiseration and satisfaction were nicely blended, then crossed to the sofa and shook Phipps by the shoulder.

PRESENTLY signs of animation began to appear in the rigid limbs. Phipps grunted. He stirred, he moved, he seemed to feel the rush of life along his keel. Another grunt, and he sat up, blinking.

"Hullo?" he said, speaking in a husky whisper, like a spirit at a séance. "What goes on?"

"I am sorry to disturb your slumbers, Mr. Phipps," said Jane apologetically, "but I can't seem to bring him to."

"Eh?"

Jane indicated the remains on the floor.

"Perhaps you could lend a hand?" she said. "Two heads are better than one."

Phipps rose unsteadily from the sofa. It appeared to his disordered senses that there was a body on the carpet, as had so often happened in the thrillers which were his favorite reading. In those works it was almost impossible to come into a room without finding bodies on the carpet.

"What's the matter with him?" he quavered. "What's he lying there for?"

Jane raised her eyebrows. "Surely you recall that, doubtless with the best motives, you socked him on the occiput with your bottle?"

"My Gawd! Did I?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten?"

"I can't remember a thing," said the butler pallidly. "What happened?"

"Well, it started with you getting into an argument about the claims to apostolic succession of the church of Abyssinia."

"About *what?*"

"Don't you remember the church of Abyssinia?"

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"I never heard of the church of Abyssinia."

"Well, it's a sort of church they have out Abyssinia way, and you and Joe Davenport got arguing about its claims to apostolic succession. He took one view, you took another. You said this, he said that. Hot words ensued. Angry passions rose. You gradually bumped him with the bottle. A crash, a cry, and smiling the boy fell dead."

"He's not *dead?*"

"I was only making a good story of it."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't," said Phipps, passing a hand across his ashen forehead.

HE COLLAPSED into a chair and sat puffing unhappily. He was still doing so when the door opened and Smedley came in, followed by Kay, who was carrying a large plate of sandwiches, at which Jane looked with an approving eye. She was feeling just about ready for a little snack.

"Adela must be asleep," said Smedley. "I stood outside her door for quite a time, listening, but I couldn't hear anything. Hello," he went on, staring at Joe's limp body. "What's this?"

"Stretcher case," said Jane briefly. "Phipps hit him with a bottle. We were just chatting about it when you came in."

Kay's eyes widened. The blood slowly left her face. She stood for an instant, staring, and the plate of sandwiches trembled in her hand. Jane, always doing the right thing, took it gently from her. Kay seemed to come to life. With a cry she flung herself beside Joe's prostrate form.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she wailed.

Jane helped herself to a sandwich with a quick, gratified smile. It is always pleasant for a kindhearted woman who wants to bring the young folks together in springtime to see that she has succeeded in doing so. She finished the sandwich and took another. Sardine, she was glad to note. She liked sardine sandwiches.

"Hit him with a bottle?" said Smedley.

"In a moment of heat," Jane explained. "The Phippses get very heated at moments."

"Good gosh!" said Smedley.

"Yes, a disagreeable thing to have happened. Spoiled the party, as you might say. But there is a bright side. It has had the effect of sobering him."

"It has? Then listen—"

"I believe he's dead," said Kay, raising a white face.

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," said Smedley. He dismissed this side issue, and returned to the important subject. "Phipps is sober, is he?"

"Quite. He could say truly rural."

"Then now's the time for him to get to work. No more fooling about. Phipps!"

"Sir?" said that reveler, now once more his old respectful butlerine self.

"Get busy."

"Yes, sir."

"No more nonsense."

"No, sir."

"His master's voice," said Jane, starting on her third sandwich. Kay, she saw with approval, was now showering burning kisses on Joe's upturned face.

"Oh, Joe! Joe, darling!" cried Kay. She looked up. "He's alive."

"Really?"

"He just moved."

"Fine," said Jane. "This is excellent news. No electric chair for you this time, Phipps."

"I am relieved, madam."

Kay was glaring balefully. Hitherto, she had always liked Phipps, but now it seemed to her that she had never met a beastlier butler. "You might have killed him," she said bitterly.

Phipps, still respectful, disputed this point. "I would not go so far as to say that, miss. Just a simple slosh on the head, such as so often occurs during a religious argument. But, if I might be permitted to say so, I would like to express regret and contrition for having taken such a liberty. From the bottom of my heart, miss—"

Smedley broke in with his usual impatience. He was in no mood for oratory. "Now don't stand there making speeches. Action, man, action!"

"Yes, sir."

"Follow me."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

The door closed behind them. Jane smiled maternally at Kay and joined her at the sickbed. She looked down at the invalid, who was now showing definite signs of coming out of his coma.

Joe opened his eyes. Then he sat up.

"Oh, gosh!" he said.

"Oh, Joe!" said Kay.

"My head!" said Joe.

"Painful, no doubt," said Jane. "What you need is air. We'll get you into the garden. Lend a hand, Kay."

"I'll bathe your head, darling," said Kay tenderly.

Joe blinked. "Did you say 'darling'?"

"Of course I did."

Joe blinked again. "And just now. . . . Was it just a lovely dream, or did you kiss me?"

"Of course she kissed you," said Jane. "Why wouldn't she kiss you? Weren't you listening when I told you she loves you? Can you navigate?"

"I think so."

"Then we'll take you out and bathe your head in Adela's jeweled swimming pool."

Joe blinked for the third time. Even so trivial a muscular effort as blinking affected his head as if some earnest hand were driving red-hot spikes into it, but the agony, though acute, was forgotten in the thrill of ecstasy which shot through him.

"You love me?"

"Certainly she loves you," said Jane. "How many times have I to keep telling you? She would die for one little rose from your hair. But you'll be able to discuss all that while she's dunking your head in the swimming pool. Come along, and take it easy. I'll bet you're feeling like someone who has annoyed Errol Flynn."

Supporting the injured man between them, they passed through the French windows. And scarcely had they disappeared when the door opened and Adela came in, followed by a limp and drowsy Lord Topham. Adela was alert and bristling, her escort practically walking in his sleep. He tottered to a chair, sank into it and closed his eyes.

THE trouble about going up to a sister-in-law's room and listening at her door to make sure she is asleep is that, if your breathing is at all inclined to be stertorous, you are apt to wake her. Although he was not aware of it, Smedley on his recent visit to the exterior of Adela's sleeping apartment had breathed very stertorously.

He had also caused boards to creak and once, overbalancing, had brought his hand sharply against the panel of the door. Indeed, practically the only thing he had not done was to make a noise like an alarm clock, and he had been operating less than a minute and a half when Adela stirred on her pillow, sat up and finally, hearing that bang on the door, got up. With the air of an Amazon donning her armor before going into battle, she put on a dressing gown and stood listening.

The sounds outside had ceased. A cautious peep a moment later showed that nobody was there. But somebody had been there, and she proposed to look into the matter thoroughly. There was nothing of the poltroon about Adela Shannon Cork. Any one of a dozen silent picture directors could have told you that, and so could each of her three late husbands. She was a woman who stood no nonsense.

But even the most intrepid of women likes on such an occasion as this to have an ally, so after the briefest of delays she proceeded to Lord Topham's room and, with much more difficulty than Smedley had experienced in waking her, roused him to at least a temporary activity.

He followed her groggily to the Garden Room but, as soon as he collapsed in the chair, fell sound asleep. She addressed him sharply.

"Lord Topham!" Gentle breathing was her house guest's only reply. She raised her voice. "Lord Topham!"

The mists of sleep were not proof against that urgent cry. The visitor from across the seas opened his eyes. "Eh?"

"Wake up."

"Was I asleep?"

"Yes, you were."

Lord Topham considered the point and nodded. "That's right. I was. I was dreaming of Toots."

"Of what?"

"Girl I know in London. I dreamed that we were treading the measure in Piccadilly Circus. Of all places. Well, I mean to say," said Lord Topham, smiling a little at the quaint idea, "would one? In Piccadilly Circus, I mean to say, what?"

Adela was no psychiatrist, ever ready to listen to people's dreams and interpret them. She made no comment other than an impatient sniff. Then she uttered a sharp exclamation. Her eye, roving about the room, had fallen on the tray of bottles.

"Look!"

LORD TOPHAM sighed sentimentally. "I'll tell you about Toots. We had a row just before I sailed for America. She's a sweet girl—"

"Look at those bottles!"

"—but touchy."

"Who put those bottles there?"

"Very touchy. A queen of her sex, but touchy. Absolutely."

"Who put those bottles there? I was right. There are burglars in the house."

Lord Topham heaved another sigh. This seemed about as good a time as any to bare his soul concerning the tragedy which had been darkening it.

"Takes offense rather readily, if you know what I mean though an angel in every possible respect. You'll scarcely believe this, but just because I told her her new hat made her look like Boris Karloff, she hauled off and biffed me on the side of the head, observing as she did so that she never wanted to see or speak to me again in this world or the next. Well, a fellow has his pride, what? I admit I drew myself up to my full height—"

"Be quiet. Listen."

Adela's gaze had shifted to the ceiling. A muffled sound had proceeded from the projection room above. This was because Smedley, becoming conscious of an imperious desire for a restorative and knowing that all the materials were downstairs, had started for the door and tripped over a footstool.

"There is someone in the projection room. Lord Topham! Go up."

"Where?"

"Upstairs."

"Why?"

"There are burglars in the projection room."

"Then I'm dashed if I'm going there," said Lord Topham. "I was about to tell you that I wrote Toots a well-expressed air-mail letter the day before yesterday, saying that the fault was mine and pleading for an instant reconciliation. I'd look a silly ass going and getting bumped off by a bunch of bally burglars before I had time to get an answer. What? I'm expecting a cable or a telephone call any moment."

Many people would have approved of his attitude. A prudent and sensible young man, they would have said, with his head screwed on the right way. But Adela could not see eye to eye with them. She uttered an indignant snort and prowled restlessly about the room like a caged lioness. It was not long before she discovered the open French window.

"Lord Topham!"

"Now what?"

"The window is open."

"The window?"

"The window."

"Open?"

"Yes."

Lord Topham, though drowsy, could grasp a simple point like this. With a brief, "The window? Oh, ah, the window. You mean the window?", he looked in the direction indicated.

"Yes," he said. "Absolutely. Quite. I

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see exactly what you mean. Open as per esteemed memo. Did you say there were burglars in the house?"

"Yes."

"Then, mark my words, that's how they got in," said Lord Topham, and closed his eyes again.

"And there's someone coming along the corridor!" cried Adela, stiffening from head to foot. "Lord Topham!"

"Eh?"

"I can hear someone coming along the corridor."

"No, really? Well, well."

Adela snatched a bottle from the table and pressed it into her companion's hand. He peered at it as if, though this was far from being the case, he were seeing a bottle for the first time.

"What's this?"

"You will need a weapon."

"Why?"

"The moment he appears, strike him."

"Who?"

"The man in the corridor."

"But I don't want to go striking men in corridors."

The door opened, revealing a portly form, at the sight of which Adela's pent-up emotions released themselves in an exasperated scream.

"Smedley!" she cried.

"Oh, my gosh!" cried Smedley.

"Do I strike him?" inquired Lord Topham.

"What on earth," said Adela, "are you doing wandering about the house at this time of night, Smedley?"

SMEDLEY stood in the doorway, gulping painfully and striving with little success to adjust himself to the severest of all the shocks which had tried his morale in the course of this night of terror. It is not pleasant for a nervous man who comes into a room expecting a bourbon highball to find there a sister-in-law who even under the most favorable conditions has always made him feel like a toad beneath the harrow.

He continued to gulp. Strange wordless sounds proceeded from his pallid lips.

"Do I strike him?" Lord Topham repeated.

"No."

"Right ho," said Lord Topham agreeably. "I merely asked."

Adela glared. "Well, Smedley?"

Smedley at last found speech. "I—I couldn't sleep. What—what brings you here, Adela?"

"I heard noises outside my room. Footsteps, and someone breathing. I woke Lord Topham and we came down and saw those bottles."

"Oh, yes—bottles. I—I think Phipps must have put them there," said Smedley, casting an agonized glance at the ceiling.

Adela uttered an impatient "Tchah!" She had never had a high opinion of her brother-in-law's intelligence, but tonight he seemed to have sunk to new depths of idiocy.

"And I suppose it's Phipps making those noises in the projection room?" she said witheringly.

Smedley uttered a cry of agony. He was so used to tripping over footstools or his feet or anything that was handy that it had not occurred to him that there had been noises in the projection room. If Adela had heard such noises, it seemed to him that it would be only a matter of moments before she was up and tracing them to their source. And then what?

He stood there, squeaking and gibbering, completely at a loss as to how to deal with the appalling situation. Then relief flooded his soul.

Jane was coming in through the French window, looking so solid, so dependable that, if only faintly, hope stirred in its winding cloths.

Adela beheld her sister with less pleasure.

"Jane!"

"Oh, hello, Adela. Hello, Smedley. Pip-pip, Lord Topham."

"Toodle-oo, Miss Shannon. Do I strike her?" he asked, for it seemed silly to him to have been issued equipment—bottle, one, people striking, for use of—and not to employ it in action.

"Oh, be quiet," snapped Adela. "What are you doing here, Jane?"

"Just strolling. I couldn't sleep. What are you?"

"I heard noises."

"Imagination."

"It was not imagination. There is someone in the projection room."

A tenseness came upon Jane.

"Someone in the projection room?"

"I heard the floor creaking."

"Mice."

"Don't be a fool. It's a burglar."

"Have you been up there?"

"Of course I haven't. I don't want the top of my head blown off."

"Precisely how I feel," said Lord Topham. "I was explaining to our dear good hostess here that just before I left England I had a row with my girl Toots, and I've written her a well-expressed air-mail letter pleading for a reconciliation and am expecting a reply at any moment, so naturally—"

"Lord Topham!" Adela said dangerously.

"Hullo?"

Adela spoke with a strained calm. "I do not wish to hear about your friend Toots."

"But is she my friend? That's the moot point."

"To hell and damnation with your blasted Toots!" cried Adela, reverting, as she so often did in moments of emotion, to the breezy argot of the old silent film days, when a girl had to be able to express herself if she wanted to get anywhere. Her calm had exploded into fragments. She could not have regarded the young peer with more stormy distaste if she had caught him trying to steal a scene from her. "Will you kindly stop talking about this miserable creature, who has probably got platinum hair and a lisp and is the scum of the underworld? All I am interested in at the moment is that burglar in the projection room."

Jane shook her head. "There isn't a burglar in the projection room."

"I tell you there is."

"Shall I go and investigate?"

"What good would you be? No, we'll wait for the police."

Smedley collapsed on the sofa. This was the end. "Per-per-police?"

"I telephoned them from my bedroom. Why they are not here is more than I can imagine. I suppose they're walking."

A sergeant and a patrolman were at that moment coming through the French window.

"Ah!" said Adela. "And about time."

The sergeant was a tough, formidable sergeant, who looked as if he had been hewn from the living rock. The patrolman was a tough, formidable patrolman, who gave the same impression. They came in with the measured tread of men conscious of their ability to uphold the law and make the hardiest criminal say uncle.

"Good evening, ma'am," said the sergeant.

ADELA was still in a difficult mood. Women of her wealth grow to expect their orders to be filled with speed and promptness. "Good evening," she said. "You've taken your time, coming."

The sergeant seemed wounded. "Came as quick as we could, ma'am. You're reporting a burglary?"

Adela gave him a full whammy.

"Don't they tell you *anything* at police headquarters? Yes, as I went to the trouble of explaining carefully over the telephone, there are burglars in the house. They are up in the projection room."

"Where's that?"

"The room immediately above this one. Go and beat the hell out of them. Smedley, show the officers up to the projection room."

Smedley quivered and cast an imploring glance at Jane, as if pleading with her not to fail him in this dark hour.

Jane, as always, did her best. "There aren't any burglars in the projection room. Absurd."

"Absurd, my foot. I heard them. I heard noises."

Jane caught the sergeant's eye. Her own twinkled.

"She heard strange noises, Sergeant. Ha, ha. We women! Poor, timid, fluttering creatures, aren't we, Sergeant?"

"Yes, ma'am. My wife's like that."

"My wife's like that," said the patrolman.

"All women are like that," said Jane. "It's something to do with the bone structure of our heads."

The sergeant said Maybe you're right, ma'am. The patrolman said Yes, she had a point there. His wife, said the patrolman, was a great believer in omens and portents and would you ever catch that woman walking under a ladder, no, ma'am. The sergeant said his wife always said Rabbits, rabbits, rabbits on the first day of the month, because she held the view that if you said Rabbits, rabbits, rabbits on the first day of the month, you got a present within the next two weeks. Silly, said the sergeant, but there it was.

"Listen," said Adela, who was showing signs of becoming overwrought.

"Just a moment, Adela," said Jane. "Sit down," she said to the cops, "and tell us all about your wives."

It was a tempting offer, but the sergeant had his duty to consider.

"Not just now, ma'am," he said. "I guess we'd best take a look at this projection room the lady wants us to take a look at."

"Waste of time," said Jane judicially.

"Yes," agreed Smedley, speaking with a feverish earnestness. "And you wouldn't like the projection room. Honestly."

"Besides, there's no hurry," said Jane. "Good heavens, the night's yet young. Take a couple of chairs and have a drink."

A passer-by at this point might have supposed that an ammunition dump had exploded in the near neighborhood. But it was only Adela, showing Stormy Emotion as of old. She raised her hands to heaven in a passionate gesture. "Take a couple of chairs! Have a drink! What *is* this? A college reunion?"

The sergeant shook his head. The bottles on the tray had not escaped his notice, for the police are trained to observe, and his eye had gleamed at the suggestion that he should investigate their contents. Jane, in his opinion, had nice ideas, and it would have been a pleasure to fall in with them. But apparently it was this other dame, whose face seemed oddly familiar for some reason, who was directing operations, and her views were less in keeping with the trend of modern thought.

"No, thank you, ma'am," he said virtuously. "Not while we're on duty." He glanced up at the ceiling, and there came into his face that keen look which policemen wear when constabulary duty is to be done. "Seems to me I do hear something up there," he said. "A kind of creaking noise."

"All very old houses creak at night," said Jane. "This one, I believe, dates back to the early Cecil de Mille period."

"Ask me," said the patrolman, "it's more like a sort of scratching sound."

Jane cocked an ear. "Ah, yes," she said. "I know what that is. That is my sister's poodle. He has a sensitive skin, and he is like the young lady of Natchez, who said, 'Where Ah itches, Ah scratches.' Are you fond of dogs, Sergeant?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've a dog at home—"

"What sort?"

"A Scotty, ma'am."

"No nicer breed. Very intelligent animals, Scotties."

"Intelligent? You said it. Say, listen," said the sergeant.

"Say, listen," said the patrolman, who wanted to speak of his Boston terrier, Buster.

"Say, listen," said Adela, who had been fermenting rather freely during these exchanges. "Listen, you Keystone Kops, are you or are you not going up to that projection room?"

"Sure, lady, sure," said the sergeant.

THEY started for the door, and Smedley uttered the soft little moan of despair of the man who feels that the doom has come upon him. Tripping over his feet, he fell against the sergeant, who fell against Adela, who asked him what he imagined he was playing at. Football? inquired Adela. Or Postman's Knock?

"Pardon, lady," said the sergeant courteously. "The gentleman bumped me." He paused, staring. "Say, aren't you Adela Shannon?"

"I am."

"Well, I'll be a son of a," said the sergeant. "I seen you in the old silents. You remember Adela Shannon?" he said to the patrolman.

"Adela Shannon—sure," said the patrol-

COLLIER'S **"Ted had the nerve to call me at the last minute; and believe me, if I'd had another date I'd have refused him"** KATE OSANN

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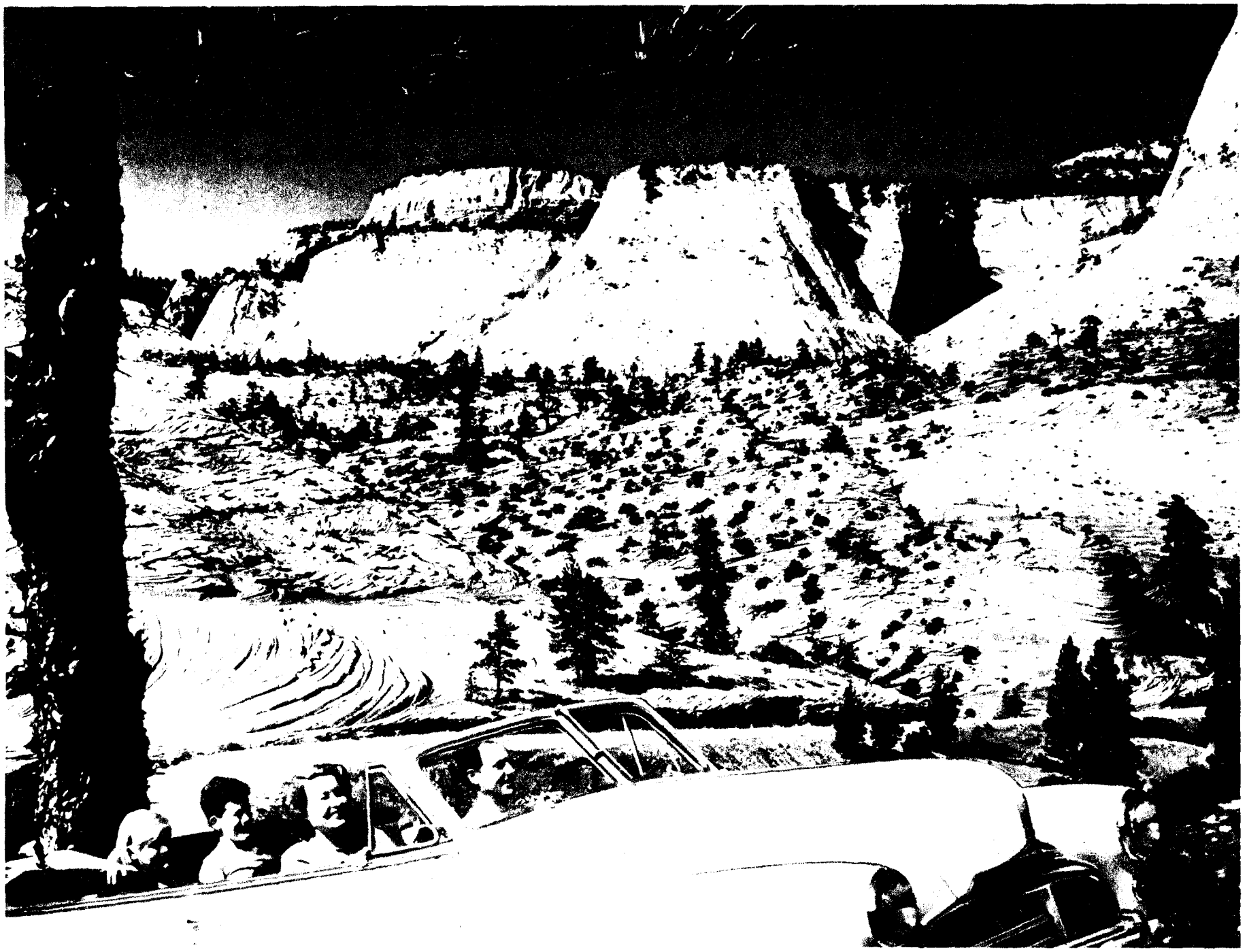

The Armstrongs see the country...

Like he always promised, Dad has bundled the family into the car to show them this great big country. There's lots to see—and they've seen lots. Historic places, mountains, deserts—new things—strange things—and wonderful! Seems like they're full up to here from looking.

Not everything is strange, though. Stores all the way across the country carry the products the Armstrongs know and recognize. And how do they recognize them? By brand name — the name the manufacturer gives a product so that people can tell it from any other.

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man. "She used to be the Empress of Stormy Emotion."

"She still is," said Jane. "So you're interested in pictures, are you, Sergeant?"

"Yes, ma'am. Are you in pix?"

"No longer. I had a job with Superba-Llewellyn, but they fired me."

"Too bad. Still, that's how it goes."

The patrolman laughed a bitter laugh. "Yes, that's how it goes—in Hollywood," he said. "Ha!"

Jane looked at him, interested. She turned to the sergeant. "He doesn't seem to like Hollywood."

"No, ma'am."

ADELA clenched her teeth. Her fists were already clenched. She spoke with the strained sweetness of a woman who is holding herself in with all the resolution at her disposal, knowing that if she relaxes for an instant she will spring into the air, howling like a banshee.

"Might I have your attention for a moment, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, and you, Mr. Zanuck," Adela said. "Do you intend during the next hour or so to get some action, or is this conference going on forever? Did you come here to arrest burglars or just to chat about motion pictures? I merely wish to know how matters stand," said Adela, all charm and consideration.

Jane rebuked her gently. "You're so impatient, Adela. We have the night before us. Why doesn't your friend like Hollywood?"

The sergeant's brow darkened. "He tried for a job at Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz last week, and they turned him down on account he wanted to do whimsical comedy and they said he wasn't right for whimsical comedy."

"Astounding. He looks all right for whimsical comedy to me," Jane said.

"Sure I'm all right for whimsical comedy," said the patrolman. "But it's all a closed ring. That's what it is, just a closed ring. If you're new talent, you haven't a chance."

"It's tough," said Jane.

"You're right, it's tough," said the sergeant. "Say, listen. When I tried to muscle in at Colossal-Superhuman, they had the nerve to say I lacked dramatic intensity."

"It's incredible."

A sigh like the wind blowing through the cracks in a broken heart escaped Adela. Her spirit was broken. "God give me strength!" she moaned. "I telephone for policemen, and they send me a couple of ham actors. I shall go to bed. Lord Topham! LORD TOPHAM!"

Lord Topham sat up, blinking. "Hullo? Is that Toots?"

Adela was silent for a moment. She seemed to be swallowing something. "No," she said at length, speaking with some difficulty. "It is not Toots. Lord Topham, you have been about as much use up to now as a pain in the neck. Would it be too much to ask you to accompany me to my bedroom?"

"Accompany you to your—"

"With burglars in every nook and cranny of the house, I don't propose to go up two flights of stairs alone."

Lord Topham seemed relieved. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," he said. "I thought for a moment— Ha, ha, silly of me. Absolutely. Yes, yes, yes, yes, of course. I see what you mean."

"Bring that bottle."

"Eh? Oh, the jolly old bottle? Quite, quite."

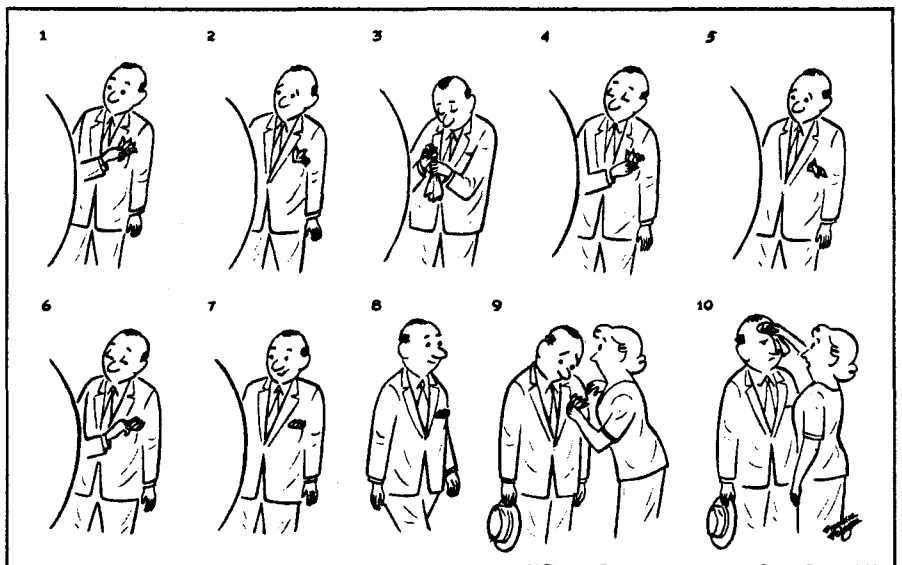
"And any time you get through talking about your dramatic intensity," said Adela, addressing the sergeant, "you will find the burglars in the projection room. I'll shout through the door and tell them to be sure to wait. Come, Lord Topham."

Lord Topham paused.

"Ladies first," he said gallantly.

"Ladies first, my left eyeball," said Adela. "Why, they may be lurking in the corridor."

Lord Topham went out, followed by Adela. The sergeant, who appeared to have been stung by her parting words, became active. "Come on, let's go," he said.



"Smudge on your forehead"

COLLIER'S — FRANKLIN FOLGER

"Oh, not yet," begged Smedley.

"Yes, sir. We have our duty to do."

"But I want to hear all about this gentleman's whimsical comedy," said Jane. "Do sit down and have a drink."

"Thank you, no, ma'am."

"Say when."

"When," said the sergeant.

"You?"

"Not for me, ma'am."

"Say when."

"When," said the patrolman.

"That's better," said Jane. "Now we're set— Now we're cozy. Why did Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz think you were not right for whimsical comedy?"

"Search me," said the patrolman, moodily. "What's Clark Gable got that I haven't got?"

"A mustache, ten million dollars and Lady Sylvia Ashley."

The sergeant saw that there had been a misunderstanding. "He is alluding to talent, ma'am."

"Oh, talent?"

"Yes, talent," said the patrolman. "I got talent. I know it. I feel it *here*," said the patrolman, slapping his chest.

"And you have talent, too?"

"Sure I got talent," said the sergeant. "And who says I lack dramatic intensity? Listen. 'Drop that gun, you rat! You know me. Tough Tom Hennessy, the cop that always gets his man. Ah, would you? Bang, bang!' That's where I shoot and plug him," explained the sergeant. "It's a little thing I threw together with a view to showing myself in a dramatic role. There's more of it, but that'll give you the idea."

"It's wonderful," said Jane. "A poignant and uplifting cameo of life as it is lived today, purifying the emotions with pity and terror."

The sergeant simpered modestly, one massive foot drawing circles on the carpet.

"Thanks, ma'am."

"Not at all."

"Care to look in at the station house someday, I'll show you my stills."

"I can hardly wait."

"Yes, ma'am, that's the sort of thing I can do. But they turn me down."

"That's Hollywood," said Jane. "Bright city of sorrows. Ah, Phipps."

The butler had come shimmering through the door. If he felt any surprise or alarm at observing policemen on the premises, he gave no sign of it. He was his usual dignified self.

"I came to see if there was anything more you required, madam."

"Not a thing, thank you," said Jane.

"Say, who's this?" said the sergeant.

"My sister's butler. Sergeant—?"

"Ward, ma'am. And Patrolman Morehouse."

"Thank you. Mr. Phipps. Sergeant Ward and Patrolman Morehouse."

"How do you do?" said Phipps.

"Pleased to meet you," said the sergeant.

"Hi!" said the patrolman, also indicating pleasure.

Jane showed a womanly concern for the butler's well-being. "You're up late, Phipps. Couldn't you sleep, either?"

"No, madam. I experienced an annoying wakefulness. Most unusual with me, madam."

"You should have tried counting sheep."

"I did, madam, but without avail. So finally I took the liberty of proceeding to the projection room and running off Forever Amber."

The sergeant uttered an exclamation. "What's that? Was it you in that projection room?"

"Yes, sir."

It was plain that the sergeant now saw it all. His trained mind had leaped to the significance of the butler's words. "Then there you are," the sergeant said. "There you have the whole mystery explained and the case cleaned up. The lady thought it was burglars."

"Mrs. Cork," explained Jane. "She had just left us. She heard noises and became alarmed."

"I am sorry, madam. I endeavored to be as silent as possible."

"I'm sure you did."

The sergeant wiped his lips, and rose. "Well, we'll be getting along. Good night, ma'am."

"Good night. Take care of that dramatic intensity."

"I will, ma'am."

"And good luck to your artistic efforts."

"Thank you, ma'am. But one kind of loses heart. The more you submit yourself to these casting offices, the more they give you the old run-around."

"That's Hollywood."

"That's Hollywood."

"You're right, that's Hollywood," said the patrolman. "That tinsel town where tragedy lies hid behind a thousand false smiles, and—"

"Ah, come on," said the sergeant.

AFTER Jane had closed the French window behind them, Smedley Cork breathed the first carefree breath that he had breathed since the dark doings of the night had begun.

"Jane," he said, "you're a marvel."

"Thank you, Smedley. As Phipps would say, I desire to give satisfaction."

"A marvel," repeated Smedley. He turned to Phipps. "Those cops were going up to the projection room, but she kept them talking and headed them off."

"Indeed, sir? The experience must have occasioned you a good deal of anxiety, madam."

"Yes, it was a close thing," said Jane. "Lucky they were interested in pictures."

Joe and Kay came in through the French window. "Joe's feeling better," said Kay.

"Good. And you look radiant."

"Can you wonder?" said Joe. "She's going to marry *me*."

"Ah, you fixed it up all right. I thought you would. Kay, an aunt's blessing."

"Thank you, Jane."

"In my opinion, nice work. You probably feel the same, Smedley?"

Smedley executed a brief dance step. It might have signified joy, but more probably was due to irritation. Smedley lacked Patrolman Morehouse's skill in registering.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, "but I haven't time to bother about that now. You got it, Phipps?"

"Sir?"

"The diary."

"Oh, yes, sir", Phipps admitted. "Without any difficulty."

"Good work, Phipps," said Joe.

"Thank you, sir."

"Splendid, Phipps," said Kay.

"Thank you, miss."

"Gimme," said Smedley.

A look of respectful regret came into the butler's face. "I am sorry, sir, but what you suggest is not feasible, sir."

Smedley stared. "What do you mean? You said you had got it."

"Yes, sir. And I propose to keep it."

"What?"

"Yes, sir. Would there be anything further, sir? Thank you, sir. Good night."

He shimmered out, leaving a stunned silence behind him.

"My gosh!" said Jane, the first to break it. "Hijacked again!" She paused, wrestling with her feelings. "Go on, Smedley," she said at length. "*You* say it. I'm a lady."

(To be concluded next week)

They told me who Blackie Clegg was—a mysterious figure, a boss racketeer, a murderer. They told me to get him, and I went after him. I knew where he was, but I couldn't find him. I knew what he looked like, but I couldn't see him. I went down to the docks, and I took a phony name, and I waited for him, and I watched for him, and I pursued him cautiously and hopefully and fearfully —because I had to find him before he found me. He was a killer, and I was the one man in all of New York who had seen him kill. I was the one man he had to fear—and what he feared, he destroyed. I had to kill him—or he'd kill me.

WATERFRONT

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

Beginning in next week's Collier's

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I CAN SCREAM, CAN'T I?

By [illegible]

I HAVE just been taken over the hurdles by a blue-eyed blonde. This hoyden, representing herself as my daughter, is barely twelve although she has the mind of a fourteen-year-old woman.

The incident that caused me to strike my colors and run for port revolved around her allowance. It seems to be a peculiar American institution that minors are allowed a cut of the family boodle. It is not enough to straighten their teeth and spoon them full of vitamins; they must have raw money to jingle in their blue jeans. Yet.

By now I should be familiar with the approach Molly uses. It is an old one my wife cut down and gave her for her birthday. As I look back I distinctly remember the two of them running around with pins in their mouths, and giggling over cocoa in the kitchen. However, at the time, I was woolgathering and the whole business went over my head.

PERRY BARLOW

"I could buy my own pearls if I knew of some way to make money"

At first there seemed to be little logic in her opening gambit, a deceptive bit of conversation designed to throw me off guard.

"Barbara, the girl who sits in back of me's pearls broke in school today. It was a scream. They rolled all over the room."

"I thought the school frowned on an excess of costume jewelry."

"This isn't costume jewelry. They're real imitation pearls. Of course," she added thoughtfully, "that could never happen to me."

"Why?" I asked. "Are you aloof from misadventure?"

"I don't have any pearls. Every girl in my room has a string of pearls but me."

"You forget the other things you have," I said. "Youth, an autographed picture of Esther Williams, the largest collection of comic books in the block."

"You have to have money," she said.

"That's because stuff costs. I could buy my own pearls if I knew some way to make money."

"What about your allowance?" I asked. "I seem to remember a tab in the cooky jar every Saturday for one fifty."

"Yes, but one fifty only gets me to Wednesday afternoon. I mean real money—something that will get me back to Saturday."

There was a short silence while I contemplated our first-born standing around in the middle of the week, her purse filled only with memories. It was mildly pitiful.

"Tell you what," I said, "if you could coast a little over the week end I'll raise you fifty cents. That should get you to Thursday, and you can spend Friday in sackcloth and ashes."

There was another moment of silence. "I don't think you can afford it," she said finally. "I'd better try to get along somehow."

"Wait a minute," I said with slight annoyance. "What makes you think I can't afford an extra fifty cents a week?"

"Something you said to Mother when she mentioned new drapes. Something like new drapes over your dead body."

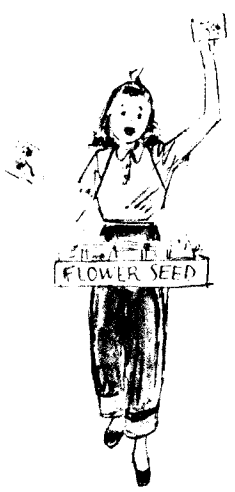
"Your mother was having a whim. She sometimes has fourteen a day."

"This isn't a whim. Mother says if she doesn't get new drapes she's going to go live in a cave. I couldn't take an extra dollar when mother is suffering for drapes."

"Extra dollar? I said fifty cents."

This time the silence was ominous. "Then there's only one thing to do," she said softly. "I'll have to sell flower seeds."

"No," I croaked. "Anything but that. I still have the twenty-four boxes of Christmas cards that you unloaded on me last year."



I put my foot down on seeds

"For three hundred packages," she continued, "the company gives you a six-foot American flag that glows in the dark. Maybe I could sell the flag to the government."

"It won't work," I said desperately. "The government is loaded with all kinds of flags."

"I might even make enough to help Mother buy the drapes," she added, gliding silently through the door.

Altogether my reflexes are not so elastic as they were; neither am I so nimble. It took ten minutes of trailing schoolbooks and peanut-butter sandwiches around the premises before I located her in the kitchen.

"You win," I said briefly.

"New drapes for Mother, too, Daddy?" she asked, watching me narrowly.

"New drapes, too."

"Thanks," she said with surprising calm. "And, Daddy, would you reach that box on the top shelf? I think Mother and I will have a nice hot cup of cocoa."

THE END

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Birds in Flight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

creature named Eric Storm. I'm not exactly a barefoot girl myself; I know a hawk from a handsaw. But I knew how to temper my manner to the prevailing winds. Eric didn't. Maybe he knew his way around but he'd never contended with two elderly female Hammonds. I could hardly wait.

That week I did all the housework. My sacred aunt and my grandmother pieced all day long. They started getting up earlier and earlier and staying up later and later, to beat each other's time. Needless to say, I was taking a personal interest. What girl wouldn't? Maybe I'm an old-fashioned lass at heart, after all, but it seemed to me unthinkable that I should start out on a married life without any heirlooms. Even if Eric and I *were* looking forward to a helter-skelter sort of life, those two quilts would be a link with the past, to tie my life together, to make any hotel room or mining-camp shack a bit of home.

A Birds in Flight is tiny triangles, alternating dark and light. The smaller the pieces, the finer the quilt, and a two-thousand-piecer is really a work of art. A Double Wedding Ring is overlapping circles appliquéd on muslin. This is trickier to sew, but takes fewer pieces. However, the color patterns must repeat.

Here we hit our snag.

GRAM'S piece bag was the larger; Aunt Sophia's was the choicer. Gram took anything in the way of cotton goods which came her way; all contributions were gratefully received. My great-aunt was persnickety. Her bag held real treasures—old calicoes, tiny patterned ginghams.

Gram and her sister had quarreled all their lives. When Gramp Wytte was alive he roared at them, but nothing could stop them. All the Hammonds were contentious. Each of the sisters was the spice in the other's life. They were a closed corporation against the rest of the world, but their quarrels were part of the saga of East Jericho. In a household of such quarrelsome sisters and ardent quilt-piecers, each one's bag was a holy object. A piece bag was no more to be touched, without permission, than the gold at Fort Knox. . . .

One afternoon we were all out there under the apple tree. The Reverend Arthur Giles had come to call. Now, the Reverend Giles is young—young and red-faced and nice. And innocent. He was new to East Jericho, and he had not yet learned that one of his pastoral duties is the arbitration of arguments between his parishioners. There we were, enjoying a social hour under the apple tree. Then Aunt Sophia said in her dry, precise voice, apropos of nothing and out of a clear sky, "Margaret, I think your grandmother needs a little refreshing."

"Does she?" I said, thinking she meant a tall glass of lemonade with a sprig of mint, and I got up to get it.

Aunt Sophia, a tall ramrod encased in second-best black taffeta, her white head high and arrogant, her spidery fingers flying with the darting needle, did not look up. "Yes," she said slowly. "The Reverend could refresh her. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox nor his ass.' "

I looked at Aunt Sophia, astonished. "Gram doesn't covet Mr. Stolski's oxen or asses. Besides, he has only cows and pigs—"

Gram's sweet round face turned pink. "Thank you, dear."

"Your grandmother knows what I mean," Aunt Sophia said. " 'Thou shalt not steal.' "

"Miss Hammond!" the Reverend Giles cried, shocked.

"Margaret, look in your grandmother's piece bag," Aunt Sophia went on, implacably. "That orange calico is mine. I've been saving it. Unless she returns to me the piece she has not cut, your Double Wedding Ring is ruined. I don't begrudge her a few snips—"

"You begrudge me nothing!" Gram fired up and she shook so I was frightened. The doctor says her heart is as strong as a horse's, but you can't be sure when a grandmother is eighty. In her pudgy hand she was waving a square of orange-yellow material, with designs of black vines crawling over it. "Sophia Hammond, don't you sit there and call me a common thief!"

"Ladies, ladies!" the Reverend Giles sputtered.

"Now, now, now, now," I said. "That's strong language!"

The reverend took the piece from Gram's shaking fingers. "It's just a piece of cloth," he said. "I've seen cloth like it before. It can't be too rare or valuable—"

But Gram was paying him no mind. Her stout little body twitched with indignation. "My own sister accused me of being a common thief!"

"I did not, Margaret! I said she helped herself! Here, let me show you." She took the piece from the Reverend Giles, and laid it next to a sample from her own bag. Sure enough, the edges matched.

COLLIER'S **"Hold it, fellows! I can stay out a little later, after all"** VIRGIL PARTCH

"I did not cut that cloth!" Gram shouted.

"That's enough!" I said sharply. "What kind of church women are you, quarreling like Kilkenny cats?" Silence. "What is the Reverend Giles thinking?" Silence. "We were going to have such a happy summer." Silence. "I'm going away in four weeks, for a long, long time." Silence. The only sound was the snipping of scissors. "Would anyone like a tall glass of lemonade?" I said. Silence. "With a hooker of rum in it?"

The reverend rewarded me with a nice grin, but Gram only sewed faster, and a baleful glare from Aunt Sophia was her only response.

The reverend patted me on the back when he left. "They'll get over it, don't worry. It's funny," he said. "I know I've seen that material before. I get around quite a lot among the quilt-making set, these days. Perhaps I can get another piece. Miss Francie Todd is a great one to sew—perhaps she can help us out."

THE silence continued, that day and the next. I acted as go-between when information had to be imparted. Wednesday and Thursday went by, and on Friday, Eric was to arrive. I backed my car out of the barn. Then I walked across the lawn to Gram and Aunt Sophia. "Look, kids," I said, "a joke is a joke, but my affianced is coming, and he's just a babe in the woods; he knows nothing about New England females. Let's have a truce. How can we make plans for the wedding if you act this way?"

"I'll speak if she'll speak," Gram said, tossing her silvery head.

"I'll speak if she will," said Aunt Sophia.

"Somebody's got to speak first," I said. I stood watching them, and I thought thoughts about rock-bound Yankees. Finally I retreated. . . .

The train was on time and Eric leaped off and grabbed me, and I had time to think: He's true, he's real, and oh, we're going to have a good life together! I drove slowly home over the long hills. He was smiling that satisfied smile which means I find favor in his eyes too, and he said, "Your old ladies have done you good. You're positively buxom."

"Think nothing of it if my zippers bulge," I said. Now I had to prepare him. "Look, darling, they're so happy you're coming, and you'll love them. But if there's a tension, please understand it has nothing to do with you. One of them either did or didn't swipe pieces from the other's piece bag, so they're not speaking."

He said, "That so?" but he wasn't listening. He was watching me, and I was too happy having him there beside me to spend the precious moments together explaining contrarious relatives.

They were still sitting there when we reached the house. We drove up the lane, and they both rose and rushed prettily to meet Eric with little birdlike cries of greeting. Grandmother, after letting him kiss her papery cool cheek, patted his tall shoulder and said to me, "Margaret, will you ask your great-aunt if the guest room is ready so that Eric may rest after his journey?" and Sophia said, "Tell your grandmother of course it is. All of us aren't forgetful of the social amenities." Eric blinked and said, "But I'm not tired." There was no argument; if Eric had endured the hardships of a two-hour journey on the train, of course he was tired. They bundled him upstairs to stretch out his long legs on the guest-room coverlet.

I started supper. Aunt Sophia went down cellar to fetch pickles, and that left Gram and me alone. Gram took the occasion to seize me tight. I hugged her tiny, roly-poly body to me. "Margaret, he's lovely. He puts me in mind of your grandfather." She slipped out of my arms, because Aunt Sophia had appeared in the door.

Gram had seen the pickles in Aunt Sophia's hand—bread-and-butter pickles, Aunt Sophia's specialty. Gram sniffed. She disappeared down the cellar stairs and that left Aunt Sophia and me alone. Words of praise did not come easy from Aunt Sophia's lips. She said, "He doesn't look like a drinkin' man."

"He's not a drinkin' man."

"Well," she said, "handsome is as handsome does, but I'd say he's almost good enough for my niece." And that was the nicest thing she had ever said to me, and I put my arms around her, black taffeta and all. She didn't bend—it was impossible for Aunt Sophia to bend that tall, spare frame of hers—but she kissed me warmly.

So I thought maybe the presence of a man had softened them up. No such thing.

ERIC descended from his enforced nap, looking elegant in his country clothes, and we sat down to table feeling really festive. The ladies had pink spots in their cheeks. All went well until Sophia said, "Pass the pickles, Margaret, to your fiancé." That reminded Gram. "Eric, help yourself to my watermelon preserves," she said.

"I don't imagine you care for sweet preserves, Eric," Aunt Sophia said. "Here, take some more bread-and-butter pickles."

"These are delicious," Eric said.

"Then take a lot," Aunt Sophia commanded, and before he could stop her she had filled his plate.

Gram looked at the state of his plate and said, "Oh, bless us, Eric, those are bitter as gall. Do you want to get sour stomach? Here." She shoveled off half the watermelon preserves from the cut-glass dish.

I pinched his leg, meaning, "Bless you, darling, you've got what it takes." Because poor Eric—he ate his way manfully through the preserves and didn't even pucker. My relatives alternated between beaming at him and glaring at each other. . . .

We sat in the parlor that night. Out came the quilts. A square of each was draped over Eric's knees. He was trapped. They were getting up their courage to ask him which he liked best; they hovered over him. I leaped into the breach. "Oh no you don't," I cried. "Don't ask him!"

Aunt Sophia snapped her mouth shut and turned innocent bland eyes on me. "Ask him what, Margaret? I just wanted to ask him how he votes."

"Oh," I said.

"I guess I have a right to know how my niece's husband votes. Well, Eric? I think you ought to know this family's been solid Republican since Lincoln, but don't let that influence you any."

I sank back in the velours rocker. Now the fat was in the fire for sure, and Eric's goose was cooked. He said slowly, "I usually vote Democratic"

"Hah!" Aunt Sophia said, her eyes popping.

Gram lifted those demure, dove's eyes of hers. "Well, now, that's real interesting, Eric," she said softly, "because the last time he ran for President I voted for that nice Mr. Roosevelt myself."

I shut my eyes and hung onto my chair. If gentle Gram had announced she had voted for Beelzebub himself her statement could have been no more devastating. Aunt Sophia's quilt slid from her fingers, and she said in tones weighted with horror, "You tell your grandmother, Margaret, she's a liar; she wouldn't, she couldn't, she—she—"

I said, "Eric, let's go for a walk; there's a nice moon," and he said, "Let's," and we stood not on the order of our going but went.

He caught me to him and held me close. He was laughing. We walked slowly through patches of moonlight and shadow. He said, "They're just as nice as you said they were, but will you tell me how we're going to be married in that house? What happens to those plans of yours for a happy wedding? If the minister says, 'Who gives

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this woman,' one of them will say, 'We do,' and the other'll say, 'Oh no we don't!' "

"They've had fights before," I said, "but they never yelled liar and thief. I'll talk to the reverend about it. It's those quilts. They're working so hard to finish them they're frazzled bunches of nerves. Ordinarily, by now Sophia would have taken back what she said, and Gram would have handed over that piece of calico. They really love each other—"

He said, "In the suitcase kind of life we're going to lead, Maggie, just how do you think we're going to tote around those massive works of art?"

"I don't know," I said. "But love me, love my patchwork quilts. Where I go, they go also." . . .

Well, the week end worked itself out all right and Eric and I had a wonderful time, cooking in the kitchen while the old ladies patched, and going for walks. I told him I'd straighten out the tangled mess somehow, and he went back to the city on the late Sunday train.

Time was catching up with us. Even the simple wedding I wanted wasn't a thing that just happened. I began to suggest plans. We made a list of guests—just the neighbors, people we'd known all our lives.

Gram said, "And what'll we have for the collation?"

"Let's let the Jericho Inn cater," I said. "That'll save you the trouble."

"There'll be no boughten food served at your wedding," she said firmly, and Aunt Sophia must have agreed that the suggestion was unthinkable, for she didn't contradict. Gram said, "Maybe you can get your aunt to make her dark fruitcake. It's soggy, but folks that have strong stomachs like it. And I'll make my angel and with the yolks I'll make a golden."

Aunt Sophia said, "Nobody yet has complained my fruitcake lay heavy on their stomachs, but your grandmother's angel cake's been known to fall—don't let her tell you it hasn't."

SO BY this method of statement and contradiction we determined what we would serve for refreshments, what all three of us would wear, and where Eric and I and the minister would stand.

All my life, whenever I'd thought of getting married, I'd pictured the wedding in Gram's little house. Now I refused to be thwarted by two irascible, loving and well-loved rugged individualists. I said, "Of course, when the Big Day arrives you'll drop this quarreling, because happy the bride the sun shines on." Gram said, "I'll be happy to speak when she speaks," and Aunt Sophia said, "My worst enemy couldn't accuse me of being stubborn, but she started it by stealing that calico. Heaven only knows what people will say of my slipshod work when they see the circles aren't locked with matching color." Gram said, "Hah! If she wants that old calico, it's mine, but she's welcome to it because I won't have it run and spoil your Birds in Flight the first time you wash it, Margaret."

Eric came, the next week end. The battle was still going on. He said, "Even if they finish the quilts, I can't see how we can take them with us. Can't you persuade them to stop this production race?"

I said, "It would be easier to stop the sun on its appointed rounds. And don't bother to try. Because everywhere that Maggie goes those quilts are going too."

The neighbors were invited, the gifts were flowing in. The minister was briefed. Aunt Sophia's delectable fruitcake was ripening in the pantry and Mr. Stolski was saving eggs for Gram's angel. The two ladies sewed frantically from dawn to dark.

The last week end before the nuptials arrived, Eric still thought we were funny, me and my relatives, but he'd grown to love them and he was honestly worried. When I brought him home from the station, they lifted their silvery heads for his kiss but did not take their eyes from their sewing. Gram's hands shook so much that I was worried about her heart. And if Aunt Sophia didn't get over her mad soon, sure as Satan she would have one of her liver attacks.

Eric said sternly, "You two are going to bury the hatchet. A week from today, I'm going to take your Margaret away, and none of us know when you'll see her again. We can't leave you in this condition." Silence. We stood and watched them. He drew me away. "How about it," he said. "Isn't this a problem for the clergy?"

"You go telephone him," I said. "Ask him for supper. They'll have to listen to him. Tell him to bear down heavy on that angle about how can they expect to get into the kingdom of heaven if they don't love each other."

While he was gone I set about getting supper. That developed into another of those pickle races, for now they had two men to ply with pickles. Did I say they were pushing eighty? The way they flew up and down those cellar stairs, they acted a lot younger than I felt.

THE Reverend Giles, immaculate in his turn-around collar, was very sober but he had a glint in his eye. He drew me aside. "I've been sleuthing," he said. "I knew I'd seen that piece of cloth before. I went to call on Miss Francie Todd this afternoon and—" Just then my relatives grabbed him, one on each side.

We got through supper nicely, and Eric and I congratulated ourselves, for clearly, in the minister's presence, no more charges of "liar" and "thief" were going to be exchanged. Eric said blandly, "Isn't it good to sit down together one happy family?" Great-Aunt Sophia and Gram smiled sweetly. They did not speak. The Reverend Giles was a smart chap; those saccharine smiles didn't fool him one bit. He and the ladies moved into the parlor, and Eric and I started to do the dishes.

They both seized their quilts before they sat down. The quilts, colorful as Joseph's coat, billowed over the parlor. The week before, the patching had finished in a dead heat. Gram got hers on the frames first, and the Ladies' Aid came and tied it. The next day they returned to tie the Double Wedding Ring. I fed those ladies both days, dashing all day long between quilting room and kitchen, filling teapots and plates of cake. Now Gram and Aunt Sophia were frantically hemming, for it was a long, long way around those sides.

The reverend cleared his throat and said, "H'mmm. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." They smiled respectfully. He said h'mmm again. "Margaret will have two beautiful quilts to remember you by. Will she remember that you spoiled her wedding because neither of you would swallow her pride and speak kindly to the other?"

Gram raised her pretty head and fluttered her eyes and said, "You don't understand, Mr. Giles. My own sister called me a thief." Aunt Sophia raised her severe head and glared at him and said, "You certainly don't understand, Reverend. She *is* one."

"Let me look at the bone of contention again," the reverend commanded.

"I used *mine* all up," Aunt Sophia snapped. "If I'd had the piece my sister took, my niece's quilt wouldn't be the higgledy-piggledy piece of work it is!"

Gram burrowed in her bag. "Here's what she raised all the hurrah about," Gram said. "It's cheap, shoddy goods. I wouldn't spoil my granddaughter's gift by using it."

"Stop!" the reverend cried dramatically. "Will you two be quiet!"

He waved a piece of yellow cloth aloft. Gram gawped, her rosebud mouth open. Aunt Sophia stared. You could have heard a pin drop and Eric caught my arm so I wouldn't rattle dishes. "I called on Miss Francie Todd this afternoon," he said slowly. "Miss Todd is constructing a Log Cabin. Her eyes are poorly and she asked me to help her match some yellows for the chimneys. I asked her how she happened to come by one particular piece of cloth. She said it was given to her by her sainted mother. Her mother, she said, had received it from a girlhood friend before that friend died. Mrs. Mathilda Hammond."

"Oh, my stars!" Gram clapped her hand over her mouth. "Oh, my stars—now I remember. Mama had a length of this. She was so choice of it she wouldn't use it. She divided it and cut it up for old Mrs. Todd and—and my sister and me. Oh, my stars, I said it was shoddy goods, and it belonged to Mama!"

"So my sister didn't steal it," Aunt Sophia said. Her voice was so low Eric and I in the kitchen hung breathless on every word.

"There!" The Reverend Giles put his arm about each, and tried to draw them together, to kiss. And there he made his mistake, because they couldn't be rushed or forced. Each pulled away like a balky mule. Sophia said, "If my sister wasn't stubborn as a pig on ice this could have been prevented."

"Same to her, same to her!" Gram shrilled. "Who's stubborn as a pig on ice? Who called me a thief?"

"Look, ladies, look!" But he had lost his golden opportunity. The lips of those two were locked so tight, not even the trump of doom would open them. He said uncertainly, "The cause of your anger is gone. Will you speak now? I appeal to you as good upstanding women of the church." No answer.

I started to fumble for my handkerchief. Any hope I had for a peaceful wedding day was going down the drain now, for good.

Then the reverend got mad. He picked up his hat. He said in thunderous tones, "There will be no wedding!"

Eric caught the drift immediately. He charged into the parlor. "We'll save all this fuss," he said briskly. "No wedding, no collation, nothing. Margaret and I will go to town and the city clerk will marry us, and nobody will be there bawling like fishwives."

"It wouldn't be legal!" Gram gasped.

"It would be quite legal," the reverend said, "and much the best way. I approve heartily. Good evening, ladies. Thank you for the supper. I hope your consciences allow you to rest easy this night, for you have denied your Margaret the last possibility of a happy wedding."

"Stop, stop!" Gram tried to speak, but Sophia found the words first. "Stop, Reverend! I won't have it on my conscience."

Gram found her voice then, all right. "You won't have it on *your* conscience, Sophia? She's my own granddaughter, I guess my conscience is just as lively as yours. You and your conscience!"

Gram's voice was high, but Aunt Sophia's rose two tones higher. "You and your conscience, Selina! Remember that time when you were five years old and we fell in the brook? You know I didn't push you, but that didn't stop you from telling Mama that I did."

Well, we got married. And they spoke.

WHEN it was over, and we were on the train, and the Jericho hills, blue and serene, slid away into the distance, Eric and I looked out the window at those two on the platform. They stood there waving good-by to me and the tears ran down their faces. But they were still jawing at each other because, after all the furor, Gram's angel cake did fall, just a wee bit. And one of the guests broke a tooth on a nutshell in Great-Aunt Sophia's fruitcake. Eric turned to me. He was holding my hand tight, so I wouldn't cry, remembering those two dear faces, the stern one and the sweet chubby one, watching me go. He said, "Maggie, the Reverend Giles is a nice gent. Did you hear his parting shot? He was quoting Scripture, I guess, and it sounded like this: 'Fear not, for your comforter cometh!' "

But I had more immediate worries. There was that enormous billowing parcel, tied with rope, in the rack over our heads. Wherever we went, those quilts were going with us. One way or another, we'd cram them into the trunk—even if Eric had to leave out his overcoat and three or four suits to make room for them. We Yankee women are a determined lot—as I may have said before. THE END

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Big Eaters Take Route 22

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Never a man to rush into things, Lesher thought it over carefully and finally allowed that he could. That was the beginning. The two men returned the following Sunday, bringing friends, who in turn brought or told other friends. The next thing the Leshers knew they were serving 40 and 50 people on Sunday afternoons.

Today the restaurant is celebrating its 35th year of continuous operation. From time to time Lesher has leased it to other people who kept it going while he attended to his store and other outside matters—he served as a county commissioner for 12 years—but he always has gone back into it. He finally went back permanently around 1927.

Lesher is a short, stout man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a shock of steel-gray hair. He was born sixty-seven years ago in nearby Upper Tolpenhocken Township, the son of a farmer-butcher, and he often likes to say that for the first 20-odd years of his life he knew nothing but work. There are determined lines around his mouth, and he looks as though he would make up his mind deliberately and change it reluctantly, but his customary expression is a hearty, pleasant one, and he welcomes friends and strangers alike with the same calm good nature, the air of a well-fed man at peace with the universe.

His restaurant is as unostentatious as the man himself. It is a rectangular frame and stucco building of three stories set right on the highway, the roof of its porch supported by metal posts still rigged with hitching rings. The main entrance is through a small taproom. A shelf behind the poplar-wood bar displays a small selection of liquors, but it also holds an abundance of candy, nuts, chewing gum, cigars and chewing tobacco, road maps, and a picture of George Washington. Lesher doesn't do much bar business: "I keep schnapps because a few ask for it," he says.

Never Old Enough to Retire

A few old gentlemen of the surrounding countryside, mostly retired farmers, like to sit quietly in the barroom, playing euchre, smoking their pipes and nodding affably to everyone who enters. They wear checkered shirts, levis or work pants and high-topped boots, and despite their age they appear rugged enough to go out and do a day's work with a plow and a team on a moment's notice. "Retirement doesn't go down with these people around here," Lesher says. One man, Mahlon Focht, seventy-seven, retired from farming 16 years ago but he turns up at Lesher's place every Sunday and acts as "headwaiter." His wife comes along to help serve. "They're well off," Lesher says, "but they wouldn't think of not working."

When the traveler first enters the hotel, he goes to the bar and registers with Walter Luckenbill, the bartender and cashier, a man of tremendous girth whose wife is head cook. The customer is assigned a number and goes into a room at the left of the bar, furnished with a long bench and a row of chairs, to wait until his turn arrives.

One Sunday last spring, the occupants of the waiting room included two New York men who looked like stockbrokers and a fashionably dressed woman, an elderly couple from Delaware, three girls of college age in Easter bonnets and bright-colored dresses, a motherly-looking woman who said she was from Providence, Rhode Island, and her two tall sons, dressed in lumberjackets and work pants, a steel company executive from Pittsburgh and his male secretary, and two young family groups, one with three children and the other with four. At first these people sat about self-consciously, as strangers in lobbies do, conversing softly within their own groups, not mixing.

An hour later, in the dining room, it was as though some Pennsylvania Dutch wood sprite had been at work on the group with a friendship philter. One of the brokers had his coat off, displaying brilliant red and yellow galluses. His wife, the lady of fashion, was animatedly discussing child behavior with one of the young mothers. The steel executive was telling a joke to the old man from Delaware, and the two young men in lumberjackets were kidding the college girls. Everybody, between bites, was busy passing plates and asking if anybody wanted anything, and everybody was eating with inordinate gusto.

This sort of thing goes on all the time, since the atmosphere of the place is highly conducive to fellowship and the food is a wonderfully effective catalyst. The dining room seats about 125 people, on hardwood, round-backed chairs, at long tables Lesher himself made some years ago (anywhere from 8 to 20 sit at one table). The wallpaper is a red and green clover print; the woodwork is bright green; there are two gilt mirrors and a few reproductions of oil paintings of farm scenes.

From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places

In a word, the place looks like (and indeed is) a simple farm dwelling. Lesher and his wife sleep upstairs in an adjoining building. Mrs. Lesher, a placid, gray-haired grandmother, can be seen at a table outside the kitchen door every day, crocheting a bedspread or tablecloth, smiling benevolently at the patrons.

The waitresses are attractive, happy-looking housewives and high-school girls from the neighborhood. There are usually from four to eight of them watching over the tables. As quickly as a dish is empty they whisk it to the kitchen and refill it; they all seem determined that no one shall leave until he has done his full share toward depleting the contents of the plates. When business is at a peak on Sunday, Lesher and his son-in-law, Charles Anthony, take a hand in setting tables, clearing them and carrying in hot dishes.

A Visit to the Kitchen

The main kitchen is no bigger than that of the average Berks County farmhouse. About 12 feet by 18, it is adjoined by a small dishwashing alcove and supplemented by a tiny separate building where some of the roasting and baking is done. The kitchen staff consists of strong, red-faced, uniformly cheerful farm women, wearing bright print dresses and heavy aprons.

Mrs. Lesher, who formerly did all the cooking, had to stop about a dozen years ago because of failing health. She was replaced by Mrs. Florence Luckenbill, who had never cooked commercially before. "I run this kitchen just like I used to run the one on the farm," she says.

Mrs. Luckenbill and her assistants—three or four women help her on week ends, but on weekdays she operates pretty much on her own—learned to cook from their mothers, who in turn learned from *their* mothers. They've been doing it so long that it has become almost instinctive. When asked for recipes, they're hard pressed to deliver details.

One day, watching a cook take a tremendous platter of roast chicken out of an oven, a visitor said, "What's your secret for roasting chicken, anyhow?"

"Vy," said the lady, "there's *not* such a secret—ve chust roast it, *so*."

Mrs. Luckenbill confided that her method of roasting fowl is no different from that of any other housewife—she follows the same general rules laid down in most plain American cookbooks—but she suspects that the distinctive taste a bird acquires in her kitchen may come from a mashed-potato stuffing she uses. Her recipe goes this way:

Boil enough potatoes so that when they're mashed they'll fill two cups. Chop a medium-sized onion and simmer it in lard until soft, but not brown. Take a cup of bread crumbs, preferably stale ones, one egg, parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all ingredients together, mashing the potatoes with enough milk and butter to moisten the mixture—but don't let it get too moist. Add a pinch of sage. This makes about three and a half cups, or enough stuffing for a four- or five-pound chicken; it makes a nice change from the traditional bread, chestnut or oyster stuffing.

Potatoes figure prominently in many of the Shartlesville Hotel dishes for obvious reasons: a farm housewife has to provide nutritious, inexpensive dishes that will satisfy her ravenous menfolk. This is why chicken potpie, which is not a pie at all, but a kind of stew, has always occupied an important position on the menu.

Mrs. Luckenbill first makes a dough from three cups of flour, three eggs, half a teaspoon of baking powder and a pinch of salt. She mixes this together, wets it with milk until it has gone just beyond the sticky stage, rolls it and then cuts it into two-inch strips, sprinkling it with flour as she works. Next, she puts the dough in a pot, in layers with pieces of boned cooked chicken and slices of raw potatoes, and onions and celery, and adds water about halfway to the top of the ingredients. She seasons it with parsley and pepper and salt. The amount of dough in her recipe is enough for five or six people. The stew simmers until the dough is soft, and as long thereafter as the hostess wishes.

Another favorite potato dish, one that is excellent for utilizing leftovers, can be made in a casserole in any proportions desired, Mrs. Luckenbill says. She takes a layer of ground meat (any kind of meat, even sausage), a layer of mashed potatoes, a layer of tomato sauce and one of bread crumbs, adds pepper and salt, puts a beaten egg on top, and bakes this until its top is brown. The layers can be repeated if the casserole is deep, and can be supplemented by layers of fresh or canned vegetables.

The abundant menu at the hotel invariably tempts guests to overeat. Many a New York-to-Pittsburgh motor trip has temporarily bogged down at Shartlesville to allow the tourists to enjoy a nap after a full meal. Heavy, hearty eating has always been so common in the hotel that Lesher has to scratch his head to recall trenchermen who impressed him particularly. One day not long ago, he was sitting in the taproom with his friend, Doc George W. Fehr, a retired vendor of dandelion tonic who now lives in one of the hotel's eight rooms.

Doc Fehr is in his seventies and he has known Lesher a long time, and he was trying to help remember some exceptionally big meals.

"There was one lady," Doc Fehr recalled, "I heard say to her husband, 'You've paid the price of the dinner, now *eat*. After this, I'm not going to cook for a week.' I remember he ate so much he could hardly move."

Lesher nodded. "Yes, and there was that party that stayed at the table for four hours, eating all the time."

"It was a rainy day," Doc Fehr said. "I remember that. And how about the man that ate the 12 chicken drumsticks?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lesher. "You know, Doc, I like to see them eat. I like them to sit and *fress* until it's *all*," he added, using two expressions peculiar to the locality.

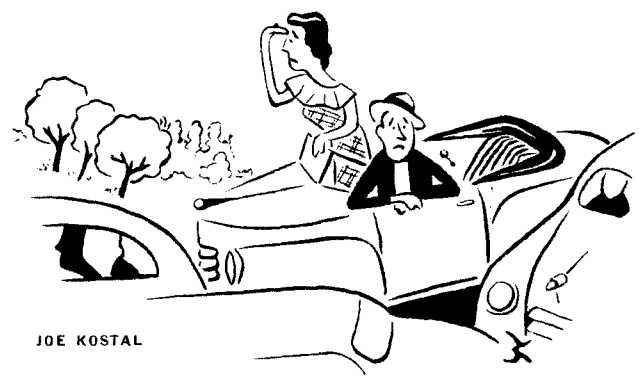
Unperturbed by Competitors

Lesher means what he says. He has no time for restaurants that serve mere eight-course meals and try to keep their patrons moving. Two restaurants that are frank imitations of his have sprung up in the past few years in the Berks County section, but he doesn't mind; he wishes all eating places were like his. The only guests he doesn't welcome wholeheartedly are those occasional ones who feel that the bounteous spread, and his urging to eat more, entitle them to make sandwiches of the chicken and meat and carry them off on the road. But when he sees a guest doing this, he doesn't make an issue of it.

Lesher has a photographic memory for faces, and the next time the guest shows up, he sees to it that the waitresses are a little less eager to keep the chicken plates filled.

Some years ago, a lady of the neighborhood used to tell friends that she supplied herself with enough chicken to last a week just by eating at Lesher's on Sunday. Word of this got to Lesher, who watched the lady constantly, but never was able to figure out how she was getting away with it. Finally she died, and he then learned that she had had a skirt lined with oilcloth and equipped with pockets. Strangely enough, he accepted her thievery as a mute compliment. "If a body went to all that trouble to take the food, it must've been pretty good," he said.

THE END



JOE KOSTAL

Driving Urge

When the city's as hot as the kiln of a potter
And its thousands of people just make it seem hotter,
It occurs to us, as we all sit around damply,
That a ride in the country would cool us off amply.
So it's into the car and then out on the highways
In search of the little-known shady green byways—
Where we meet all the thousands (already referred
to)
It's also occurred to.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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Return of Verge Likens

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

right away when Wilford finally got around to confessing what he had done that day in town. It was after supper and Verge was squatting on the porch steps, cleaning his rifle and listening silently as Wilford babbled on apologetically.

"That sure was a fool trick, Wilford," Verge said after a bit. "But it don't change nothing. There's nothing you can do about Mister McGrath getting killed and there is nothing he can do about it either. There's nothing any mortal in Tygarts County or in the whole state of West Virginia can do about it."

Then Wilford was still for a while before he pulled out the Manila envelope and told his brother about the five one-hundred-dollar bills. Verge laid down the rifle and came up on the porch to the rocker where Wilford sat and took the envelope out of his hand. He looked at it and then at Wilford, not laughing, not angry, not glad, not seeming to think or feel anything at all.

"This will make things a sight easier," Verge said. "It will save a lot of time and fuss, I reckon. It will bring the day that much closer. I hope you thanked Mister McGrath, Wilford."

"Bud," Wilford stammered. "I—I don't recollect if I—I—"

"I hope you did," Verge said again, folding the envelope carefully and slipping it into his shirt pocket. "That certainly was real nice of Mister McGrath to do that, Wilford." . . .

All that night Wilford listened to Verge moving restlessly about the house and when dawn stood suddenly white against the windows he started from a brief, troubled slumber and saw his brother by the bed, dressed in the single cheap mail-order suit he possessed, his good white shirt a vivid wedge in the shadow, his square, small face as mute and baffling as ever.

"Why, where you going to, Bud?" gasped Wilford, struggling up under the old Army blanket.

"I'm catching the morning bus to Charleston," Verge said. "I'll be gone a good long while, I reckon. Good-by, Wilford."

"Where?"

"To Charleston," said Verge. "I told you that once. I'm going to school with that money."

"School!" whispered Wilford. "Why, that's real fine, Bud! A body can't do with too much learning and that's for certain. What kind of a school?"

"The kind of school," said Verge (and even in the dim light Wilford could feel that the flat eyes were not looking at him nor at anything) "where I can learn to kill Mister McGrath the right way. Slow. So he'll have to look at my face a good long while and know it's coming and there'll not be any way for him to get at that big blue pistol of his. I don't know when I'll be back. Be sure and take good care of the place, Wilford."

And that was all there was to it. Wilford had crept naked and shivering to the dusty window and watched his brother's thin, unforgiving shape fade into the mist, moving as inexorably as the piston of some machine.

WILFORD worked on alone at his job at the box factory in town during the next lonely months, moving about uneasily, needing the companionship of his brother and yet dreading the day when Verge should return. Often at night he would start up in the dark, sweating and acrawl with panic, feeling suddenly that he should run to Riley McGrath and try again to warn him somehow of the awful, unremitting purpose of which Riley McGrath could not be aware inasmuch as he had never laid eyes on Verge Likens' person. Until at last it seemed to Wilford that neither Verge nor the murder nor Riley McGrath himself had ever even existed.

In all the sixteen months Verge was away, Wilford had received only a penny post card from him, two weeks after the morning he had left. There was no message on it at all. A penny post card from a drugstore with a picture of the Kanawha County Courthouse, colored with the cheap, naïve innocence of flowers at a country funeral and yet somehow in itself as obsessed and malevolent as Verge himself. No message at all. This would be Verge's way of saying that he had arrived.

Of course, Riley McGrath himself had dismissed the whole business from his mind months before. Because, naturally enough, he had never really been frightened in the beginning. Yet, for some reason, the whole affair came into his mind that last morning in Rush Sigafoose's barbershop as he watched Wilford drive down Beech Street in the old fruit truck on his way to the box factory. Riley McGrath lay back, smothered and wallowing in Roman comfort beneath the steaming towels. He was chuckling at the memory of the whole absurd encounter as Rush Sigafoose's new barber stropped the razor and whistled softly to himself.

"Rush," Riley had murmured from beneath the steaming cloths, "how's Nevada and the kids?"

RUSH SIGAFOOSE remembered that part of it well because those were the last words Riley ever said to him. Yet it was a long time before Rush knew anything was wrong. He had gone back into the storeroom for some fresh linen and a bottle of bay rum and even then, after he had been puttering around the marble shelves for nearly five minutes, he wasn't on to what was going on in the chair. And then he saw them in the mirror like figures in some monstrous waxworks pantomime: Riley McGrath, his head strained back in the head rest as far as it would go, his face purple and livid by turns and his mouth shaping idiot sounds that Rush could not hear and didn't much want to. Rush dropped the comb he had been cleaning and started quickly toward them.

"Don't come a foot closer, Mister Sigafoose," Verge Likens said softly, the bright, hollow-ground razor light as a hair on Riley McGrath's pulsing throat. "For if you do—I'll cut Mister McGrath clean to the neckbone."

So Rush sat down, shaking and sick to his stomach, and watched them there for maybe half an hour, listening and trying to make out what it was that Verge Likens was saying to Riley McGrath. Because that was the worst part of all: Verge taking the pains to shave Riley and then telling him who he was and talking to him all that terrible time with the cold, honed Sheffield blade pressed taut against the fat folds of Riley's throat; taking all that time to kill a man and all the while talking to him in that flat, crooning whisper.

Rush Sigafoose used to tell that part of the story next to last and then he would always wind up the telling in the same way. He'd tell about Verge going to barber college down in the capital city for a year and a half on that five hundred dollars just to learn how to kill a man slow. And how he came back to Tygarts County at last and took a cheap room in the hotel by the depot and dropped by to pester Rush Sigafoose about a job every morning for nearly a month.

Rush had finally hired him the morning before—not knowing him from Adam himself—and that was the holy irony of it. Rush always said that Verge Likens was the darnedest natural-born barber he'd ever seen. He swore to that. Because when Doc Brake came down from the courthouse that morning and looked at Riley McGrath's body he said there wasn't so much as a mark on his throat. Not so much as a single scratch.

THE END

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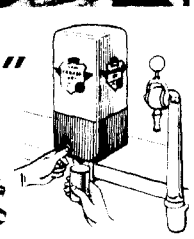
Ginger Ale

Canada Dry Charlie:
"Drink up, everybody. I get almost as much fun serving you folks Canada Dry Ginger Ale as you get out of drinking it!"

Cliffie and Scampy:
"Everybody wants to get into the act—the 'Ginger-Upper' act! Can't blame 'em though—Canada Dry's tops!"

"America's First Family of Beverages"

CANADA DRY Spur COLA
CANADA DRY hi-spot
CANADA DRY Trop-o ORANGE SODA
CANADA DRY Higrape



Enjoy Canada Dry at your favorite fountain

Night Life in the Three-Eye League

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

background in philosophy and a vocabulary that would frighten you. And besides that, he's a darn' good left-handed pitcher. He won the pennant for me last season with Bradford, Pennsylvania, in the Pony League.

Carnevale told Jurges that he draws heavily for his baseball responsibilities on the two years of psychology he took at Canisius College, where he majored in economics—also not a bad subject for a man who is going to manage in the minors. Otto Denning, who manages the Waterloo White Hawks, a White Sox subsidiary, spends his winters in deep conversation with a Chicago friend of a psychiatric bent, the better to learn how to handle the kids entrusted to him.

A manager in the Three-Eye has to be all things to his players—trainer, counselor and spiritual adviser. There is no role which he may not be called upon to fill. When Carnevale found the infield at Terre Haute's Memorial Stadium was in such shape as to be a positive invitation to dental bills, he wasted no time harrying the municipal authorities to have it curried.

Manicuring a Rough Diamond

Instead he drove his own sedan on the field, hitched a harrow to the rear bumper, had one of his catchers, Jim Turner, sit on the drag to weigh it down and proceeded to do his own manicuring job on the terrain.

One of the legends of the Three-Eye is that that league made it possible for Jack Onslow to become a major-league manager, something Jack may not regard entirely as an unmixed blessing. In 1947, Jack was called to replace Johnny Mostil as manager at Waterloo in late June. The White Hawks were in sixth place then and all Onslow's huffing and puffing couldn't get them any higher than fifth on the morning of the final day, Labor Day.

But Terre Haute, which was securely anchored in second place, beat the fourth-place Evansville team twice in the closing double-header and thereby dropped them to fifth.

Waterloo, boosted to fourth place, went on to win the Shaughnessy Play-offs. This so pleased the White Sox powers that they advanced Onslow to Memphis the following year and Happy Jack finished second in the Southern Association. Onslow then was rewarded, if that's the word, with the managership of the Chicago White Sox, a post he held until May of this year.

There is a story within a story to those 1947 play-offs. After Terre Haute had won the first game of the Labor Day double-header the club was assured of a spot in the play-offs. Had it lost the second game to Evansville, it could have begun the play-offs with Evansville, the fourth-place team, then and there. But by winning the second game and eliminating Evansville, the Terre Haute team was forced to make the long trek to Waterloo.

As the victorious Terre Haute players clambered into their bus to begin the long haul, Willie (Puddin'head) Jones, now the third-sacker of the Philadelphia Nationals, sighed a deep sigh and put into words what must have been in the minds of all: "Why, oh, why, did we have to go and win that second game and let ourselves in for this ride?"

COLLIER'S

"The reason I don't think he's serious is he's always giving me expensive presents"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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The bus ride is the symbol of the Three-Eye. A bellhop in the Montrose Hotel in Cedar Rapids wanted to know a visitor's opinion of Bob Brooks, the sports announcer for KCRG. Bob is the only broadcaster in the Three-Eye who goes around the circuit, making "live" broadcasts, while other announcers do a ticker-tape re-creation of the road games. As a result, Brooks has considerable prestige, and deservedly so. How did he compare, the bellhop wanted to know, with announcers like Red Barber and Mel Allen who annually handle the World Series?

"Well," hedged the tourist, "Barber and Allen certainly know a lot of baseball."

"So does Bob know his stuff," vehemently asserted the bellhop. "And after all, he should. He travels *right in the bus* with the players."

Baseball Scribes Learn, Too

As a matter of fact, there probably is no better school for baseball for a sportscaster (or a sports writer) than a bus full of Three-Eye Leaguers. The kids are learning baseball as they go, the hard way, and their fellow travelers have a chance to learn it along with them.

Brooks, who is somewhat younger than his major-league opposite numbers, doesn't seem to mind the bus jumps. "Take the ride we had from Cedar Rapids to Terre Haute," he explained. "We left about seven in the morning when everything was rosy and dewy, and then, as dusk fell and the moon came up over the cornfields, the players would start a community sing. Nobody has an especially good voice, but there was something pleasant and heart-warming about it."

Incidentally, major-league broadcasters who are inclined to cavil about the commercials they have to read in the course of a ball game might be interested to learn that Brooks's broadcasts of the Cedar Rapids games are supported by no fewer than 10 sponsors. And he works the games alone.

So integral a part of Three-Eye baseball is the bus jump that the league's official record book, taking cognizance of Bob Coleman's position as the dean of Three-Eye managers with 16½ seasons as a pilot, proudly noted his promotion from Evansville to the Braves' American Association farm in Milwaukee with this revealing sentence:

"And so it's back to the Pullmans for Bob."

For all of its hardships and its fuzzily lighted parks, the Three-Eye graduates many of its members to the big time. Lou Boudreau, Cleveland's playing manager, took part in his first professional game in the Three-Eye. Boudreau (Cedar Rapids '38) was but one of 50 Three-Eye alumni who were drawing big-league pay checks at the start of this season. Del Crandall left Evansville in midseason last year to make a hit with Boston Braves fans, and Bob Miller, who won 19 for Terre Haute last summer, opened with two straight wins for the Phils this year.

The list of Three-Eye grads in the majors is long and illuminating. It includes Dutch Leonard (Decatur '32), Birdie Tebbetts (Springfield '35), Sid Gordon (Clinton '39), Kirby Higbe (Moline '37), Dick Sisler (Decatur '41), Allie Reynolds (Cedar Rapids '41), Dizzy Trout (Terre Haute '35), Eddie Waitkus (Moline '39), Warren Spahn (Evansville '41) and more than three dozen others.

The Three-Eye has a lush baseball heritage. It was in Terre Haute in 1901 that Mordecai (Three-Finger) Brown began his climb to the glory days with Frank Chance's Cubs. And it was at Terre Haute 18 years later that the immortal Brown was to turn in a 16-6 record as a pitcher-manager. Iron Man Joe McGinnity, who pitched and won three double-headers for the Giants in the month of August, 1903, returned to the Three-Eye to pitch for Danville at the age of fifty-one.

Urban (Red) Faber, on his way to the White Sox, pitched a perfect game for Dubuque in Davenport in 1910, facing only 27 men and retiring them one-two-three in every inning, something which hasn't happened in the big leagues since 1922. Playing against the spitballer that day was Ray Chapman, who later was to play for Cleveland and to become the only major-league fatality in history when struck by a pitched ball thrown by Carl Mays in 1920. Carl Hubbell, Hank Greenberg, Red Ruffing, Whitlow Wyatt and Joe Kuhel are only a few of the many who became major-league stars after serving an apprenticeship in the Three-Eye.

If an apprenticeship in the Three-Eye is rugged so are its lighting systems, which average about 250,000 watts. Consider that in Yankee Stadium, where 1,249 bulbs of 1,500-watt power are used, the wattage runs to 1,873,500, almost enough to supply illumination for the entire eight parks of the Three-Eye!

In some parks catchers signal for fast balls and curves with hand-and-mitt signs because the traditional finger signs are difficult to "read" under the lights.

Umpiring, too, is not without its hazards in the Three-Eye. Of 60 umpires employed in the last 14 years, only five lasted more than two seasons and few more than one. There is only one holdover on the staff of eight this year. Calling 'em in the Three-Eye is not richly rewarding, with $250 a month the top pay and expenses of eight cents per mile.

COLLIER'S

"Think of it—going out in this blazing sun just to buy a new dress. Sometimes I think women are crazy"

DON TOBIN

Each Has a Bed to Himself

A ballplayer in the Three-Eye has to feed and house himself while at home, as a major-leaguer does. On the road the players are put up in good hotels, but not two in a room, as in the majors. There is no limit to how many may sleep in one room except its size, although a club official declared, "Whenever possible we try to see to it that each player has his own bed or cot."

Players are given $3-a-day meal money on the road, about half what the big-leaguers get, although there is no proof that the big-leaguers get twice as hungry as the kids in the Three-Eye.

This is not penny pinching but part of the Three-Eye's fight for economic survival. The league has suspended operations four times, during each World War and twice during the thirties. It scarcely could operate today if it weren't for the fact that seven of the eight clubs are backed, either wholly or in part, by major-league clubs, with Davenport the lone independent. The Phils are in Terre Haute, White Sox in Waterloo, Indians in Cedar Rapids, Braves in Evansville, Dodgers in Danville, Cubs in Decatur and Yanks in Quincy.

Most of the teams in the Three-Eye have adopted the nicknames of their parent clubs, which makes it a simple matter to hand down the uniforms through the chain and also permits the buying of uniforms in wholesale lots. A notable exception, and a striking example of the rugged individualism rampant in the Three-Eye, is the nickname of the Decatur farm of the Cubs. They steadfastly refuse to be known as the Cubs and instead, in these days of senatorial investigations, go about with C-O-M-M-I-E-S emblazoned on their flannels. Furthermore, the leader of this band of Commies bears the distinctively Russian name of Arnovich.

Before Senator McCarthy calls a press conference, it should be explained that Arnovich is none other than smiling Morrie Arnovich, the former National League outfielder and that the nickname stems from the fact that Decatur was named in honor of Stephen Decatur, the naval hero of Tripoli, and that the team's unabbreviated nickname is the Commodores.

The hand-me-down uniforms are one of the many measures of economy forced on the Three-Eye. All sorts of special "nights" are held to stimulate attendance. Terre Haute stages an Automobile Night at which, before a packed house of 12,000, a car is presented to the holder of the lucky number. Lucky-number blanks are printed in the score cards for a month in advance. A fan may drop in as many blanks as he wishes, but the gimmick is that he has to be in the ball park the night of the drawing to win.

A business manager in the Three-Eye has to stay on his toes all winter, lest he be engulfed in a sea of red ink the following summer. Grady Rockett, business manager at Terre Haute, has a nightly lucky-number contest on the score cards, with alternate prizes of a chicken dinner for two or a free lubrication job on the car of the winner. Each night the kids present are informed, via the public address system, that they may receive their "official Phillies' emblem, absolutely free" by presenting their Knothole Club membership cards at the Two-Leg Pants Shop.

All this may smack of the deep bushes but it's part of the battle for survival in the Three-Eye. And in all other Class B leagues, for that matter. Jim Meaghan of Cedar Rapids made more than 80 trips last winter to such places as Delhi, Paris, Norway, Oasis and Strawberry Point, all neighboring communities in Iowa, to show baseball movies and organize fan clubs to support Cedar Rapids.

Despite all this, the caliber of baseball in the Three-Eye is astonishingly good for Class B, even though inclined to be freakish because the youth and inexperience of the players cause violent form fluctuations. A Terre Haute pitcher, Prosper Boutet, who one night starred in relief—fanning nine, allowing only two hits and walking one man—the next night couldn't get the ball over the plate against the same ball club, Waterloo. It was the same home plate, too.

Almost a No-Hitter

Boutet's second mound appearance for Terre Haute came in a game in which no fewer than three pitchers, Neil Johnston, Boutet and George New, collaborated on a no-hitter until Dan Phelan singled with one out in the ninth. Final score: Terre Haute 9, Waterloo 4. A no-hitter with three pitchers sharing the achievement certainly would have been one for the book.

The incongruity of the situation came as no surprise to Manager Carnevale. In his many years in the minors, Danny has learned never to be surprised by anything. In a game against Cedar Rapids, Terre Haute executed two successive squeeze plays successfully. With one out and men on first and third, the pitcher bunted and beat it out for a base hit, scoring the runner from third. The runner on first, Joe Lonnett, was thoroughly alert and raced to third.

Thus, with Jim Deery at bat, the identical situation prevailed, men on first and third with one out. Deery bunted and Lonnett came home.

Jurges, with his vast major-league experience, told Carnevale that he couldn't recall ever seeing two successive squeeze plays before. This, of course, didn't mean that the Three-Eye boys were more adept than big-leaguers, for in the majors, with the squeeze even a dim possibility, no pitcher in his right mind would serve the batter a ball which could be bunted easily.

It is unlikely that this particular pitcher ever will again, either. Like the rest of the players in the Three-Eye, he's learning the hard way.

It is possible that the Three-Eye League has found its first 50 years the hardest. It was organized on January 30, 1901, and it is perhaps symbolic of the subsequent financial turmoil of the league that Peoria, the city in which the league was organized, dropped out before a ball was pitched, being replaced by Evansville.

In all, 22 different cities have held franchises in the Three-Eye at one time or another, with Decatur, which has fielded 36 teams, holding the endurance record. Joliet and Freeport lasted only half a season. Five of the original cities survive: Evansville, Cedar Rapids, Terre Haute, Danville and Decatur.

Times in the Three-Eye couldn't possibly be as tough again as they were in the early days. In compiling the Three-Eye League Record Book, Editor Norman M. Paulson came across the following item in the July 6, 1906, edition of the Davenport Democrat and Leader:

"Bill Connors (Bloomington manager) came to town with the same old opinion of Dubuque as every other club that visits that town. Last Friday he says the actual paid attendance was 87 and that his share of the receipts amounted to an even ten dollars."

And, in 1906, they hardly could blame that on television. THE END

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As the Cars Go

By ROD RODRIGUEZ
Auto Editor

SHOULD YOU PLAN to polish your car, investigate Autobrite®, a new silicone process distributed by Boyle-Midway Inc., Division of the American Home Products Corp. It's on sale at hardware, variety, grocery, drug, auto accessory and department stores. Autobrite gives a car a super shine which will last six months or more and takes only minutes to do it.

It protects against oxidation, rust and corrosion. It gives a glass-hard surface that keeps moisture and heat from penetrating paint and chrome surfaces, and is resistant to blistering sun, rains, ice, dust, fumes and even corrosive sea air.

* * *

Reprinted from editions of Sunday, April 30, 1950 by permission of New York Mirror

He'll warm up to Cold Cuts with A1 Sauce

A1 Sauce —the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A. 1. when dining out, too.

CROSLEY Announces ROLL-DOWN WINDOWS IN NEW SUPER LINE

See the new SUPER line of Crosley cars with de luxe features—Super Station Wagon, Super Sedan DeLuxe, and Super Convertible have roll-down windows, new chrome trim, fold-up rear seat, with finer construction, custom details and tailoring, full interior finish. Equally important improvements on the Super Sports model, which includes the features of the famous Crosley Hotshot.

Also see improved Crosley trucks—Pick-up and Panel Delivery. Resident salesmen wanted! Write for details.

FREE! Latest 1950 CROSLEY CATALOG. Write Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-CQ Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio "You see them everywhere"

CROSLEY a FINE car

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories* ®

I Was Nearly Crazy With Fiery Itch—

Until I discovered Dr. D. D. Dennis' amazingly fast relief—D. D. D. Prescription. World popular, this pure, cooling, liquid medication speeds peace and comfort from cruel itching caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing, athlete's foot and other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 35¢. First application relieves, soothes that angry red itch or money back. Ask druggist for D. D. D. Prescription.

PG 'n' E Is the People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

17,000 employees understand its ramifications. Neither are they aware that the P.G. and E. pioneered the use of such modern conveniences as the floor furnace, the tabletop oven, the safety pilot light on gas stoves and water heaters, the built-in trash burner, the fly-killing lamp, the irrigation pump, electrical sterilizers and dozens of other inventions.

Since the company's astronomical figures and titanic projects have become almost commonplace, the average Californian is much more likely to know that the P.G. and E. can—and does—help a housewife bake a cake, teach kids how to fly kites safely, advise farmers when to plant spinach, explain the mysteries of television or help deliver a baby.

The employees themselves are apt to be more interested in their personal relationships with the customers—links that are fraught with laughter, sadness, danger and mercy—than they are in the company's leviathan reach as it plucks another million volts from nature. Last spring, for instance, a maintenance crew was pushing through an area near the town of Lodi, shutting down power on high-tension lines while the men worked. One morning an unshaven man came stumbling across a field frantically waving his arms.

"Don't shut off the power!" he yelled.

"Why not?" the foreman asked.

"C'mon. I'll show you."

The man led the crew to his home, and presently they were gazing at a tiny baby, sleeping in a crude incubator made of plywood and heated with six 25-watt globes. "The baby came unexpectedly last night," the young farmer said. "Couldn't afford the hospital and I hadda work fast. If anything goes wrong with the power . . ."

"Don't worry, son," the foreman said. "Nothing's gonna go wrong on *this* line now." The crew was transferred and the work was not resumed until the baby left the incubator.

Another time, a mountain rancher came down the Sierra slopes herding hundreds of sheep in a race against a storm. Reaching the Bear River he discovered the only bridge within miles had been washed out. The roaring water was six feet deep against the rocky banks. The rancher located a P.G. and E. phone line and explained his predicament to the nearest powerhouse crew. The story was relayed to Ira Collins, then chief load dispatcher in Oakland.

Sheep Cross Dry Stream Bed

He immediately closed the sluice gates on the dam high above the powerhouse. The great turbines slowed to a dead stop, and another powerhouse 200 miles away took up the load. Far downstream the water vanished from the gorge and the rancher crossed the now dry bed with his sheep.

In less spectacular fashion, the P.G. and E. has surprised hundreds of other customers with unpublicized services that yield no revenue except good will.

In Mill Valley, for instance, company workmen toiled in a manhole for three days to find an earring dropped by a housewife. In San Francisco a youngster sank a valuable ship model in Stow Lake: P.G. and E. experts found it in two hours with an M-Scope, a gadget used to locate underground pipes. In the mountains, hopelessly lost and with her car in a ditch, a teacher was confident that sooner or later a P.G. and E. truck would come along the isolated road and pull her out. She was right. At San Jose a meter reader, finding an elderly woman ill, took over her marketing chores for a week. In the rugged north coast area a maintenance man helped deliver three babies in as many months when doctors couldn't reach the patients in time.

Every day, in the 46 counties where the P.G. and E. operates, men risk injury or death to help people in trouble.

Ten employees have been awarded gold medals for extraordinary heroism; some of the awards were posthumous. Hundreds of others have been cited for carrying women and children from burning houses, reviving hikers frozen in the mountains, and giving emergency treatment to injured motorists or people, in isolated regions suffering from illness.

Last winter a teen-age boy tried to cross swollen Redwood Creek in Humboldt County. The torrent smashed his boat and tossed him, bleeding and unconscious, to a rocky opposite shore where his family could not reach him. Seven P.G. and E. men pushed their truck over muddy roads to the spot. One of them found a place where a thin steel cable spanned the stream. Carrying blankets and medicine around his neck, he inched his way across the creek, hand over hand, and found the boy. Hours later, with a winch and a crude stretcher, the lineman pulled the unconscious youngster across the stream and took him six miles to a doctor.

"There! We don't owe a single, solitary soul for the calendar year of 1948"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

Every P.G. and E. vehicle carries first-aid kits. The company had inhalator crews long before this equipment was generally adopted by fire departments. These crews invariably walked off with state championships in first-aid contests.

Storms, floods and forest fires are not uncommon in a terrain that ranges from icebound peaks to deserts below sea level. During these natural disasters gas and water lines burst, transmission lines crash under the weight of snow and ice, and steel towers tremble or fall under wind and lightning. But P.G. and E. crews have never found a calamity they couldn't lick.

Last January, in one of the worst storms on record, the company sent an army of 1,000 men into the frozen highlands where, in one stretch alone, there were more than 100 breaks in the big lines. Snowshoes, toboggans, skis and Eskimo clothing were flown to California. The men carried flame throwers and some of them rode snow caterpillars. One froze to death. Six others were trapped in 11 feet of snow for seven days. They got food and tools by parachute from a P.G. and E. pilot who made a daring flight through the storm. But down in the cities and towns the electric pulse was steady and strong, impelled by arteries from substitute sources outside the stricken zone.

Again, in St. Helena, a trucker dumping refuse accidentally threw a piece of wire across a 69,000-volt feeder line. The flash knocked out the power for miles around. The emergency crews fought fires and wriggling coils of sudden death for five hours. The St. Helena Star, after a ringside view of a battle rarely witnessed down in the valleys, commented: "Few realized, as the lights dimmed and brightened . . . that their own friends and neighbors were risking a particularly unpleasant end in the performance of their jobs. Capitalism has its heroes, too."

Services for Wild Creatures

The company scarcely ever mentions the other major problems in its war against nature, things which make the job difficult in country that, in many places, is still a little wild. Maintenance crews, for instance, have searched out and killed thousands of rattlesnakes and their nests to make the mountain trails safer for summer campers. Few P.G. and E. workers shoot deer that come into their grounds in the mountains—shelters and feeding troughs are built for them instead. Fish caught in various river and ocean pipe screens, in hauls that often weigh hundreds of pounds, are shipped live to aquariums, donated to hospitals or thrown back into the water.

Owls, eagles, hawks and other birds were knocking out transmission lines at the rate of one a day until the company built wooden roosts for them on the towers and poles. Every year, especially in the spring, the crews keep an eye out for mountain lions, bears, bobcats and other animals that clog up the system by getting caught in dam gates, penstocks, pipes and other places. Motorists, private pilots and the family pussycat also are hazards, plus small boys who can't resist popping their rifles at insulators, snow-depth markers, and transformers.

Major cities served by the P.G. and E., such as San Francisco, haven't had a complete power shutdown in 33 years. Engineers have a technical explanation for this record, a complicated maze of substations, switches and controls that shuffles enormous loads as quickly as a football coach can replace an injured player with a sub. But there is also an unquenchable *esprit de corps* among the employees.

The P.G. and E. never boasts about it, but that spirit is the intangible factor that has made the company outstanding in its field. It also explains why, for the past 25 years, the voters have refused to approve any federal government power systems that would threaten the security of the P.G. and E. Perhaps the most convincing demonstration of this public attitude came last year from the citizens of Redding, which lies in the shadow of the government power plants at Shasta and Keswick Dams, not far from the Oregon line. Hundreds of federal workers live in Redding and work for the Bureau of Reclamation, yet the town voted to buy power from the P.G. and E. instead of the bureau.

The advocates of public power profess to be mystified by this attitude, since these same people approved another bureau enterprise, the great Central Valley water project. Year after year the bureau has asked for funds to build its own transmission lines so that the government can sell Shasta and Keswick power to customers now served by the P.G. and E. throughout the Central Valley. Year after year Congress has rejected this phase of the bureau's plans. The issue has developed into a cold war that shows no signs of abating.

There are men in Congress, such as Senator Robert A. Taft, who are frankly alarmed by the conflict. "If the government

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goes as far in the power business as Mr. Truman wants it to," Senator Taft said recently, "private power companies will be confronted with government competition so persistent that it is doubtful whether they can long survive. The failure of private power would not mean cheaper power to the consumers. As always, when the government takes over an activity that should be run by private enterprise, the deficit is hidden but made up in taxes."

Thomas Alva Edison, P.G. and E. executives recall, made an almost similar statement many years ago, except that he added: "The government never really goes into business, for it never makes ends meet, and that is the first requisite of good business. It just mixes a little business and a lot of politics, and no one ever gets a chance to find out what is actually going on."

The P.G. and E., naturally, has become more and more apprehensive over the government's encroachment in a territory the company has served for more than 50 years. The Reclamation Bureau's repeated attempts to set up a rival power service are also viewed dyspeptically by some 166,000 individual P.G. and E. stockholders, whose investment has given them average rates so low that they meet even such government-owned systems as TVA.

In Washington not long ago, a congressman asked Jim Black, P.G. and E.'s president, "Is there much agitating among the people out there for public power?"

"None at all," said Black. "All the agitating is right here in Washington."

Unwise Government Spending

Black is understandably piqued that he has to journey to Washington once or twice a year to combat this "agitating," but he does it so convincingly that Congress has backed him up regularly since 1942. Black points out with some irony that the P.G. and E. is already buying every kilowatt of electricity the government can produce at Shasta and Keswick Dams, and paying a much higher rate than the government gets for Grand Coulee or TVA power. Consequently, he suggests, the government would be cutting its own throat—or the taxpayers' throats—by spending an estimated $80,000,000 for a distribution system that would yield no more power or revenue than it does now.

Furthermore, as Black points out, the government would lose the P.G. and E. as a customer, plus millions of dollars the company pays in taxes. Taxes, incidentally, cost the company $5,000 an hour, and in the past nine years have poured $328,000,000 into state and federal treasuries, in addition to other taxes.

Despite Black's devastating rebuttal, the Bureau of Reclamation, under one guise or another, has already spent large sums in a stubborn attempt to build its competing transmission lines—hoping Congress will weaken and permit the completion of a system that would drive the P.G. and E. out of the Central Valley area. Now, for example, motorists driving down the Sacramento Valley can see a string of unconnected transmission towers dotting the hills and plains.

In a 56-mile stretch there are 254 of these towers, built by the government three years ago at a cost of $1,160,000. It may be two years and millions of dollars more before they carry any current. *But plainly visible on each side of these empty towers, running parallel to them for miles, are the great P.G. and E. main lines that were strung years ago, and have served the territory adequately ever since.*

"I do not understand this kind of economic thinking," says Black. "The bureau does not even have any customers, but it frankly states that it plans to take away from us the towns of Redding, Biggs and Gridley, among others, and the Sacramento municipal utility district. This whole area is already covered with company lines. We have served these people for half a century and we will continue to serve them unless the bureau is successful with its invasion."

Last January, when Jim Black testified for the ninth time, Congressman Ben F. Jensen of Iowa said: "Mr. Black, we have always found that your testimony was accurate. When you assure us that the P.G. and E. is going to take care of the power needs of the Central Valley, I am going to take your word for it."

Jim Black's feelings are shared by thousands of his "constituents" in the P.G. and E. domain back home. Unfortunately none of them has ever been polled by a Congressional committee. But their opinion is reflected in their home-town newspaper editorials, in the deluge of fan mail they send to the company, and in their daily relationships with P.G. and E. personnel. Recently, when other utilities and services were proposing rate increases, there were angry meetings and protests in affected towns, but no one squawked when the P.G. and E. asked for and was granted its first increase in 15 years.

Black's "constituents" get more than power and gas. A million copies of the P.G. and E. magazine Progress are distributed free to consumers every month, and many a family depends on the publication for recipes pretested in P.G. and E. research kitchens, for household hints and tips on new appliances. Hundreds of small merchants have their products advertised by the P.G. and E. when they can't afford it themselves. The company has an extensive motion-picture educational service, which has filmed 16 productions for use in schools, churches and clubs. P.G. and E. offices in some 123 cities and towns serve as an informal headquarters for the latest information on economical and ingenious uses of gas and electricity.

Managers Promote Good Will

The P.G. and E. office manager in each town is usually one of the busiest men in the community, giving up many evening hours and holidays for civic causes. One such town, picked at random, might be Los Gatos, home of Olivia de Havilland, Kathleen Norris and Yehudi Menuhin, where P.G. and E. Manager Paul Straub for years has been the tireless spark plug in Rotary, Boy Scout, American Legion, Red Cross, March of Dimes and various cultural activities. There are scores of Paul Straubs in the P.G. and E. and they, together with the company's 17,000 employees, are what Jim Black calls "our permanent ambassadors."

Meanwhile, as the struggle for public power continues in Washington, more or less behind the scenes, P.G. and E. farm advisers are starting out on their annual rounds to report what's new in crops and farming methods. There are some 80,000 farms in the P.G. and E. empire: all but one per cent are electrified, and their annual income is three times the national average. California leads the world in the production of prunes, apricots, walnuts, almonds, artichokes, carrots, celery, lettuce, cauliflower, green peas, onions, beans, Irish potatoes, figs, grapes, lemons, olives and many other foods. Electricity, cleverly adapted to agricultural needs, has turned small farms into bonanzas and large ones into opulent ranches.

Russell Giffen, for instance, owned vast acreages of supposedly worthless land, so-called "jack-rabbit pasture." With the help of P.G. and E. engineers, he installed deep-well pumping plants, flooded the soil and found a fortune in cotton, barley, wheat and melons. Giffen's electricity bill last year would shock the average farmer—it was about $700,000—but it looks small beside his profits. Case histories in the P.G. and E. files show many similar success stories, and in every instance electricity was the genie that produced the magic crops.

Company engineers and accountants have reached every farm in the territory at one time or another. In their wake they left infra-red lights for drying and improving rice, fan blowers for drying hay in the barn, thus saving the high-protein content formerly lost in the sunlight, underground heating coils which speed the growth of tomato plants, vibrators that shake all the walnuts off a large tree and steer them into a truck in a matter of minutes, sprinkler systems that drop an inch of gentle rain on a large farm for less than $100, electric pig brooders that keep little porkers from being crushed by their mamas, and dozens of other devices that have made California farms the eighth wonder of the world.

If there was to be a ninth wonder, many Californians would probably nominate the P.G. and E., though Jim Black and his workers would be embarrassed, and mutter that they're only trying to do a job, and that they wouldn't get these results without the people. THE END

COLLIER'S

"My French must be improving! I think she winked at me"

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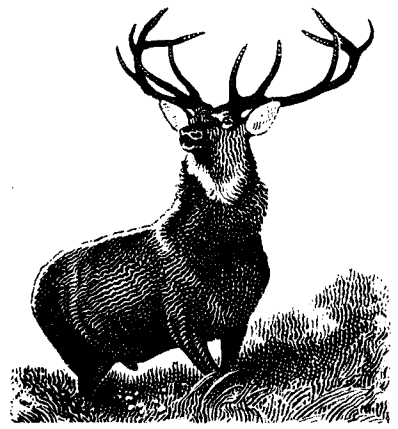

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Toward the Industrial Atomic Future

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

military aircraft that carries an atom bomb or the secret fighter plane that protects it.

But other changes in law or in practice will also have to be made before American industry can take hold of the industrial atom and begin to develop its potentialities in a competitive climate. Thus, it is essential, for example, that the scope of supervision now exercised by the Congress be confined (as under the Constitution it should be) to broad policy matters; and the spirit in which a great technical venture is dealt with by committees of Congress needs to be changed.

* * *

Assuming suitable changes in the law and in the attitude of the public and of the Congress, *how can private industry get started?*

First, as to the great factories producing uranium 235 and plutonium. For practical and temporary reasons I would recommend no immediate change in their ownership or operation, though immediately *leasing* them to the private concerns now operating them under contract has much to commend it.

But, without delay, other outstanding industrial concerns should be fully informed about the nature of these plants and their processes; they should be asked to prepare their ideas for improving processes and designs for future plants, or for replacing the present methods. Competition in new ways of producing these materials should be encouraged rather than *forbidden,* as is now the case.

The private companies operating these plants as contractors would welcome competitors in the field; for, as the General Electric Company (one of the major operators) has put it, "The economy that does most to foster competition is the one that makes easiest the establishment and growth of business."

Private investment in such production plants is not out of the range of future possibility, though the amounts are huge. The government would, of course, continue to receive that portion of the total output needed for the bomb program.

But a more important and creative opportunity lies in the designing and the building of atomic machines by private concerns, *with their own funds.* One is a machine, called a reactor, to produce electric power, which might also produce plutonium while it produces power. The second is a research reactor for the intense irradiation of metals, pharmaceuticals, glass, fibers, oils and so on; in short, a wide range of exploration for industry. The third is a reactor and plant to produce and process radioactive isotopes or tracers, already widely used in medicine, in industry and agricultural research.

Private capital for investment in such machines, and for experimental and development work generally, would be available if the climate for private enterprise in this area were made reasonably healthful; that is, if it met the requirements of almost any pioneering business undertaking.

This will require changes in a good many provisions of law, in my opinion. But more important by far than particular legal changes is a complete change in the way we approach the industrial development of the atom—a change from the Soviet to the American style.

As to particular legal changes, I suggest they should include the following:

(1) A firm, clear and unambiguous policy, the declared purpose of which is to get the industrial atom into the invigorating stream of American competition. This policy should be written into law, and lived up to in spirit.

(2) A reasonable prospect that, if the financial risks are assumed (and these would not be inconsiderable), those who take the risks would stand to benefit if their investment of money and effort succeeded.

COLLIER'S **". . . And will you quit pulling out the choke just so you can hang your purse on it!"** DAN KOERNER

A change in the basic policy of atomic development would carry with it the necessity for a complete revision of the patent provisions of the present law, to make them conform (as they do *not* today) to the principles of the American industrial incentive system.

(3) Section 7 of the McMahon Act contains an explicit invitation to the exercise of a *political veto over scientific and industrial advance.* This must be eliminated before we can hope for private development.

This astounding section provides that whenever "any industrial, commercial or other nonmilitary use of fissionable (atomic) material or atomic energy has been sufficiently developed to be of practical value, the (Atomic Energy) commission shall prepare a report to the President stating all the facts with respect to such (nonmilitary practical) use, the commission's estimate of the social, political, economic and international effects of such use and the commission's recommendations for necessary or desirable supplemental legislation." After the President has sent this report to Congress with his own recommendations, Congress has a period to debate whether this "industrial, commercial or other nonmilitary use . . . of practical value" may proceed, or whether Congress should forbid it. This is one of the most appalling reversals of our way of doing things in this country of which I have any knowledge.

If such a veto of industrial advancement had been in the lawbooks when the locomotive was first developed, the outcry of its competitors, the stagecoach and the canal, might well have barred the progress of our railroads.

It may be that Congress intended that this industrial veto power was to apply only to developments in government-owned facilities. But no prudent lawyer could assure an industrial concern that this is the correct interpretation. Hence, until this provision is repealed or clarified, no businessman is likely to invest his own money to begin experimentation with the industrial atom leading to a commercial application.

The precedent of this particular provision of the Atomic Energy Act ought to be buried fast and buried deep. If it were followed, and came to fasten itself upon us, it would spell the end of a dynamic America.

To these three conditions a fourth might be added:

(4) Consideration ought to be given to the granting of allowances, in corporate taxes, for concerns who pioneer with their own money in atomic research and development work that is now being carried on out of public funds. Other inducements, such as special depreciation allowances or the joint investment of private and public funds or matching of such funds, may appear desirable.

* * *

Atomic reactors, heretofore built for the government with public funds or now under design, cost millions of dollars. Whether reactors need to cost nearly so much is one of the important things industrial competition will probably establish.

One such experimental reactor I have suggested for private investment would produce electric power, but is so designed that it will also produce plutonium as a by-product. The builder of the reactor would use, or sell, the electricity. An example of an opportunity for such an operation is phosphate fertilizer production, using the electric furnace method, in the power-short Idaho-Utah region that is rich in phosphate ore. Aluminum production, which requires great amounts of electricity, preferably near the supply of bauxite, might prove to be another such example.

The important thing about the building of such a reactor—important for the country as well as industry—would be this: For the first time an atomic industrial machine would be built *with the builder's own money.*

The first breath of the tonic air of competition would blow through the atomic industry. With its own dollars—not the government's—at stake, industry would assign its very best men to these tasks. The heat would be on. The industrial atom would really start to roll. This would not be wholly because of the pressure of costs and the desire for profits. The fun would be back in this particular venture, the wartime hang-over of "cost plus" would ease off; pioneering gumption and a sense for costs would return.

The second atomic machine I recommend as a beginner might well be built in the proximity of a metals center such as Pittsburgh or Detroit or Cleveland, or adjacent to a great pharmaceutical or chemical area such as Chicago or Detroit or St. Louis. It would not be for power generation, but for research and development to observe the effect of radiation on scores of industrial materials.

Here the industrial meaning and possibilities of radiation's power to change the very nature and structure of matter could be dug out, and worked over, and turned to useful ends.

But it would probably be from the process of designing and *actually* building and operating these reactors that the greatest benefits would flow. Industrial engineers and development men don't ordinarily learn things by reading a "declassified" document; they *learn by trying things,* trying them out *themselves.*

In the considerable job of actually creating these reactors, finding materials that will perform under these new conditions, getting the "bugs" and the high costs out of them, as well as in using them day by day, ideas would start rising all through American industry even as life stirs under the spring sun after the long dormancy of winter.

The building of these reactors by private industry would, of course, require substantial amounts of atomic materials. Reliable American companies ought to have a right to buy *and to own* such materials in any amount reasonable for research, development or power purposes. The law might specify as a ceiling the maximum percentage of the total supply of uranium which should be in private ownership, but certainly if that percentage is fixed conservatively that material will do at least as much for the *national security* if used for developing the industrial atom as would the same amount in atomic or superatomic bombs.

The government, of course, should keep close track of all atomic materials owned privately. And, of course, the government's *right* to take possession of any private atomic material at any time, paying compensation afterward and not as a precondition, ought to be made part of each sales transaction.

A third reactor that could be built by private business would resemble, in purpose, the machine now in operation at Oak Ridge, for the production of radioactive isotopes, or tracer atoms. In this machine almost any common article can be inserted —salt, steel, phosphorus, iodine and so on— and when it comes out it is radioactive.

A large market demand for these radioactive tracer products has already been built up. They are being manufactured today by the commission and sold to hundreds of the country's research laboratories and medical centers.

* * *

The commission's forces have done a fine job in promoting the uses of these tracer isotopes, and in improving the technical side of the operations. Competition would be welcomed on all sides. The present government price scale presents a problem, but not an insoluble one.

The main and most often-heard arguments against the position I am taking I do not find persuasive. Here they are:

First is the argument that we need Government Monopoly as a means of protecting "the Secret of the Atom Bomb." This argument is carried so far as to maintain that secrecy about weapons is impossible without Government Monopoly of Infor-

Next Week

GREAT HEART OF CAT ISLAND

Bill Davidson's Tale of Wonderful Father Jerome

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mation over virtually the whole enterprise in all its industrial aspects. As I have already indicated, this argument does not persuade me, and particularly not since the Russians succeeded in making an atomic bomb.

There was a time when one could hope that the Russians might never be able to produce atomic materials suitable for an atomic bomb—that is, on a production, not on a laboratory, scale and of the requisite high purity.

But the Russians have made and tested an atomic bomb. We must assume that they had at their disposal adequate technical information. More important even than information, they must have men with the technical skills required to factory-produce atomic materials, as well as to produce a bomblike explosion.

The scientific and technical information furnished the Russians by the atom spy, Dr. Karl Fuchs, we know to be extensive and vital. Without men able to translate such information into industrial operations, however, this alone would not have been enough.

These new facts from Russia should certainly make all of us take a fresh look at our reasons for Government Monopoly.

Everything considered, my conclusion is that the present scope of Government Monopoly and Secrecy *hurts us more than it helps us.*

Second among arguments against freeing the atom is the contention that only the government can undertake the development of the industrial atom because private capital is not available for this purpose. Here is a genuine difficulty which can, I believe, be overcome by the steps I have suggested in this article.

Third is this argument: Atomic energy is an asset that belongs to all the people of the United States. The money of the whole people made the discoveries possible, built the plants and laboratories. The people carried the risk of failure, and they should be the ones to benefit, not private corporations. Furthermore, atomic energy is so overwhelmingly powerful a force for good that it should not be put in the hands of any private organization.

The government alone is big enough and responsive enough to the whole people for so great a trust as this. Moreover, the hazards to human life and health in the use of atomic energy in industrial activities (such as power production) are considerable and still largely unknown. There is greater protection against these hazards in exclusive government ownership than could reasonably be expected of private corporations. But the same rigid standards government now prescribes, as proprietor, could be made effective without Government Monopoly, and enforced through inspection.

* * *

What we all want is that the people should get the greatest possible benefits from atomic energy as quickly as possible. After considerable experience and observation, my own conclusion is that the people will benefit most and soonest by freeing the atom, not by fencing it in behind the walls of Government Monopoly and by leaving its development in the hands of a limited number of corporations, contractors of the government, with all outside competitors barred.

I am under no illusions that the change from Government Monopoly can be made without difficulty or without loud outcry. For there is much emotion wrapped up in the atom, and there already are governmental vested interests that have staked out a claim. But I have confidence in the outcome. For free competition is right in character for a people who cherish their pioneering heritage and live in its spirit.

I believe we shall Americanize the atom.

THE END

Elephant Land: Deep in the Jungle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

James Stewart, but found his own name preempted in the movies) missed two ambitions in Africa—to shoot an elephant and bag a black-maned lion. He didn't fret about it, though, and merely remarked that he was determined to go back to Africa anyway; he'd get the game then.

* * *

I SUPPOSE there is no profession left for a man to follow in this technological world so romantic as that of the white hunter in Africa. He is the trusted guide and intimate of the world's richest and most famous persons—financiers, presidents, kings, movie stars—wearing his life casually as he pits his cunning and sagacity daily against the beasts of the jungle. By tradition he must combine the cool nerve of the professional gambler, the deadly accuracy of the Indian scout, and the manners and personal charm of a Continental diplomat.

I remember my only serious argument with Deborah during the long safari was whether our own John Lawrence (I can never again read Ernest Hemingway's The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber without picturing Lawrence as the hunter) was actually the happiest and most independent of men or whether his job was, in reality, stitched with the same frustrations and obligations as that of, say an actor.

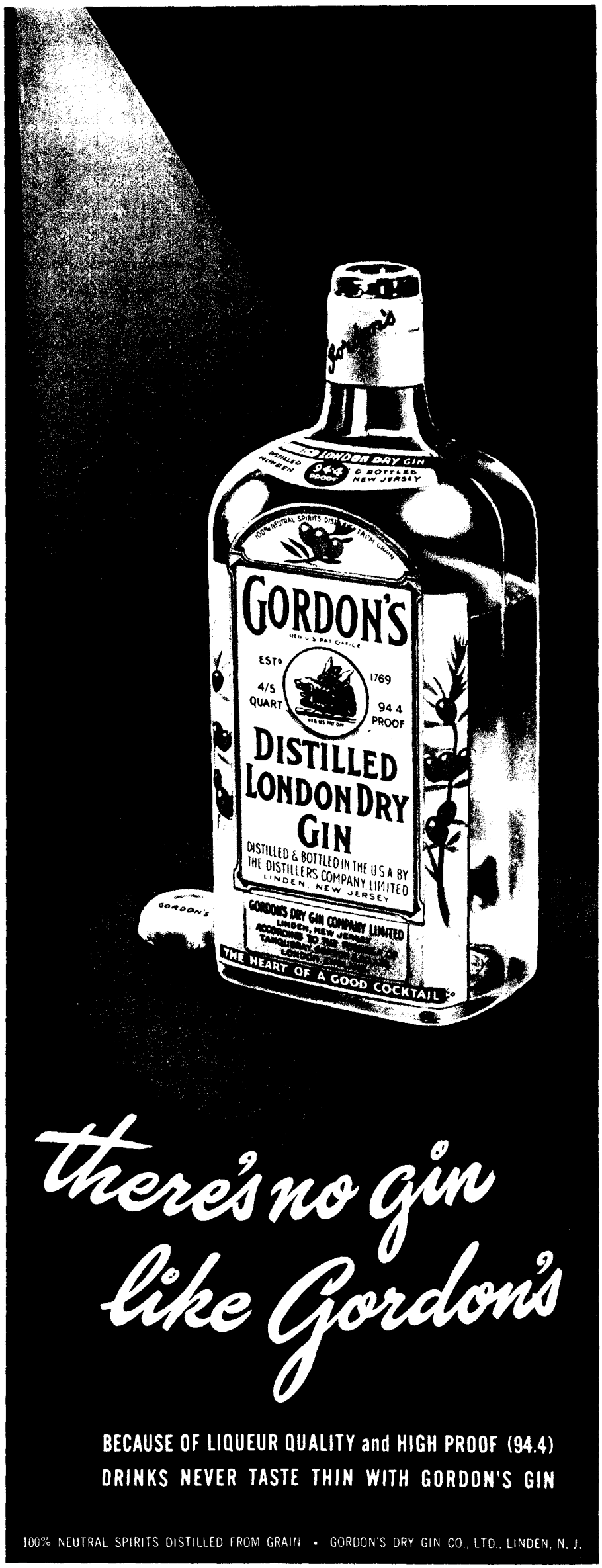
For the Rigby Magnum rifle is by no means the sole tool of the professional hunter. He is responsible not only for his client's life, but for such mundane things as his food, his water, his bed, his digestion, his laughs and occasionally, as Hemingway has pointed out, even his wife. He is essentially a hired hand and must literally live with whoever pays him, regardless of personal tastes. His only retaliation against a client whom he dislikes is to withhold the best game spots. They all do it; so should you ever go on a shooting safari, remember to be nice to your white hunter if you want the best trophies to take home.

I met perhaps a dozen of Kenya's white hunters and I can testify that there are very few of them who do not bear the scars of their profession. Carr Hartley's back is a constant source of excruciating pain since a rhino refused to die until he had tossed the hunter. Eddie Grafton limps and his face is paralyzed as the result of a minor mistake with a buffalo. Eric Rundgren is, at the moment of writing, in the Nairobi Hospital. A leopard chewed his arms and face. He may never lift a gun again.

The Baron von Blixen and John Lawrence, it is true, are as yet unscarred. But Blixen is still an apprentice. And John admits that whenever there has been "a bit of a show"—meaning the client's shot has failed to stop the beast and John himself has had to drop it in the last seconds of its charge—he must wait to light a cigarette until he can slip behind a bush lest someone see his hands shaking.

There are two absolute taboos that white hunters observe: Never leave a wounded animal. Never leave a dead client.

The latter, of course, is the nightmare of all hunters, for people who can afford big-game shooting are likely to be prominent. The publicity attendant upon the death of one of them would ruin not only the hunter but, in all probability, the safari company for which he works. The taboo against leaving wounded animals is part of the gallantry inherent in the profession. Partly, of course, it is humane, but more important is the fact that, in the private opinion of most hunters, the only really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dangerous animal is the wounded animal.

Any of the major beasts of Africa when hit will either charge, or retreat into the thickest patch of bush that they can find. The hate and fear in their hearts can only be relieved by a revengeful attack upon the next human being they set eyes on. It is in the thick jungle that most accidents happen. The hunter is in honor bound to send the client back to the safety of camp and to go in alone after the wounded animal. Sometimes the chase will take days (during which time the hunter is not paid); always it is dangerous to the point of being suicidal.

Native Hunters Respect Code

The day our safari arrived at Meru on Mount Kenya two elephants, moving toward rain, blundered into a native cultivated patch. The Africans had tried to drive them off with spears. They succeeded in pricking the huge animals and worrying them back into the jungle, but in the process two men were trampled to death. (Incidentally, in this case, as nearly always, the elephants before they left covered the mangled corpses with bushes and branches. No one knows why.) The district officer requested John and Blixie from our camp to go in and dispatch the wounded beasts. They did so without hesitation. Also, without pay or compulsion, risking their lives solely in deference to the code of the white hunters.

It is a written code, for the white hunters have a full-fledged guild with a constitution and by-laws and a Latin motto that means "Brave, but not foolhardy." It is called the East African Professional Hunters Association, and it is probably unique among labor unions in the world, in that it prescribes a *maximum* compensation for its members.

As an apprentice you start out at £30 a month and you may in time rise to £200 a month, which is the top compensation allowed for making your living by risking it. As an apprentice you probably already know how to shoot, so most of your time will be spent learning safari management, familiarizing yourself with the country and with the habits of various species of game and their favorite haunts. When six other members of the guild agree that you are competent and knowledgeable in all these things, and that you are brave but not foolhardy, you are eligible for membership.

Carr Hartley, the animal trapper and erstwhile white hunter, is about the toughest and nerviest man I ever met. Four weeks before he worked with us, a lioness he had captured leaped at him in homicidal fury. Instinctively Hartley threw a stiff right cross at her as she came, and happened to catch her just behind the ear. The lioness was knocked cold.

Hartley's primary method of capturing Africa's fauna is efficient, but a little rich for everyone's blood but Hartley's. He stands in the back of a truck while it is driven by one of his native assistants pell-mell across the Kenya plains. At 20 or 30 or 40 miles an hour they come alongside a galloping giraffe or ostrich or rhino and Carr swings an expert lariat over neck or horn. The truck brakes to a dusty stop, and the trapper leaps out and throws one, two or three more ropes on the beast until it is immobilized. It is then winched into the bed of the truck and returned to the compound to await the bid of a buyer for zoo or circus.

"That," says Hartley, "is all there is to it."

During the war the shortages of meat, necessary to feed the animals, depleted most zoos, and since V-J day animal trapping has been big business as the institutions have sought to restock their cages. Recently, the pride of Hartley's compound has been a pair of "white" rhinos—not white at all, actually, but so called from their peculiarly wide (*weit*) snouts. The only other pair of this almost extinct species is in a zoo in Pretoria, and Carr in consequence is not inclined to underestimate their value. Only recently he turned down $28,000 for them. The price, he insists, is $40,000.

While it is true that Carr never tames animals, some tame themselves and wander around his *boma* at will. It is a most unlikely place. You never know when you will round a corner and be confronted by a hissing ostrich and half a dozen young, or a huge land turtle, or four lion cubs, or a baboon named Darling, or two cheetahs named Agnes and Lulu.

The last two are charming beasts which seem to me much more dog than cat, even to their nonretractable claws. Cheetahs have been pets since Assyrian times, and even when they growl at you it seems more in tolerant admonition than in anger. But they have minds of their own.

One day on the edge of a deep jungle it was borne in upon Lulu that making pictures was hard, grueling, repetitive work. She wanted no more of it and finally, with a reproachful look at us all, she loped away into the forest. Now Lulu was not only a valuable animal, but Carr was fond of her, so into the jungle he went in pursuit. For the rest of the afternoon we could hear the trapper's high falsetto (which he nearly always affects when conversing with his animals) calling, "Here, Lulu! Here, Lulu!" By some miracle he found her, and by nightfall the two of them returned to camp, the best of friends once more.

* * *

KIMUSI was a simple Kipsigi tribesman who almost cost M-G-M $1,000,000. By one of those fantastic chances in the life of man, Kimusi was touched by the magic wand of American industry and transformed forthwith into an important movie actor. After many tests he was chosen to play the part of Stewart Granger's gunbearer and personal servant in our picture.

Kimusi was sly- and wicked-looking, and he was volatile and moody. Sometimes he was gay and giggly, with his astonishingly red tongue flicking in and out of his black lips, and sometimes he was tragically unhappy, and held his head in his hands all day long. We were all very fond of him, as the world is always fond of an enchanting rogue.

Kimusi was shy at first. He was also very bright. (He professed to know no English, but we were convinced he knew every word we said.) In no time at all he understood the motion-picture business, and we would hear him explaining to his fellow Africans in lordly fashion that we were at the moment "waiting for sun" or for a "camera reload," or that they were not to move until the director called, "Action!"

So well, indeed, did he understand the picture business that he soon became temperamental. Acting was hard and exacting work, and what's more, unappreciated. He grew very moody. He must return to his shamba, where his wives needed him. He was sick. Our Wakamba tribesmen were his enemies; they discriminated against him. His face was buried in his hands all day long.

Obviously, this was a crisis. If Kimusi disappeared into the bush some night, thousands of feet of film in which he appeared would have to be scrapped and shot over again with a new actor. Normally, in Hollywood, these difficulties can be cleared up by threats of banishment, or by a slight bonus. But the dark words, "You'll never work in another picture," hardly seemed threatening in Kimusi's case. And the bonus solution was strictly forbidden by our agreement with the government, in which we had promised that, to avoid upsetting local economy, we would under no circumstances pay native actors more than they customarily received in their daily pursuits.

Literally, the unhappiness of one humble African threatened to grind the huge wheels of American industry to a clanking stop.

It was the district officer who finally found a solution to the impasse, and I hope the producer, Sam Zimbalist, has duly noted and thanked him. There was nothing in our agreement, he pointed out, that forbade giving bonuses *other than money*. An immediate conference was arranged, and after suitable haggling between the interested parties, it was duly recorded that six cows, to be delivered at the completion of the picture, would be an eminently satisfactory out-of-court settlement.

Kimusi went back to work as happy as any starlet with a new fur coat. And what's more, he is so good in the picture as to cause us all a little worry.

* * *

East Africa Standard July 8, 1946
Letter to the Editor
Sir:

What is all this nonsense I read about protecting game? The sooner every wild animal in Kenya is killed off, the sooner a man can make a living here farming.

Old Settler

The "Old Settler" who wrote that letter actually loves game more passionately than any man I met in Africa. Before the war he was an accountant, and as it seems in the case of so many men who understand the theory behind numbers, he has the interests of a philosopher and the instincts of a poet. He also understands mass psychology.

The result of his anonymous letter was, as anticipated, a storm of protest from outraged Kenyans, mass meetings in Nairobi (which he himself organized and over which he presided), and eventually enough popular pressure on the government to get the Kenya National Park established with the erstwhile philosophic accountant as the executive head. His name is Mervin Cowie.

Cowie runs what is probably the most astonishing "park" in the world. Three miles south of Nairobi runs a single-strand wire fence. Beyond it lie 25,000 acres dedicated to the wild life of Africa. Most of the acres are the typical Kenya plains and bush sloping down to the lightly forested Athi River. They contain literally thousands of animals, birds and reptiles, as wild as the day they were born.

No one drove them into this acreage. No one stocks it. No one keeps them in it. The only fence is the one on the town side, serving to keep the game from wandering the streets of Nairobi. Cowie says that within weeks after removing all human habitation from the acreage, the animals began moving in, miraculously sensing that there they would be safe from all but their *natural* enemies.

An animal wounded or caged or slaughtered makes Mervin almost physically sick. Yet he has shown me jungle tragedies—once a cheetah bringing down a Bambi-like gazelle; again a flock of eagles literally tearing apart a bat-eared fox—which he himself watched with fascination and even satisfaction. For Mervin Cowie finds truth only in the "balance of nature," and he is convinced of the disastrous results inevitably to follow man's tampering with it.

In the Kenya Game Park no animal is protected from another, and no animal is pampered. Cowie argues that in the jungle or the bush, you never see a sick animal, nor one that is halt, blind or deformed, for these almost immediately fall prey to their natural enemies. Only the fittest survive.

Living up to His Philosophy

Cowie was born in Africa. When he was a very young man he tried white hunting, but like so many others, he soon gave it up. Seeing animals shot, too often clumsily, day after day depressed him. Yet, he is still a keen hunter, for he has discovered a technique that seems to him to give an almost philosophic meaning and truth to the sport. When Mervin goes out he is accompanied only by a gunbearer. *And he carries with him only one bullet.*

He looks, perhaps for days, for just the one specimen he wants to shoot. It may be a solitary beast, or it may be in a herd. Then he stalks it, tirelessly, endlessly. Before he squeezes off his one shot, every condition of wind, light, position and posture must be perfect. There must be no near misses, no wounded animals, no charges. If his one bullet doesn't kill the animal, the animal must kill him. It seems to me that no Manolete, no Belmonte ever symbolized with more poetry the tenuous superiority of man's skill and intelligence over the dark forces of brute strength.

Cowie believes you can walk all over Africa in perfect safety without a gun, provided you know the conditions under which certain animals become frightened and assiduously prevent those conditions from ever arising. As it is obvious that the general public can hardly be expected to know these conditions, visitors to his park are strictly forbidden to leave their cars. The animals have become used to automobiles and pay them no attention, but if a human being emerged they would behave exactly as they would anywhere else in Africa. So far the public has obeyed and there have been no accidents.

COLLIER'S **"Don't misunderstand me. I think he's an able, honest, forthright guy—and for that very reason he annoys the hell outta me"** JOHN RUGE

Eddie Mutesa is the powerful King of the Baganda. He lives in a rich "tropical Georgian" mansion atop one of Kampala's seven hills, dresses in impeccable Bond Street style, loves Brahms and Beethoven. Read about him in the final installment of this series next week. Order Collier's now from your local news dealer

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Childhood's Crippled Minds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

X rays, dental checkup, immunization and comprehensive neurological and psychological studies. Then the slow and tortuous process of rehabilitation began.

Peter found that education at Brisbane was a lot different from public school. There were only eight other boys and girls in his class. When he started wandering around the room as he had done in public school, no one shouted at him and sent him to the principal. When he scrawled inane words on the blackboard, no one even bothered to look. After a few days, Peter sat down at the big table with the other children and leafed through one of the books. Before the end of the week he had read through most of it. His teacher complimented him on his work. "It must have been a wonderful moment for him," Dr. Lussier said. "Probably for the first time in his life he was being treated as a person who had achieved something."

Each morning, under the guidance of a skilled therapist, Peter learned to paint and model clay. Any clues, particularly in his painting, to the conflicts that boiled within him, were carefully noted and reported later at staff meetings. In the afternoons there was group therapy. With other children, Peter helped build houses or run a village store. The supervisor carefully studied his relations with the group, his attitudes on co-operation.

For at least an hour every week, Peter talked alone with Dr. Lussier. This was individual therapy—the chance to bring to the surface through talk all the hates and conflicts that underlay his sickness. "Bringing a child back to normal routine of society isn't enough," Dr. Lussier explained. "He has to develop insight. He has to learn why he did the things he did and why they are wrong."

After three months at Brisbane, Peter has already stopped his temper tantrums and bed wetting. He has started to take a new interest in his appearance. For the first time in his life, he is making friends with other children and joining in group games, particularly baseball. Most important of all, he is writing home. For a long time he refused to write. Recently, however, he admitted to Dr. Lussier that he missed his parents. The psychiatrist suggested he tell them that in a letter. Now he is writing once a week.

Peter still has a long way to go. Perhaps he will need treatment for another six months, perhaps a year. His parents, too, are not only receiving therapy at the Jewish Child Care Association, but participating in biweekly sessions run by Dr. Lussier. The cloud that has covered all their lives for nine years is beginning to lift. Now there is positive hope that Peter may return once again to take his normal place in the community.

What hope is there for thousands of other children like Peter? The main hope is to catch them in time, before they need long confinement; catch them and treat them through community clinics that should be available in every city.

A Model Prevention Program

No city has put this program of prevention to the test better than Boston, and what Boston has done might well be a model for the rest of the country. The focal point of the program is the Judge Baker Guidance Center. Established in 1917 to serve the local juvenile courts, it has opened its doors since 1930 to all children from six to seventeen who need psychiatric care. Almost 1,500 children were treated last year. Once it was considered a stigma in Boston to take your child to Judge Baker. Now 75 per cent of the children are brought in not by agencies, or the courts, but by their own parents.

The rate of cure at Judge Baker has been exceptionally high. One study of 400 cases that were checked from five to eight years after the children had left the clinic showed that 81 per cent of them had established favorable careers with no regressions in the years since treatment.

So successful at prevention was the Judge Baker clinic that in 1943 a group of Baker-trained psychiatrists, headed by Dr. Maria Putnam, founded a new Children's Center on a revolutionary idea. Psychiatrists had known for a long time that much mental illness had its roots in the child's earliest years, but only a handful of people had attempted treatment on that young an age group. Now the center opened its doors to children from one to six. A nursery was established inside the clinic where the children could come every morning and be observed by psychiatrists under every condition of play, sleep, toilet and meals. At the same time psychiatric social workers studied conditions in the child's home and held guidance meetings with the parents.

Parents Adopt New Attitude

Within a few years, the center had doubled its intake of new cases from 225 to 550 a year and quadrupled its staff. Prevention was really paying off. Parents who had never paid any attention to their children's emotional problems until they reached a crisis at school were bringing their children in for treatment at the first real sign of danger.

But this was only the start of Boston's program of prevention. New clinics grew out of the older ones. One psychiatrist from the center, Dr. Eleanor Pavenstedt, opened a clinic concentrating on children from preschool to early school ages. Another psychiatrist, Dr. Evoleen Rexford, became director of the Habit Clinic. A third, Dr. Gregory Rochlin, has established a new children's unit at Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Other pilot groups from the center are working at Massachusetts Memorial and Massachusetts General Hospitals.

This means that the people of Boston now have a carefully integrated system of clinics to which they can turn for help. A child of six who goes to the Children's Center, for instance, and then needs further treatment can be passed along to Dr. Pavenstedt's clinic, the Judge Baker Guidance Center, or any other clinic where his problem can best be met.

Hand in hand with this network of clinics has gone a carefully planned program of public education. Through lectures, radio programs, pamphlets and newspaper articles, Bostonians are kept informed about the emotional problems of their children and the importance of detecting the problems and treating them before real tragedy can develop. The influence of Boston's program is spreading far beyond the city. Traveling clinics now tour areas of Massachusetts that have no clinics of their own, treating the children on the spot where possible, or else bringing them to Boston for long-range treatment.

While I was sitting in an office at the Judge Baker Guidance Center recently, the telephone rang.

An anguished mother said: "My boy has been terribly upset for months. I didn't want to bother you before, but now he's going around saying that he's going to kill every child on the block."

A false alarm? Perhaps. But the social worker I was with wasn't taking any chances. Even though her schedule was jammed for months, the social worker told the mother to bring her son in immediately.

What would have happened in your city? The choice is clear-cut. Is your city ready with a program of prevention like Boston's? Or will tragedies like the case of Peter Kroly be permitted to happen on your street, perhaps in your own home? THE END

The Real Secret of SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

Advice on how to be happily married was never so freely available as it is today.

Marriage problems are openly discussed in newspaper columns and on the radio. Marriage advice is available from the man next door, who speaks from experience... and from the psychologist, whose views come from study and research. There is no topic... from etiquette to fidelity... on which advice and counsel are not available.

Yet with all this marriage education, the modern divorce rate continues at an appalling high!

This condition obviously is not due to ignorance of the so-called "facts of life." It cannot be attributed to economic problems, for good times have been repeatedly marked by a high divorce rate. Nor can it be blamed on the excuse of personal "incompatibility," which so often appears in divorce petitions.

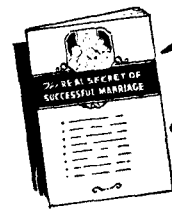
These and other practical problems undoubtedly contribute to marriage conflicts. But the basic, fundamental cause of marriage failures goes deeper. It is the failure of many people to realize the true meaning of marriage... to recognize that it is a life-long union of a man and a woman... to see that its main purpose is the begetting and rearing of children.

In Catholic eyes, marriage is, first of all, a contract which... as with all contracts... must be governed by justice. A purely sentimental and physical attraction between a man and a woman, which is not permeated by a sense of duty to each other and to God, is not the love upon which enduring homes are built.

But the Catholic Church teaches that marriage must be what God meant it to be... and He made it not only a contract — but a Sacrament.

When the marriage of a man and woman is a Sacrament, they receive title to all the divine helps necessary to overcome the disappointments and difficulties of domestic life. They are thus better able to overcome personality differences... better able to deal justly with each other... better able to understand the many practical problems of living together.

Marriage is not a strictly private affair. It is the concern of the whole community. It is the special concern of the Church, which is charged with safeguarding this Sacrament. That is why the Catholic Church strives to impress the true nature of marriage upon all who hear her voice.



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I Got a Home—The Hard Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Another neighbor offered baths, and another volunteered to wheel Gay out in the afternoons. We were to see a great deal more of this sort of spontaneous kindness.

Then one day, when we were wondering where to start making order out of chaos, a car drew up. Out poured my mother, father, sister and brother. Uninvited, they had traveled 150 miles to help us.

Within a few minutes we were all tearing down wallpaper, scrubbing off whitewash, cleaning ceilings, pulling off loose plaster, scrubbing the floors and cleaning beams with wire brushes, chisels, knives, scrapers and anything that came to hand. My father chopped a way through the jungle growth of ivy at the back and let in God's sunlight.

All this took a week, and then my folks went home. But the place smelled of soap now, instead of decay.

The nursery and a bedroom were our next concern. In these I made the floors safe by stripping boards from other bedroom floors.

Next I got my first lesson in the use of tools and materials. As I plastered the sagging ceilings I applied a simple test: if the plaster fell off, something was wrong. When it began to stick I knew I had started learning. The new skill gave me such pride and pleasure that I went out of my way to find new holes to repair.

My progress was most marked the day I began making plaster as the original builders of this house had made it: by mixing lime, sand, chopped straw and a certain cow-barn commodity not generally associated with plaster or bedrooms today, though held in great esteem by gardeners.

The house was by now a major point of interest in the village. Knowledge, information and assistance came from all sides.

We decorated a bedroom, stained the floor and put down a carpet. The nursery got similar treatment. My wife's mother made curtains as fast as rooms were fit for occupancy, sometimes remaking old ones, more often using materials bought with Marjorie's clothing coupons, since curtain material was rationed.

Trial-and-Error Carpentry

Hardly knowing the difference between a hammer and a saw, I turned to carpentry and, by trial and error, contrived to build a kitchen sink unit with cupboards, shelves and drawers. I also fitted the stainless-steel sink and built other cupboards for food and crockery.

In all this I had to improvise because I had used up my quota of timber. Nearly everything in the kitchen, now so compact and convenient, had once served some other purpose. Part of the wood had been a hen-house, some was once a packing case, some was a floor in a nearby building, some was used during the war as window blackouts. The marble top of one cupboard was part of an old washstand, bought for a dollar and cut by a gravestone maker for another dollar.

Though electric cooking stoves were unobtainable, I found a new but broken one in a town 170 miles away and had it mended. Marjorie no longer had to cook on the hearth.

In the midst of all this we became poultry farmers, starting with a dozen day-old chicks. At first they lived in the kitchen, snuggling in a box around a hot-water bottle. But soon I built them a little run on a patch of ground wrested from the undergrowth (which they shared with Gay in her pram). Now they live in a comfortable, extensive hen run and produce a rewarding number of eggs.

The bare essentials of the house provided, I felt free to choose my next task. In one sitting room downstairs I had built up a fireplace from bricks from the kitchen floor. In another room, removal of the fireplace and boards surrounding it disclosed a great heap of broken bricks and broken china. Behind it, to our joy, we found an old inglenook fireplace, perfectly proportioned. I cleaned and repaired it, using stones once part of a local church.

Englishman John Wellens, author of this article, was born in Yorkshire thirty-six years ago; has been teaching since 1937, with time out for war service with the R.A.F. He has held his current post, organizer of adult education in a new type of college run by the government, since 1946. Last fall he toured the U.S. through the assistance of a Walter Hines Page scholarship and the English Speaking Union. He married Marjorie in 1941

It was springtime now, and spring in England means a riot of flowers. We forsook the indoors and turned to the garden.

Along came the family again. My father, my brother and I went to work clearing the ground. It took us five days to advance the first 25 yards, using forks, rakes, picks and hands. We scraped away the debris of centuries and piled it on a hired truck. Within a few days we had moved 25 tons of rubbish to the public dump.

My next objective was to build the walls and steps which would mark the first terrace of the garden. My money had run out and we needed 4,000 mellow bricks. Ugly bricks were plentiful, mellow ones scarce. At last I located an old building in disrepair a few miles away and offered $5 for 4,000 of its bricks, a shameless bid. It was accepted. I had to wheel the bricks 50 yards on a barrow, load them on my trailer and pull them home with my light eight-horsepower car.

I don't know yet how I finished that job, but the wall and steps are there and I am very proud to say that every brick was laid by John Wellens. At one stage of the job I had to suspend work for want of 70 cents for another bag of cement.

By autumn we decided on a lawn. Again we were lucky, for a friend who is a professional gardener laid the turfs. We all worked at it, removing weeds. When we finished, we walked on that lawn like children at a party. My parents gave us an old lawn mower and I bought a secondhand roller for $5.

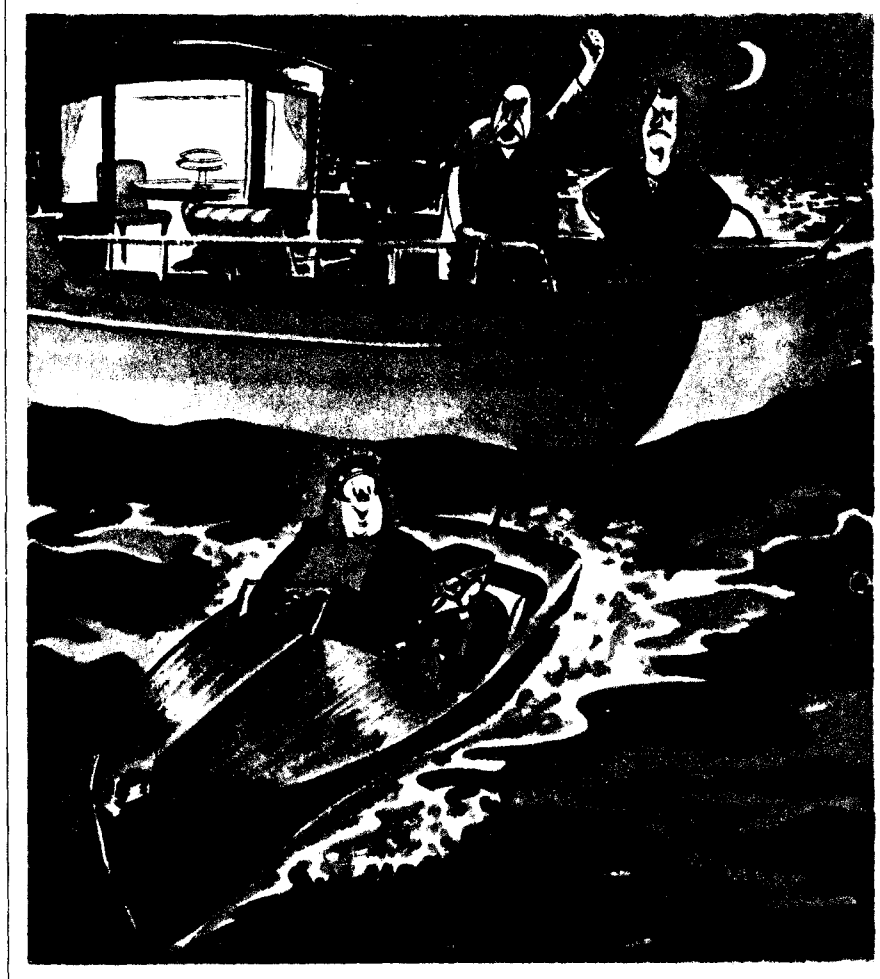
Winter brought hard, depressing work. Every beam in the house was coated with lime and each took at least 20 minutes to clean. We worked at it through all the cold months and had scarcely finished when another spring came.

Fair Success at Beekeeping

That year's special project was beekeeping. We invested my Officer's War Gratuity in it. I read all the books I could find on the subject, built hives and bought bees. I built a honey house 10 feet high, using waste materials. We did well the first year, but since then we have had one year of heavy rains and one of unprecedented drought. Still, I have about three times as many stocks as I started with, and the bee business continues to look fine.

That September, Marjorie, who has a B.A. in English, got herself a job at the college where I work. Another salary meant that we could enlarge our house plans, pay the coal bills more promptly, buy a few clothes and even occasionally go to the theater and movies. We also could start on the large bedroom upstairs, which I had always thought potentially the most beautiful room in the house. I began by removing the floor and the joists, opening the room from

BUTCH



"Now wasn't that more fun than robbing a stuffy old mansion?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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the floor to thatch. I cleaned the joists in my workshop, once a stable, waxed them and replaced them. On top of them I placed compressed wallboards with a surface of beautiful texture, to form the ceiling of the sitting room below. This board had to be cut to fit around each vertical beam and the fitting involved hours of labor, even though by now I had begun to feel pretty smug about my carpentry.

I was doing this job on Christmas Eve, and at 10:00 P.M. I suspended operations to kill and dress two cockerels for a friend's Christmas dinner. The job was completed at three thirty in the morning. We replaced the furniture in the sitting room and had as merry a Christmas as any in our lives. The bedroom floor had still to be done, and I laid this after Christmas, using new timber.

Bedroom furniture came next. Some time before I had stood in the market place of a small Buckinghamshire town and watched a shopkeeper throwing away his blackout boards, sheets of plywood with a fine oak veneer, about six feet by three. He took a dollar for them. From these boards and from oak grown in Great Wilbraham I built our wardrobe in an alcove beside the chimney breast. The top, safely out of sight, consists of bits and pieces of the board of which the downstairs ceiling was made. The clothes rail is a piece of steel gas pipe.

Later I got, for $7, a set of drawers that I estimated would exactly fit the other alcove. It proved half an inch too wide, but this turned out to be a minor problem since it had to be dismantled anyway before it could be taken up the narrow stairs. I made two sides of thinner wood and managed to persuade it into the niche with a mallet. It should be veneered in oak, but veneer is still unobtainable here.

Bricks for the fireplace in this bedroom came from a dismantled pigsty. In the brickwork I installed an electric fireplace.

The ceiling was in bad shape—half plaster and half exposed thatch. To my plastering experience I added a new technique of painting on plaster with a brush, which produced a very soft texture. I installed concealed lighting to shine up into the beautifully timbered roof and cast down a soft, diffused light, and added a concealed reading light above the bed. This made me a journeyman electrician, I thought.

All this brought us to another spring—beekeeping and tending the apple and plum trees, the gooseberries, raspberries, black currants and strawberries we had planted on New Year's Day. We cleared another small flower garden in the shade of ancient trees. It blossomed luxuriously in two months.

It had always been our wish to have a terrace of broken flagstones between the lower garden wall and the house. But flagstones cost about 50 cents per slab about two feet square, and the area was 45 feet by 15. Not a chance.

Eventually I found in the village the stone floor of an old army kitchen, a relic of the war. I bought it for $5—now my standard offer for nearly anything. These stones had to be hauled home in the trailer, too, a backbreaking job. My brother helped me and together we finished the terrace in four days.

Afterward there seemed to be more stones left over than we had started with, and a neighbor who also coveted a terrace offered me $5 for them. He doesn't know yet why I laughed at that. He got the stones for nothing, in gratitude for a luxury he had provided us many times in the early days—hot baths.

About this time, we completed certain odd jobs. I built the double entrance gates, concreted a runway of 70 square yards, constructed sundry other walks and walls and flights of steps. I now counted myself a bricklayer and stonemason, as well as carpenter, cabinetmaker, plumber, electrician, tinker and gardener.

Before Christmas, 1948, with good toys fabulously expensive in austere England, I built for Gay, now three years old, a dollhouse that has delighted her ever since.

A Day with the Wellenses

Somewhere along the line this had become a home in the real English sense. This is the way an ordinary day went with us:

Before breakfast we did essential chores, like fire lighting and bedmaking, and attended to the hens and bees. Marjorie, Gay and I left for the college together at eight thirty, for Gay had begun to attend a nursery school attached to the college.

I arrived home at 2:00 P.M. and usually worked on the house or with the bees until four thirty, when Marjorie and Gay came home for tea. Marjorie played with Gay until her bedtime at six thirty, after which she spent the rest of the evening either preparing lessons, knitting, mending or doing chores. In summer a great deal of her evening was swallowed by the flower garden.

Every evening at six thirty I returned to the college. I got back home again not earlier than ten o'clock, and much of the work on our house has been done after that time.

It still goes very much that way. All Marjorie's week ends and about half of mine are free from professional duties. We have generous holidays (vacations) but, like so many other professional people in England now, we can't afford to go away unless we stay with relatives or camp out. Last year we camped by the sea—relaxation for Marjorie, a reminder of Mediterranean service for me, excitement for Gay—for less than $10.

Now our house has parquet block floors downstairs, central heating in every room, hot and cold running water in bathroom, kitchen and every bedroom, a modern sewage-disposal plant automatically and electrically operated. I have only recently installed in the kitchen an airing cupboard and other new fittings, using waste materials.

Is the house finished? Not quite, and it never will be, quite. We have more furniture to build, for example, more rugs and lamp shades to make, even a garage to erect.

In fanciful moments—not too fanciful, either—we plan to add more rooms: bedrooms, a playroom and so on. We visualize greenhouses, a water garden, a larger orchard.

But the sobering thought of approaching the licensing authority, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and a seemingly endless list of government officials, is always there. Moreover, all this heavy activity has resulted in a muscular injury to my back which, though relieved by persistent hospital treatment, has made me less inclined to undertake heavy manual tasks.

Has it been worth the effort? Well, consider the case of a friend of mine who was appointed to the staff of the same college. Unable to find a house, he lived in one room while his wife and children lived with her parents 120 miles away. Finally, he was able to rent—for about a quarter of his income—a small furnished cottage for three months.

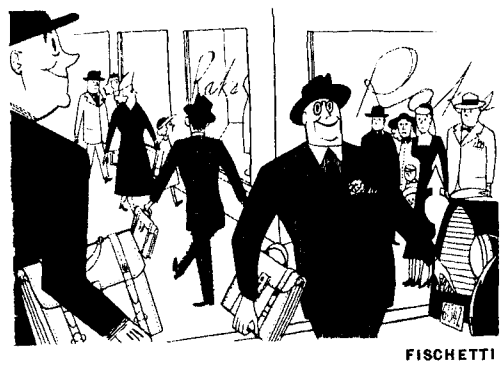
At the end of that three months he was again without a place to live. He was offered room in a friend's home. But, after 20 months of fruitless search for a permanent home, he hopelessly gave up his job and left the district. The man who replaced him lives in a trailer which cost him $2,000. We estimate our house has cost us $5,000 in all. We could sell it for $15,000 now.

That is merely the material angle. What of ourselves? We have discovered the joy of losing ourselves in a worth-while job and the satisfaction of an existence that has its roots in a soil cultivated for 2,000 years.

We have both learned what family love really means, for at every turn, when illness threatened or apparently impossible tasks faced us, our families have silently appeared.

These mellowed timbers are a sheet anchor in a stormy world, where many values are being swept away. And during the war both of us saw so much destruction that to restore to life a house condemned to death has been a spiritual rebirth. THE END

AMAZING PROPOSALS



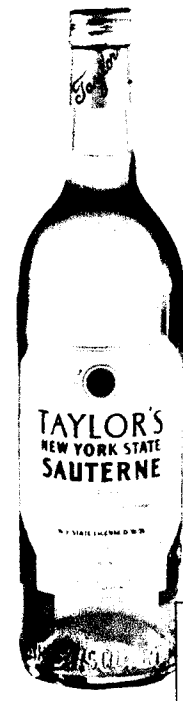
FISCHETTI

PROPOSER	PROPOSAL
PSYCHOLOGIST, NEW YORK	That the President's Cabinet include a Secretary of Entertainment.
ENGINEER, COLUMBIA, S. C.	That every motorist's name and address be printed on the side of his car (to promote careful driving).
TAILOR, CHICAGO	That businessmen wear bright red suits for the psychologic lift.
LEGISLATOR, JUNEAU, ALASKA	That spinsters be taxed $50 per annum, to foster matrimony.
COUNCILMAN, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND	That schoolteachers be required to cool off for 30 minutes before spanking a pupil.
PHILATELIST, WASHINGTON	That the Post Office issue a stamp to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the invention of the safety pin (April 10, 1849).
ARITHMETIC TEACHER, NEW YORK	That the rules of basketball be changed to count a field goal as 2⅞ points, and a free throw as 1⅕.
BUSINESSWOMAN, NEW YORK	That our paper currency carry the portraits of women as well as men.
CONGRESSMAN, WASHINGTON	That "thousand million" be substituted for the word "billion" in government documents (to impress the public with the vastness of the sum).

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Cool Off with

CAPTURED FLAVOR



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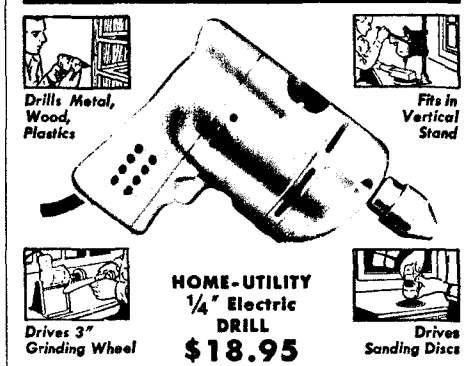

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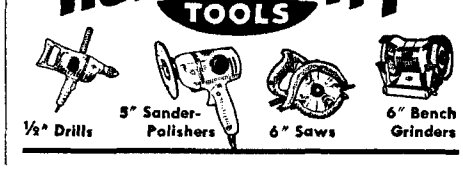

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AL HIRSCHFELD

Clear the Smoke; Find the Fire

IT LOOKED FOR A WHILE as if Senator Joseph McCarthy were going to disprove the prevalent notion that the presence of smoke is a pretty sure sign of fire. And even though his charges of Communism in the State Department haven't quite succeeded in repealing the old adage, they have demonstrated one interesting phenomenon: It is possible for the smoke to be in one place and the fire in another.

The excitable senator from Wisconsin has devoted most of his attention to the smoke, although he has hollered "Fire!" long and loud. Senator Tydings' Foreign Relations subcommittee, answering these alarms, has found little to justify all the hollering except a few smudged and innocent bystanders. It has surveyed the situation and decided by majority vote that the whole thing is a false alarm. And yet there have been several times when, as they were about to pack up and go home, somebody on the edge of the crowd has discovered a small spurt of flame which even Mr. McCarthy has overlooked.

We aren't sure how much credit Mr. McCarthy deserves for these discoveries. Certainly we don't admire his arbitrary and emotional guardianship of the public safety. He sometimes strikes us as a sort of political firebug who would light the match, if necessary, to bring the engines to the scene and his own name to the headlines. Still, the furor he has stirred up has left the impression that something is wrong somewhere, and that some people are not being as careful as they should be.

As a result, even Mr. McCarthy's bitterest enemies seem to have decided that his alarm cannot be dismissed without investigation. He is not an ideal fire warden, but no one dares ignore him. For enough suspicious things have happened to make it seem possible that he might yet discover a four-alarm blaze.

So far he hasn't. At the time this is being written, the senator has failed to turn up a single Communist in the State Department. In his attempts to do so he has maligned the Secretary of State and his predecessor, General Marshall, the ambassador-at-large, Mr. Jessup, and a number of respectable private citizens. He has injured American prestige, undoubtedly hampered diplomatic relations, and otherwise played a reckless and dangerous game from behind his shield of Congressional immunity. He has embarrassed his party and confused the whole country without revealing anything of significance through his own efforts. Collier's thinks he deserves the critical blast of editorial comment that most of the press has given him.

But is he the only one at fault? Have his political opponents in this decidedly political affair tried as hard as they could to sift his charges? Have they opened the files which they have indicated would prove the innocence of everyone mentioned by Mr. McCarthy and thus wind up the whole business, once and for all? We believe that any fair-minded person, however he may feel about Senator McCarthy, must conclude that they have not.

These opponents—the State Department particularly—have berated the senator for inviting panic with his cries of "Fire!" when only smoke was visible. But they have not removed the suspicion that they have tried to smother some secret fires in their own house.

What about Alger Hiss and the "red herring" charges against him? Did Hiss or Judith Coplon operate in a vacuum, or are there more where they came from?

What about the reopening of the Amerasia case, which was so carefully minimized by the administration?

What about the "91 shady persons, mostly homosexuals," who resigned from the State Department while under investigation?

Hiss was not only defended by high-ranking members of the very administration that was prosecuting him. He was defended by them even after a jury of his peers had found that he had perjured himself about matters of serious national concern. (And speaking of perjurers, don't forget that General Vaughan's friend Johnny Maragon served our alert State Department for four months, observing the Greek elections, at the same time that he was working in Europe for a perfume company at $1,000 a month plus a fat expense account.)

It took some alert and persistent journalism to uncover the real seriousness of the suppressed evidence in the Amerasia case—a story which, as we go to press, still shows a pretty heavy coating of its original whitewash.

The State Department had long been a sanctuary for sexual deviates. And even though perversion and subversion are quite different things, it must have been evident to the heads of the department that such people are ripe for extortion and blackmail, and therefore bad security risks. But apparently it was not until the time of the McCarthy investigations that their presence and departure were publicly admitted.

It is a vicious thing to smear the innocent with baseless charges of disloyalty, which we believe Senator McCarthy has done. But is it any more admirable to shield guilty or dangerous persons in important government positions, as the administration obviously has done?

Both the Republican senator and the Democratic administration have spent too much time playing partisan politics with the people's nonpartisan business. It is now time that they showed some integrity and statesmanship by bowing out in favor of a nonpartisan group of investigators who can do a thorough job of finding the fires, putting them out, and restoring a badly shaken public confidence in the personnel and purposes of the Truman administration.

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